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HISTORICAL MEMOIRS

OF THE

HOUSE OF BOURBON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



The Constable Bourbon killed while scaling the Walls of Rome.

LONDON:
Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green, Paternoster-Row.
1831.

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HISTORICAL MEMOIRS

OF THE

HOUSE OF BOURBON.

INTRODUCTION.

When any particular family or class of families demands an especial share of the consideration of their fellow-men, — when the earth is ransacked for all that she possesses of rich and rare, of splendid and beautiful, on her surface and beneath it, to pamper their appetite and please their eye, — when the most lofty titles and the most reverential observances which devotion had applied to the Supreme Being are made use of towards them, — it is surely not unreasonable to enquire what are their claims to such indulgences and such consideration, to so many observances and so much honour. In the following pages, it is purposed to investigate the pretensions of a race, which carries those pretensions, as far back as any in Europe, to the honour and consideration which it has so long challenged from mankind.

It will likewise be attempted to trace the progress of human society; to follow the march of civilisation through a most important period of the history of man; and, by entering into those details of morals and of manners which have not hitherto fallen within the scope of general history, to supply evidence of the dreadful state of society in France under the ancient system, and thus show how much that revolution was called for, which, after thirty years of convulsion, and more than a thousand of the most grinding oppression, has at length placed France in her present favourable circumstances. Paris, as the centre of government, the focus of ambitious passions, and the cradle of public opinion with regard to France, — with regard to Europe in general, as presenting a very long and continuous history, and abounding in materials to authenticate that history, — offers, perhaps, a more favourable scene for observation, and furnishes materials more abundant for the history of the human mind, than any other city of Europe.

It will be seen that the various pictures of manners that have been traced, from the age of St. Louis, or rather of Hugh Capet, down to the eighteenth century, present few examples for imitation. On the contrary, the examples they present will probably shock those who have been accustomed to a blind respect and admiration of the past. Such as they are, however, they are faithfully copied from historical documents; and if they are calculated to give an unfavourable idea of times past, that is not the fault of the historian, who is only answerable for his accuracy and impartiality.

Far from overcharging these pictures, it will frequently be necessary to soften them; out of a mass of similar actions, to select the most characteristic; to pass over in silence many deeds revolting to humanity; and to search with care for some acts of virtue (alas! but rarely found), to set in opposition to so much vice and so many crimes. And yet, from the contemplation of these pictures of the vices and the crimes of other ages, we may at least derive this consolation, that these crimes and calamities successively diminish, both in number and magnitude, as we leave the past and advance towards the present time; a truth which will be made sufficiently clear in the following pages.

The genealogy of the Bourbons is chiefly taken from the elaborate work (à Paris, de l'imprimerie royale,) of M. Desormeaux, historiographer of the house of Bourbon, &c. &c. &c. The writer is indebted for many of the details of this work, which throw light upon manners and customs, to M. Dulaure's very valuable and elaborate History of Paris.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY SKETCH.

If, in the picture of society that follows, the reader should find some things that do not harmonise very well with his previously conceived notions respecting the ages of chivalry, we can assure him that none of the colouring has been drawn from the resources of imagination — that facts, and facts alone, have supplied it. Unhappily, among the aristocracy of that, as of most other periods in history, any honest employment was reckoned disgraceful. It was a mode of acquiring money inconsistent with their notions of the pursuits befitting a gentleman. They wanted money: in those days they could not obtain it by gaming, but they could by pillage. To pillage, therefore, they betook themselves — to the pillage of cities, if they could get cities to pillage; if not, to the pillage of travellers. Princes of the blood, and even kings themselves, occasionally adopted the profession of a highwayman as the next in dignity to their own. It might be to them but an occasional resource; to an inferior class of nobles it was a regular means of subsistence.

To commence with the kings: they offered to

the nobles and to the people examples of immorality which were but too well followed.

Hugh Capet made war upon the last successors of Charlemagne; obtained possession of their throne by violence, of their persons by perfidy; and left them to perish in a prison.

Robert made war on his father, on Brunon, bishop of Langres, and devastated Burgundy for several years. His two sons, Henry and Robert, followed the example he had set them in making war upon his father, by making war upon him.

Burchard, surnamed the Bearded, founder of the house of Montmorency, possessed a fort in the island of the Seine, now named the island of St. Denis. He issued from this strong hold to make incursions on the abbey of St. Denis, which he frequently pillaged and devastated. Vivian, the abbot of St. Denis, laid a complaint against him before the king, who commanded the noble baron to put an end to his depredations. The noble baron did not obey. The king caused the fortress of the island to be pulled down. Burchard, more furious than ever, revenged himself on the lands of the abbey, and on the poor inhabitants who cultivated them. The king, too feeble to restrain this brigand, thought to make him agree to an accommodation with the abbot of St. Denis.

It was agreed that Burchard should be authorised to build a château in a place called Montmorency, near the fountain of St. Valeri, at three miles' distance from St. Denis; that he should do homage to the abbot for the fief which he possessed in the island; that his *chevaliers*, inhabiting his château of

Montmorency, should be bound to repair twice a year, on Easter-day and on the day of St. Denis, to the abbey of that name, and there remain as hostages until the articles stolen by the said Burchard, and the damage done by him to the property of the abbey, should be restored or repaired. This contract is of the year 1008.*

The monasteries employed a great number of means to preserve themselves from the attacks of the seigneurs; among others, they paid several chevaliers to protect them against the brigands. These chevaliers bore the title of *avoués*, defenders, &c.; but the greater part, being brigands themselves, rendered this function hereditary in their family, oppressed the monks, and pillaged the monasteries which they had undertaken to defend.

The count Drogon enjoyed, in quality of *avoué* of the abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés, revenues from several villages round Paris belonging to that abbey. This count, following the example of other *defenders*, held this office by hereditary right. His fathers had usurped the supreme authority over the inhabitants of those places, and loaded them with unjust exactions, the weight of which, although already insupportable, was still further aggravated by the count Drogon. King Robert, in 1031, forbade this count to continue to exact this unjust servitude; but that king was never able to enforce obedience.

Burchard IV., seigneur of Montmorency, after the example of his grandfather, Burchard I., of whom mention has already been made, committed, in 1101, depredations upon the abbey of St. Denis.

* Recueil des Historiens de France, tom. x. p. 303, &c.

The abbot then being, who was named Adam, defended the property of his monastery by force of arms, and with the courage of that time; that is to say, the two enemies, in emulation of one another, burned the villages and the crops, massacred, imprisoned, and tortured in their dungeons the unhappy cultivators, who, strangers to those quarrels, were always the victims of them. Prince Louis ordered the seigneur of Montmorency to repair to the king his father at Poissy. That seigneur refused to obey, and was condemned by the court of the king: he did not submit to that sentence; on the contrary, he assembled several seigneurs of his neighbourhood to resist the royal forces. Prince Louis came to besiege Montmorency. "He entered," say the Great Chronicles, "the domain of Burchard, and wasted every thing with fire and sword, except his castle, which he took." The rebel seigneur was forced to submit.

The mode of torture called catasta. — Mention has been made in the above anecdote of the torture. The most usual instrument of torture was named *catasta*. It consisted in placing the prisoner in a cage, or chaining him down upon a bed of iron, and in this situation exposing him to a large fire. M. Dulaure illustrates it by the following anecdote: — Thibaut V., count of Blois and Chartres, was engaged in hostilities with Sulpice II. d'Amboise, seigneur of Chaumont. He took him prisoner, and confined him in his prison of Châteaudun. Every day Sulpice was exposed to the fire. In vain did he offer large sums for his ransom. His enemy wished him to give up the town and castle of Chau-

mont. He consented to it at last; but his vassals refused to give up the place. Sulpice perished; he sunk at last beneath that frightful torture.

Hugh de Pompone, seigneur of Crécy and châtelain of Gournay, plundered the boats of the merchants who navigated on the Maine, and carried his plunder into the fortress of Gournay. One day he took some horses from merchants on the king's highway *, and conducted them into the same fortress: then prince Louis came and besieged the castle of Gournay. Guy, count of Rochefort, the father of Hugh de Pompone, and Theobald, count of Champagne, came to the assistance of the noble robber; but the prince succeeded in putting these auxiliaries to flight, and in taking the castle.

In 1109, one of those horrible events so frequent in the annals of feudalism took place at the castle of La Roche-Guyon, on the banks of the Seine. Guy, the possessor of this castle, resided there with his family. The abbé Suger and the Great Chronicles (les Grandes Chroniques) pass a somewhat singular eulogy upon this seigneur: — "Son père et son grand-père s'étaient rendus fameux par leurs brigandages et leurs vols; mais Guy de la Roche-Guyon, jeune bachelier, avait renoncé aux félonies et trahisons de ses aïeux. Il était enclin à se conduire en homme probe et honnête, et *s'abstenait de pillage et de vol:* peut-être, disent les Grandes Chroniques, se serait-il laissé aller aux habitudes de ses pères, s'il eût plus longuement vécu."

Guy had for his brother-in-law a seigneur named

* *Regia strata.* This royal route was the Roman way, leading from Paris to Calla, Chelles. — *Note by M. Dulaure.*

Guillaume, who, according to the Grandes Chroniques, was one of the *most disloyal traitors* that it was possible to find. Guillaume came one morning, accompanied by several chevaliers, and laid an ambuscade in the chapel of the castle of La Roche-Guyon. The moment Guy entered it, they fell upon him all at once with their swords, and killed him and his wife who accompanied him; they also killed their children, and all the inhabitants of the castle.

The neighbouring barons, fearing that Guillaume would deliver the castle of La Roche-Guyon to the English, came and laid siege to it. Guillaume, dismayed, entered into a negotiation with the assailants, and declared that he was disposed to surrender the castle, if they would guarantee him his life. Several made oath to let him depart freely; a small number did not enter into that engagement. Guillaume opened the gates. The besiegers entered, and fell upon the besieged with their swords. Their bodies, some dead, some living, being thrown through the windows of the castle, were received on stakes, and on the points of the lances of those below. As to Guillaume, he received still more cruel treatment: they plucked out his entrails and his heart, and placed them at the extremity of a pike, elevated on an exposed place, *pour démonstrer sa mortel traïson.**

But these were vulgar atrocities compared to that which we are about to relate. It was reserved for Thomas de Maine, a baron of Picardy, to exhibit in its perfection the true sublime of villany.

* Recueil des Historiens de France, tom. xii. p. 30. 161.

"This seigneur," says the abbot of Nogent, quoted by M. de Sismondi*, "had, from his earliest youth, continually augmented his riches by the pillage of travellers and pilgrims, and extended his domains by incestuous marriages with rich heiresses, his relations. His cruelty was so unheard-of, that even butchers, who nevertheless pass for unfeeling, are more sparing of the sufferings of the cattle which they are slaying, than he was of the sufferings of men; for he was not contented with punishing them by the sword for determinate faults, as people are accustomed to do: he racked them by the most horrible tortures. When he wished to extort a ransom from his captives, he hung them up by some delicate part of the body, or laid them upon the ground, and, covering them with stones, walked over them, beating them at the same time, until they promised all that he required, or perished under the operation."

Louis the Fat could not, until the twenty-second year of his reign, subjugate this demon in human form. He had continued his execrable mode of life for about eighteen years. Being besieged in his castle of Coucy, he was mortally wounded and taken prisoner in a *sortie*. "The king," says M. de Sismondi, "tried to induce him, in his last moments, to release the traders whom he had kidnapped on the highway, whom he kept in prison to extort a ransom, or tortured for his amusements: but even in the agonies of death Coucy refused all mercy, and seemed to regret the loss of dominion over his prisoners, much more than the termination

* Histoire des Français, vol. v. p. 94.

of life." Thus perished this illustrious ruffian. But his eldest son, Enguerrand, or Ingelram de Coucy, reigned in his stead. After being vainly attacked by the whole power of the king, he was received into favour, and obtained in marriage a princess of the blood royal. One of his daughters married Alexander II. of Scotland. He affected a more than royal pomp. The following was his *cri de guerre:* —

Je ne suis roy, ni prince aussi:
Je suis le seigneur de Coucij.*

M. Dulaure, who has deeply investigated the historical records of this period in France, admits that there were some estimable men; but he finds them chiefly among the clergy. He mentions only one among the barons — Charles, count of Flanders, surnamed the Good. This devout nobleman kept three doctors of theology in his house, who, every night after supper, read and expounded the Bible. He enacted severe laws against profane swearing, and was very rigorous in executing those against witches and necromancers. He banished all Jews and usurers from his territories. His precautions against famine consisted in destroying all the dogs and calves, and in compelling the corn-dealers to open their granaries, and sell their corn at a *reasonable price.*† This good count was murdered at the

* Wynton, vol. ii. p. 462. Tytler's Hist. of Scotland, vol. i. p. 1.

† The following remarks of Dr. Adam Smith will, we trust, be found useful by many of our readers, and will fully explain why we have set a mark on these words. "When the government, in order to remedy the inconveniences of a dearth,

foot of the altar by a corn-dealer whom he had incensed by this act of despotism, and by throwing some doubts on the pretensions of the said corn-dealer to nobility. His successor revenged his death by throwing a hundred and eleven persons from a high tower, and thus sacrificed more than a hecatomb to his manes.*

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orders all the dealers to sell their corn at what it supposes a reasonable price, it either hinders them from bringing it to market, which may sometimes produce a famine, even in the beginning of the season; or, if they bring it thither, it enables the people, and thereby encourages them, to consume it so fast as must necessarily produce a famine before the end of the season. The unlimited, unrestrained freedom of the corn trade, as it is the only effectual preventive of a famine, so it is the best palliative of the inconveniences of a dearth; for the inconveniences of a real scarcity cannot be remedied: they can only be palliated. No trade deserves more the full protection of the law: no trade requires it so much; because no trade is so much exposed to popular odium." — *Wealth of Nations*, vol. ii. p. 398, 399. *M'Culloch's edition.*

* Sismondi, vol. v. p. 205—207.

CHAP. II.

ROBERT OF FRANCE, COUNT OF CLERMONT, BARON DE BOURBON AND DE CHAROLOIS, SEIGNEUR DE CREIL, DE GOURNAY, AND DE ST. JUST.

ROBERT, the sixth and youngest son of St. Louis, was born in 1256, and consequently was fourteen years old when his father departed, in 1270, for his African expedition, where he perished before Tunis. He was confided to the guardianship of the queen his mother, Marguerite de Provence. Philip the Hardy, successor of St. Louis, gave him in marriage Beatrice of Burgundy, a princess of the blood, only daughter and heiress of John of Burgundy, baron of Charolois, and of Agnes, dame de Bourbon and de St. Just, daughter of Archambault, sire de Bourbon.

This marriage rendered Robert one of the most powerful seigneurs of the kingdom. To his appanage of the comté de Clermont, which then comprised almost all the Beauvoisis, with the châtellenies of Creil and Gournay, he joined the province of the Bourbonnois, the Charolois, and the seigneury of St. Just; a patrimony which answered to the splendour of his birth, and which would be able to sustain the dignity of his descendants. These took the name of Bourbon.

Every thing seemed to promise a brilliant lot to Robert, when he was reduced to a most deplorable state by one of those accidents common in the age in which he lived. At a tournament held at the court of France in 1278, the count de Clermont, eager to signalise his strength and address, received some blows on the head, by which his health and even his reason were impaired for the rest of his life, which was prolonged for forty years after that event in a state of weakness and imbecility He died in 1317, and was buried at Paris in the church of the *Jacobins*, or Dominican friars, in the rue St. Jacques.

The following epitaph was composed on him by Sauteuil: —

Hic stirps Borbonidum, hic primus de nomine princeps
Conditur; hic tumuli, velut incunabula regum;
Huc veniant proni regali e stirpe nepotes:
Borbonii hic regnant, invito funere, Manes.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

LOUIS I., Duke de Bourbon, &c. &c. &c.

This prince was born in 1279. He was at first known at court under the name of Louis Monsieur; a name which he retained during the life of his father. Philip the Fair, wishing to recompense his services in the war against the Flemings, made him great chamberlain of France.

Arrived at the age of thirty-one, Louis Monsieur married the princess Mary of Hainault, daughter of John II., count of Hainault, Holland, &c.

The barons, usurping the royal authority, had, in

particular, appropriated the right of coining money in their domains. Their cupidity had debased all the specie; and Philip the Fair had too well learned in this manner to seize upon the property of the citizens, and to give the most fatal blows to commerce. It became necessary to recoin the debased specie, and to give it a value proportional to its title and weight: but the recoinage would have been an insufficient remedy for the evil, if it had only had place in the domains of the king. It was necessary to make it be received in those of the barons; and this Philip the Long accomplished. He began by suspending their rights of coinage; and such was then the influence of the royal authority, that they all submitted to this law. The count de Clermont was the first to favour Philip's views. He sold to him, for the sum of 15,000 livres, the privilege which he enjoyed of coining money in his states of the Bourbonnois.

Charles IV. was born at Clermont in Beauvoisis: he loved that residence, and wished to re-unite that town to the crown. He gave, in 1328, the count in exchange for it the comté de la Marche, and the towns of Issaudun, of Saint-Pierre-le-Moutier, and of Mont-Ferrant, with all their dependencies; he also erected the Bourbonnois into a *duché pairie*. The new duke assumed the title of duke de Bourbon, and retained the arms of France.

This favour was so much the more distinguished, as there were then in France only the masters of Burgundy, of Aquitaine, and of Bretagne, who were invested with the quality of duke. As to the peer-

age, it was the highest honour a subject, however great, could arrive at. The children of the kings and the princes of the blood, seigneurs of the most noble fiefs, were at that time alone considered worthy of being the colleagues of the ancient peers, whose power equalled that of the electors of the empire.

In 1329 the duke de Bourbon followed the king Philip de Valois into Flanders, with a large body of his vassals, and contributed greatly to the total defeats of the Flemings. For this signal service, the monarch restored to him the comté de Clermont, without demanding back the comté de la Marche. The duke de Bourbon died in 1341, aged 62. He had several children by his wife, Mary de Hainault, the eldest of whom,

PETER I., DUKE DE BOURBON, &c. &c.,

succeeded him. This prince, born in 1311, married Isabella de Valois, sister of Philip VI. He was wounded at the battle of Crecy, and killed at that of Poitiers, in warding off the blows which were aimed at king John II.

His body was carried to the *Jacobins* at Poitiers, who dared not render him the last duties, because he had died in a state of excommunication. His luxury and magnificence had made him contract considerable debts; to oblige him to pay which, his creditors had recourse, according to the usage of the time, to the anathemas of the church. They did not succeed; but as, after his death, they could inflict an ignominious punishment upon his memory, his son, who was only eighteen, hastened to remove

that disgrace. He offered to Innocent IV., who then occupied the chair of St. Peter, all his property in order to pay his father's debts. On this condition the excommunication was revoked, and the young duke de Bourbon conducted in person the body of his father to Paris, where he had him buried with pomp in the church of the *Jacobins* (Dominican friars).

Peter I. was about forty-five years of age when he was killed. He left, by his marriage with Isabella de Valois, a son and seven daughters: — Jeanne, wife of Charles V., king of France; Blanche, wife of Peter the Cruel, king of Castille; Bonne, married first to Godefroi de Brabant, afterwards to Amé VI., count of Savoy, ancestor of the dukes of Savoy, now kings of Sardinia, &c.

BRANCH OF BOURBON-LA-MARCHE, AND OF BOURBON-VENDÔME, WHICH BECAME THE ELDEST IN 1527.

Peter I., duke de Bourbon, had a younger brother, named Jacques de Bourbon, count de la Marche and de Ponthieu, from whom are descended the princes of the royal house of France. His virtues and his exploits obtained for him the surname of the Flower of Chivalry. For an example of what sort of virtues, and what sort of exploits, might obtain for a man that title, we refer the reader to the History of Scotland, by sir Walter Scott, vol. i. p. 192, 193. Although dangerously wounded at the battle of Crecy, he had strength enough still left to fly to the succour of Philip de Valois, and to hurry him away from the field of battle. That prince

evinced his gratitude by conferring upon him the comté de Ponthieu, which he had confiscated from the king of England. Afterwards king John II. disposed of the constable's sword in his favour. Disheartened, however, by the reverses which he met with from the Black Prince, for whom he was no match, he resigned his constable's sword before the battle of Poitiers, in which he was wounded and made prisoner.

In the year 1360 he recovered his liberty, with John II., who was his fellow prisoner. Some time after the king conferred upon him the charge of clearing the kingdom of a formidable troop of brigands, who devastated it, and who were called *tardvenus*, because they had been preceded by similar troops. The count went in pursuit of them; fell in with them at Brignais, two leagues from Lyons; and attacked their entrenchments with vigour: but being surrounded by a considerable body of those brigands, who had laid an ambuscade behind the mountain, he fell pierced with wounds, together with his eldest son. He died two days after of his wounds, and his son the day following.

LOUIS II., DUKE DE BOURBON, &c.

We have already recorded the act of filial piety of the young duke de Bourbon, at the death of his father. The kingdom was at this time in a most deplorable condition. The king was a prisoner in England; the dauphin was obliged to defend himself against his mutinous subjects; companies of banditti carried ravage and desolation throughout all the provinces; the peasantry, goaded to madness by the oppression

of their lords, put to the sword all whom they accused of being the authors of their sufferings, and especially, and truly with most justice, the noblesse: every thing menaced the monarchy with total subversion.

It was under these circumstances that the duke de Bourbon flew, at the head of 350 men at arms, to the succour of the dauphin, his brother-in-law. His example drew after it a great portion of the nobility. They came from all quarters to range themselves under the banners of the dauphin, who by his prudence and activity succeeded in restoring the kingdom to some degree of order, and even in forcing the principal author of all these evils, Charles the Bad, to beg for peace.

After this, the duke de Bourbon paid a visit to king John, then a prisoner in England. On his return to France he instituted an order of chivalry, called the order *d'Ecu d'Or*, of which the motto was *Esperance*. The duke de Bourbon himself prepared the statutes. The love of religion and of the state; frankness, goodness, valour, and gallantry founded on the respect and attachment due to the most beautiful portion of the human race; the particular protection of widows, orphans, of old men, and of the ministers of religion; — such was the pompous list of the lofty virtues that were to distinguish the new order of knighthood; the pretensions of which, and of other orders of a like description, the offspring of what is called the age of chivalry, we shall take this opportunity of investigating.

Of one part of the character of those knights, and

what we are inclined to consider rather an important part in any man's character, viz. common honesty, a specimen will be found on this occasion, when it appeared that the duke's attorney-general had, at the very moment they were taking the oaths of this order, a heavy charge to bring up against them of pillaging and devastating the domains of their prince and liege lord. King John, the contemporary of this duke de Bourbon, and who could talk in as magnificent a strain as his grace about justice and good faith, had, notwithstanding, solicited and obtained from the pope, for himself and his successors, a curious privilege, to wit, of violating all vows made and to be made, all oaths taken and to be taken, which they could not conveniently keep (*quæ servare commodè non possetis*), commuting them for other pious works.*

John had but an indifferent opinion of the knights of his day. He accused them of having become insensible to honour and fame; and, on hearing the song of Roland, exclaimed, — "*Il y a long temps qu'on ne voit plus de Roland en France.*" The truth is, the men of that day, deceived, like ourselves, by romances, looked back with admiration to the imaginary valour, virtue, and wisdom of their ancestors. Imaginary, for the evidence of history proves that this was the brightest period of the ages of chivalry; a few years after, the use of gunpowder gave chivalry its death-blow. Arrayed in their armour of proof, the knights could hack about among the defenceless and comparatively unarmed *canaille*, with very little detriment to their

* Dulaure, vol. iii. p. 184.

own persons; but cuirasses, it appeared, even though of "Milan steel," were not bullet-proof. They did their utmost to render them so; made them thicker and thicker, heavier and heavier, till at last *il n'y avait homme de trente ans qui n'en fut estropié.* But all would not do, and the flowers of chivalry abandoned the fields of Mars and the defence of their country to plebeians.

So much for the valour of the heroes of the age of chivalry; one word more as to their gallantry, their devotion to the fair part of the creation. Good treatment of women is one of the surest marks of high civilisation; but good treatment of women does not consist in worshipping them as idols, or in regarding them as trinkets to be worn for display. Such treatment may be a proof that they are valued, but valued exactly as beautiful trinkets; and such a sort of value is quite compatible with perfect indifference as to their happiness or misery.

The heroines of romances are always beautiful; yet it may be inferred by tolerably close analogy, that there were ugly women on the earth in those days as well as in the present. Now, woe be to them, in an age when every knight, who had to maintain at the point of his lance that his lady was the most beautiful lady in the whole world, and whose brain was not affected in a manner similar to Don Quixote's, would naturally attach himself to some fair one with rather more pretensions to beauty and grace than Dulcinea del Toboso! The consequence would be, that a small number of beautiful women would engross the admiration and the vows of all the knights; and that the large

and unattractive majority, the treatment of whom is the test of civilisation, would be altogether neglected.

Moreover, "the age of chivalry," says M. Rœderer*, "was, for the women as well as for the men, a period of degradation and misfortune. Not regarding the happiness of the seigneurs who oppressed the nation as part of the happiness of the nation, or as a compensation for its misery, no more do I include the glory of the *châtelaines* in the account of the French women of the same time. The latter lived in oppression, like their fathers, their husbands, and their children."

But to resume our narrative; even after the *barons et gentils-hommes* of the states of the duke had taken the oath to maintain and cultivate the chivalrous virtues above mentioned, it appeared, by the formal accusation of his grace's attorney-general, that these noble cavaliers had taken advantage of the absence of their prince to pillage his domains. Chaveau, the attorney, presented the document to the duke on his knees: "My most redoubted lord, said he, "the forfeits and disobediences of the knights, squires, and nobles, are so great, that they have confiscated their property, and some of them even their life." The duke threw the register into the fire, and pardoned his recreant lieges, for they were *gentils-hommes*, and not *paysans*.

On the death of king Charles V., the duke de Bourbon shared with the dukes de Berri and de Bourgogne the guardianship of his eldest son, who was only twelve years old. The history of the life

* Louis XII. et François I., vol. i. p. 297.

of the duke de Bourbon is so interwoven with that of France, that it will be unnecessary to enter further into the details of it. Merely observing, therefore, that he died in 1410, at the age of seventy-three, leaving one legitimate son, John I. duke de Bourbon, who succeeded him; that he was surnamed *le Grand et le Bon;* "titles," says his historian, "which he justified by his courage, his genius, his military talents, his greatness of soul, his probity, his beneficence, and his generosity, we shall resume the account of the

BRANCH OF BOURBON-LA-MARCHE, AND OF BOURBON-VENDÔME.

The first exploit of John de Bourbon, first of the name, count de la Marche, de Vendôme, de Castres, &c., was very characteristic of the age in which he lived. Blanche de Bourbon, sister of the duke de Bourbon, of whom some account has been given in the preceding article, had experienced the most frightful and most pitiable destiny, in the marriage which she had contracted with Peter the Cruel, king of Castile. Her beauty and gentleness, which had gained the hearts of the Spaniards, only served to inspire this prince with an insurmountable antipathy for her; two days after the celebration of his marriage, he abandoned her for his mistress, Maria Padilla, who had inspired him with a passion so blind and violent, that the Spaniards, in their astonishment, and by an effect of the ignorance of the times, attributed it to magic. In vain the queen, mother of Peter, and the grandees of the kingdom, used their efforts to

bring him back to a wife worthy of all his homage. He even carried his barbarity to such a point as to have her arrested; and the innocent victim would have been even delivered to death in the city of Toledo, whither she had been transferred, if the indignant people had not snatched her from the guards of the ferocious tyrant. The reverses which he at first met with in this insurrection of his subjects, made him promise, under the sanction of the most sacred oaths, to treat the queen his wife better; but having been victorious in his turn, he gave himself up to full vengeance, and to all the native fury of his character. He killed with his own hands the queen of Aragon his aunt, two sons of that princess, two of his natural brothers; and he with difficulty abstained from imbruing his hands in the blood of his mother, the queen dowager, whom he banished ignominiously into Portugal. As for Blanche de Bourbon, he confined her in the castle of Siguença, and there caused her death by poison. Thus perished, in 1362, this unhappy princess, at the age of twenty-two.

Charles V. of France, the husband of Blanche's sister, resolved to take vengeance on her infamous and unnatural murderer. In the absence of the duke de Bourbon, the brother of the murdered Blanche, then a prisoner in England, the count de la Marche, her cousin-german, solicited with ardour the charge of executing the vengeance of the monarch, and of the house of Bourbon. This favour was granted to him; he received the command-in-chief of the troops which the celebrated Du Guesclin led into Castile. These troops were

the remains of those companies of brigands that had so long desolated France. Charles V. took advantage of this occasion to clear his kingdom of them; he amused them with the hope of getting an immense booty in Castile.

The success of their arms was rapid; they met with no resistance. Peter was obliged to abandon his kingdom; and Henry de Transtamare, his natural brother, was crowned king of Castile. The new king signalised his gratitude towards his protectors. He conferred upon Du Guesclin the constable's sword, and very beautiful domains. He offered to the count de la Marche all the rewards due to his important services. The generous Bourbon demanded nothing for himself: satisfied with the signal vengeance which he had taken on the persecutor and murderer of his cousin, he only asked leave to render the last duties to the body of that princess, which he conducted to Tudella, in Navarre.

This count de la Marche died on the 11th of June, 1393. He left several children by his wife, Catherine de Vendôme, who was the heiress of her brother, Bouchard VII. count de Vendôme. 1. Jaques de Bourbon, count de la Marche. 2. Louis de Bourbon, count de Vendôme, ancestor of the counts and dukes de Vendôme. 3. Jean de Bourbon, seigneur du Carency, founder of the branch of Bourbon Carency. 4. Anne de Bourbon, married first to John de Berri, count de Montpensier, grandson of France, and, secondly, to Louis le *Barbu*, duke of Bavaria. 5. Marie de Bourbon, " who," says M. Desormeaux, " made her-

self be carried off by John de Beyne, seigneur des Croix. Having been pursued by her eldest brother, the count de la Marche, and shut up in the castle of Cornette, in the Albigeois, she there languished more than thirty years. King Charles VII. at length released her from prison." 6. Charlotte de Bourbon, wife of John II. king of Cyprus. As it is from that branch that the royal Bourbons are descended, we shall continue the account of the

BRANCH OF BOURBON-LA-MARCHE.

The singular vicissitudes of fortune experienced by Jacques de Bourbon, second of the name, count de la Marche and de Castres, &c., give an air of romance to the life of this prince. In his youth, in 1396, he was engaged in that famous expedition, where 10,000 French, commanded by the count de Nevers, eldest son of the duke of Burgundy, marched to the assistance of Sigismond of Luxembourg, king of Hungary, who was attacked and pressed on all sides by the sultan Bajazeth Ilderim. The count de la Marche distinguished himself at the siege of Bandins, and also in that memorable battle in which 20,000 men dared to attack 200,000, and killed more than 20,000 of them; but they were too unequally matched to conquer, and they became the victims of their pride and rashness. Surrounded on all sides, they were almost all immolated to the resentment of the conqueror, who revenged upon them the cruelty with which they had treated the Turks whom they had before made prisoners. There were only the counts de Nevers, de la Marche, and d'Eu, the prince de Bar, the marshal de Boucirant, and

Gui de la Tremouille, who were not put to death. The sultan spared them, in order to draw from them a ransom which was fixed at 600,000 francs, and which was payed by the people of France, already groaning under the weight of impositions.

On his return to his country in 1397, the count de la Marche obtained the dignity of great chamberlain, and about the same time married the infanta Beatrice of Navarre, daughter of Charles III. king of Navarre and of Leonora of Castile. It is remarked by his historian, that "this count de la Marche, although a prince of the blood, son-in-law of a king, possessor of the finest fiefs in the kingdom, did not blush to accept a pension of 10,000 francs from the duke of Burgundy. The morals of this age," he adds, "were so little elevated, that the dukes of Lorraine and several sovereigns of Germany received appointments from the dukes of Burgundy, whose opulence and pride were excessive."

It appeared that the count de la Marche had need of still more money to supply the expenses of his luxury and folly. In a treaty of alliance, which he made with the heir of the ancient princes of Wales, he engaged to bring him 800 men at arms, and 300 cross-bow-men, to keep the king of England occupied in his own kingdom, and hinder him from attacking France. He received from the royal treasury the sum of 100,000 crowns of gold; but, far from applying it to the purpose for which it was destined, he consumed it in play and in fêtes. He wished, however, to make an appearance of attempting this expedition, and he made sail for

the coast of England in 1407. The tempest drove him back, and he returned to France. He had then, even in that age, an example that men were capable of appreciating at its just value the conduct of the great. In passing through Orleans, he had the mortification to hear the scholars of the university sing these words of the Psalm,—*Mare vidit et fugit*—He saw the sea and fled. This reproach, to which he must have been fully sensible, as he was naturally brave, did not render him more delicate in regard to every thing that had relation to his interests: for, in 1409, having been chosen with the count de Vendôme his brother, and the count de St. Paul, to reform (!) the abuses of the administration, he began by taking back the obligation of the 100,000 gold crowns which they had given him for his expedition into England, and, most probably, appropriated to himself a portion of the spoils of the financiers, who were almost ruined by the vexatious investigations of those pretended reformers of the state; at least, it is certain that the people were not relieved.

In 1415, he was called to Naples to marry the queen Joanna II. That princess, although forty-four years of age, and unadorned with the gifts either of beauty or wit, abandoned herself to all the excesses of profligacy. Her subjects wished to put an end in some sort to this conduct, by forcing her to give her hand to some prince capable of repairing the disorders of an administration abandoned to all the young debauchees, whose effeminate graces held with her the place of merit. After having balanced for some time, she gave the preference to the count

de la Marche, who passed for one of the handsomest men of his time.

The count de la Marche wished to reign; and, notwithstanding the information he received, previous to his marriage, respecting the scandalous life of the queen, he resolved to risk every thing in order to accomplish his designs. Shortly after his marriage, he demanded and obtained not only that he should be associated with his wife in the crown, but that, in case she should have no children, he and his heirs should enjoy the kingdom of Naples and the county of Provence.

A grant so noble and magnificent appeared to excite no sentiment of gratitude in the soul of the new king: he exhibited no sentiments but those of disgust for his wife. He treated her as he believed a dissolute woman deserved to be treated. He shut her up in her apartment, and placed as a guard over her an old French gentleman, named Berlanger, who never quitted her.

So far this treatment, however rigorous it must appear, would not have been blamed by the Neapolitans, who had been so indignant at the profligacy of their sovereign. But Jacques excluded them from all employments, in order to bestow those upon a crowd of Frenchmen, who had followed him into Italy in the hope of a brilliant fortune. To one he gave the sword of constable, to two others the dignities of high chamberlain and high steward; all had a share in his good graces, in his benefits, and in his pensions. These marked distinctions in favour of foreigners who had rendered no service to the state, appeared, with reason, odious to a nation

jealous to excess. From murmurs they soon passed to regret on the lot of a queen, rendered unhappy by a man who owed her the obligation of a crown. They undertook to deliver that princess from her state of slavery, and they succeeded in the attempt: they even obliged the king to swear, on the faith of the most sacred oaths, that he would be contented with the principality of Tarentum, with 40,000 ducats of revenue; that, though he might retain for life the name of king, Joanna alone should have the exercise of the authority; that all the French should return into their own country, with the exception of a small number indispensable for the service of the king, and that the two spouses should live together at the new castle.

However, the queen only took advantage of liberty, to give herself up to disorders more scandalous than before. She fixed her regards upon Caraccioli, to whom she gave the place of high steward, and who enjoyed all the prerogatives of the most distinguished favour. This man carried his insolence so far as to make the king himself, in 1417, prisoner in his apartment. His captivity lasted nearly two years. The queen might have avenged herself in a more severe manner; but she was not cruel, she was only weak.

The Neapolitans pitied the king again in his turn; and they made efforts to restore to him his liberty. At length, partly through applications in his behalf made to the pope Martin V. by the kings of France and Navarre and the duke of Burgundy, the count de la Marche obtained his liberty. But seeing himself abandoned by almost every body, and losing

all hope of sharing the government with his wife, he departed one morning, in 1419, from the new castle, and embarked almost alone on board a vessel, which carried him to Tarentum.

He wandered for some time in Italy. At last he returned to France, in 1422, quitting for ever a kingdom where he had latterly experienced only disappointments and humiliations. He had previously disposed of the principality of Tarentum, which had been given to him in appanage, for a sum agreed upon. On his return to France, after the example of all the princes of the house of Bourbon, he took part with Charles VII. He had even the good fortune to render him signal services, which obtained for him the government of Languedoc: which government he afterwards had the generosity to give up in favour of the count de Foix, who could not at any other price be detached from the part of the English. By way of indemnification, the king assigned him a pension of 12,000 francs of gold out of the revenues of that province.

In 1435, at the age of sixty-five, this prince formed the strange resolution of becoming a Franciscan or grey friar. He embarked for Marseilles with four Franciscans, who had become his ministers and courtiers; he traversed the kingdom to go to Besançon, where he was to present the rare spectacle of a king turned monk. His entry into the capital of Franche-Comté was attended with fantastical magnificence. A body of cavalry well clothed and well mounted opened the march. Then appeared the king, reclined on a hand-barrow carried by four men; he wore a long grey robe, girt with

a cord with several knots; his head was covered with a large white woollen cap, tied under the chin with a cord. One of his bastards, named Claude d'Aix, whom he had prevailed on to follow his example, and the four Franciscans already mentioned, walked by his side. He smiled upon the multitude brought together by this spectacle, and, perhaps, more disposed to laugh at than to admire him. Then appeared the superb remains of his grandeur, — his litter, his chariot, his led horses, his mules richly caparisoned, a great number of domestics and officers. The procession was closed by a squadron of 200 horses, well equipped, and marching in good order. With this mixture of pride and humility did Jacques, after having been all his life the sport of ambition and of hope, bury himself in a cloister. He died three years after, aged sixty-eight years. He left no other legitimate child than Eleonora de Bourbon, countess de la Marche and de Castres, wife of Bernard d'Armagnac, count de Perdiac. He had her by Beatrice of Navarre, his first wife.

CHAP. III.

PICTURE OF SOCIETY DURING THE PRECEDING PERIOD.

THE age of St. Louis presents little amelioration of the manners and morals of the ages immediately preceding it: historians even add hypocrisy to the long and horrible list of the already existing vices. "But to all our denunciations of the vices of that age, (we cannot help quoting the following admirable character of St. Louis, by a writer in the XIth number of the *Westminster Review*,) one glorious exception must be made. Either the whole testimony of history is false, or St. Louis never violated his word, nor swerved from what he thought the dictates of his conscience. Historians have not done justice to St. Louis. He has been pictured as a virtuous man, but a slave to priest-craft. Nothing can be more unfounded. His mind was strongly tinctured with the superstitions of the age; he conceived the Deity not as an indulgent father, but as an irritable and jealous master; all this is true: but it is not true that he was priest-ridden; for he several times resisted not only his clergy, but the pope himself. He followed the dictates of his own mind. His ideas of religious duty were his own; and every action of his life was governed by them. He thought it his duty to per-

secute, and he did persecute; he thought it his duty to be an ascetic, and he was an ascetic; but he also thought it his duty to keep his word, and he kept it inviolably. He thought it a sin even to retain what his predecessors had unjustly acquired; and he made restitution with the most scrupulous exactness. He was a perfect specimen of a mind governed by conviction; a mind which has imperfect and wrong ideas of morality, but which adheres to them with a constancy and firmness of principle, in its highest degree perhaps the rarest of all human qualities.

"When we contemplate one who, in so barbarous an age, and under all the temptations of power, although misled by a bad religion, did not make that religion a substitute for morality, but devoted himself to the fulfilment of his real duties, with the same earnestness as his imaginary ones, we admire even the power over himself which his austerities display; we lament the erroneousness of his opinions, but we venerate the man. Very differently are we affected by the religion which characterised the times. The knights and nobles of the day were as pious, many of them, as St. Louis himself; but how different a piety! All his intolerance was theirs, without a spark of his virtue. When we read of their crusades, their pilgrimages, and their persecutions, we are apt, by a natural mistake, to speak of their *fanaticism*. But fanaticism is far too respectable a name. Fanaticism supposes principle: the notion of fulfilling a duty. *Their* fires were kindled not to fulfil a duty, but to escape from its fulfilment. They thought to strike a

bargain with Omnipotence; to compound for one crime by practising another. It was not from principle, but from mere selfishness, that they burned heretics, slaughtered Saracens, and plundered Jews. They imagined that he who sacrificed hecatombs of unbelievers to the God of mercy, was freed from every moral obligation towards his fellow-men. Never did their religion for a moment stand in the way of their passions. In sacking a town, neither priests, nor nuns, nor crosses, nor relics were sacred to them. In their private wars, the church lands, being an easier prey, were even less respected than those of one another; nor were their devastations restrained by that excommunication which encroachments upon that species of property invariably entailed. But they had been taught that, by giving way to their darling passions, their avarice and cruelty, against the miscreants who denied the faith, they atoned for the indulgence of the same passions against the true believers. The publication of a crusade, especially against the emperor or the Albigenses, was commonly accompanied by an offer to the champions of the cross, of — what? Remission of all sins, past and future, in the other world, together with permission to rob their creditors in this. They were exempted, during the crusade, from the payment of interest on their debts. The cunning priests, who added this earthly recompense to the heavenly one, knew well the sort of persons with whom they had to deal. That some of the crusading knights were mainly influenced by motives of religion, is as true, as that some were influenced by the desire of military glory; but the

great bulk were influenced by nothing but M. de Sismondi's "*deux mobiles de la noblesse*," — cupidity and ennui."

Under the feudal system, the custom of invading, of usurping, was so general among the lay and ecclesiastical seigneurs, that they used towards one another the most scrupulous precautions. If inferiors, inhabitants of a village, in order to obtain the good-will of their superiors, rendered them a service, or made them a present, these inhabitants, as well as all their posterity, instead of gratitude received a chastisement which never ended. That service and that present were, in the sequel, converted into an annual and perpetual due; and the seigneurs forced them to pay for ever what they had once given of their free will. The *benevolences* levied by the English kings appear to have been somewhat of this nature.

We have already given examples sufficient to convey an idea of the state in which the people were with regard to the seigneurs or feudal aristocracy; we shall add an illustration or two of the state of servitude in which the bishops and the monks held the inhabitants of the villages of which they were the seigneurs.

A charter of the year 1242 bears: — "Be it known to all those who shall see these presents, that we Guillaume, unworthy bishop of Paris, consent that Odeline, daughter of Radulphe Gaudin, of the village of Vuissous, bondwoman of our church, marries Bertrand, son of Hugo deceased, of the village of Venières, bondman of the abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés, on condition that the children

who shall be born of the said marriage shall be shared between us and the said abbey; and that if the said Odeline should come to die without children, all the goods moveable and immoveable of the said Bertrand shall return to the said abbey," &c.

About the year 1252, the chapter of Nôtre-Dame imposed on several villages, of which it was seigneur, a new contribution; the inhabitants of Châtenai refused to pay it: the chapter then made all the men of that village be arrested and thrown into a very close prison, — a sort of black hole of Calcutta: they could scarcely move in it, and were in want of every thing, even of air fit to breathe.

The queen Blanche, mother of St. Louis, being informed of the condition of those prisoners, sent to the canons to beg them to set these unfortunates at liberty, and even herself offered to bail them. To this demand the canons replied, that no one had a right to interfere with the interests of their subjects; that they would cause their death if it was their pleasure; and, in order to brave the queen, with whom they were engaged in a lawsuit, they immediately ordered the arrest of the wives and children of those prisoners, and forced them into the same prison.

Pressed together, heaped, as it were, one upon the other; emaciated by the heat, by thirst and hunger; poisoned by their own exhalations, they were perishing, when the queen, informed of this new act of cruelty, and penetrated with indignation, arrived, followed by some servants, at the door of the prison, and ordered it to be burst open. They dared not obey her; they feared to invade the *rights of the church;* they trembled at its censures.

The queen, impatient and naturally violent, struck a blow with a cane on that venerated door: the illusion was destroyed, her example imitated, and the door soon shattered to pieces.

Immediately from this hideous receptacle poured forth a crowd of men, women, and children, pale, disfigured, ready to drop down from inanition, overwhelmed with suffering; and who, dreading to be again exposed to the same punishment, threw themselves at the feet of the queen, and implored her protection. Their deliverers comforted them, and succeeded, in the end, in delivering them from the chains of slavery.*

Cardinal Jacques de Vitry, a native of the neighbourhood of Paris, who, at first as a student, afterwards in quality of the pope's legate, made a long residence there, gives a curious picture of the state of morals in Paris, only part of which we can lay before our readers. " Dans la même maison," says he, " se trouvent à l'étage supérieur une école, et à l'étage inférieur un lieu de prostitution. En haut le maître fait la lecture, et en bas les filles publiques exercent leur honteux métier. Ici ces filles se disputent entre elles, ou se querellent avec leur pourvoyeuse; là les clercs étudians se disputent et agitent les questions de l'école."

This writer characterises the manners of the students of all nations who at that time abounded in Paris. Our countrymen will not thank his eminence for the character it is his pleasure to bestow on them. " They learn little," says he, " by reason

* Hist. du Diocèse de Paris, par l'Abbé Lebeuf, tom. ix. p. 360—367.

of the diversity of their opinions and their countries; they never cease to quarrel..... The English are drunkards and cowards; the French, proud, lazy, and effeminate; the Germans, furious and obscene in their conversation; the Normans, vain and haughty; ... the Lombards, avaricious, wicked, and cowardly," &c. &c.

In the thirteenth century kings began to be called *very redoubted* (*très-redoutés*): this title was, in 1336, given by William, bishop of Noyon, to king Philip de Valois. All the feudal nobles soon appropriated it; they all wished to pass for redoubtable; and, in place of the real merit which they did not possess, they substituted the fictitious merit of proud and lofty attributes, which they exaggerated even to the ridiculous — still more — even to profanation. They usurped the honours rendered to the Divinity; they claimed a participation in the incense which was burned upon the altars; they adorned themselves with the titles ascribed to the Supreme Being. God, from the most remote antiquity down to the present time, has received and receives the appellation of Lord: the nobles made themselves be styled lords. In other countries this practice has, perhaps, been carried still farther than in France. In England, for example, we have our lords commissioners, lords wardens, &c., and even our lord mayors. In Scotland it was carried to an extent truly ridiculous. Every thing there, clothed with a little brief authority, rejoicing for the moment in the pompous insolence of office, has been honoured with the *lordly* appellation. Besides their lord provosts, they have their lords of session,

their lord advocate, and formerly they had their "lords of the articles," &c. &c.

There is also a pretty strong parallel between the ancient nobility of France and Scotland in this respect, — that both followed the profession of highwaymen. Many of those Scottish families who, at the present day, are invested with all the insolence of power, wealth, and title, are indebted for their greatness to the industry (if we may be allowed so to prostitute the word) of the *chevaliers d'industrie* of those enlightened ages.*

God is styled *most high:* the nobles made themselves be called *most high.*

God is also styled *omnipotent:* the nobles assumed the title of most powerful (*très-puissans*) or, as the style ran in English, *most high and mighty.*

God is for the wicked an object of fear: the nobles added to their preceding qualifications, that of most redoubted; a qualification which they merited by reason of their excessive tyranny and inclination to evil. Thus, in the fourteenth century, men almost entirely brutalised by ignorance, error, and their vices, — men whose luxury was pampered by oppression exercised on the people, — men degraded by the exercise of the profession of thieves, dared to set themselves up as the rivals of Heaven, to assume the semblance of the Divinity, taking the title of most high and mighty and redoubted lords.

In the fourteenth century, the chevaliers who lived by pillage began to be despised. This con-

* For proofs and illustrations of this, the reader is referred to Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland, in Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia.

tempt determined some seigneurs to transfer this employment to their domestics. They had runners (*coureurs, cursores*), charged with the duty of plundering for their behoof the travellers on the roads. They had afterwards in the number of their servants a set of men called *pillards*, whose functions are sufficiently indicated by that denomination. The kings likewise had their *chevaucheurs*, their *preneurs*, who, whenever the prince entered Paris after a considerable absence, entered into the houses of the citizens, and carried away the furniture and provisions which they found there.

In 1304, a clerk or scholar of the university of Paris, named Pierre-le-Barbier, having been convicted of assassination, was arrested, tried, and hanged by the orders of the provost of Paris. This act of justice occasioned a general insurrection in the university. The rector immediately put a stop to the exercise of the classes. The official of Paris saw, in the punishment of this criminal ecclesiastic, an attempt against his rights; and, by a sentence of the 7th of September of that year, he commanded, under pain of excommunication, all the curates of Paris, the arch-priests, canons, &c. to repair the next day to the church of St. Barthélemi.

There all the assembled clergy arranged themselves in procession, preceded and accompanied by crosses, banners, and carriers of holy water. They directed their course towards the house of the provost, surrounded it, directed a shower of stones against the doors and windows, and vied with each other in uttering these furious cries:—"Begone,

begone, cursed Satan; make honourable reparation to thy mother, holy Church, whom thou hast dishonoured and wounded in her privileges: mayst thou, if thou dost not expiate thy crime, be swallowed up alive in the earth with Dathan and Abiram." These repeated imprecations were followed by a formula of excommunication launched by the official and the rector. So far they had been ridiculous; but, in addition, the clergy of Paris wished to become odious by their vengeance, — they demanded the death of the provost. The king was obliged to temporise; and it was agreed that the provost should be deprived of his place; that he should go on foot to Avignon to be absolved from his excommunication; that he should solemnly beg pardon of the university; that he should kiss the mouth of the scholar who had been hanged; that he should found two chaplainships in the nomination of that privileged body, and pay a heavy fine. On these conditions the university was willing to consent to let the provost live, and to resume the ordinary exercise of instruction.

On another occasion (in 1408) two scholars, having robbed and assassinated some merchants on a highway, were pursued, arrested, and hung by the provost of Paris. The university made an outcry with all its might against this act of justice; made a parade of its rights, its privileges; threatened to shut up the schools of Paris; and succeeded in making the provost of that city be condemned to the following humiliations: — He was compelled to take down with his own hands the two hanged scholars from the gibbet; to give each of them a

kiss on the mouth; to have them conducted on a car covered with funeral cloth, escorted by his serjeants and archers, and followed by a long procession of curates and monks, to the porch of Nôtre-Dame, in order to present them to the bishop, and thence into the church of the Mathurins, where the train restored the bodies to the rector of the university, who had them honourably interred.

The more common crimes of feudalism, that is to say, murders, robberies, devastations and rebellions, although strongly enough repressed by the courts of justice and by that of the parliament, still harassed the useful class of the population. The following are a few examples of nobles, who, during that period, suffered punishment for their crimes: —

Jourdain de l'Isle, seigneur or sire of Casaubon, after receiving the royal pardon eighteen times for different offences, was hanged for the nineteenth, rape, rapine, and murder, on the gibbet of Paris, the 11th of May, 1323.

Hannot and Pierre de Léans, having assassinated the demoiselle Peronne d'Estreville, in the church of Estreville, were hanged at Paris in 1332.

Jourdan Ferron, damoiseau or page, was condemned, in 1333, to be hanged.

Matthieu de Houssaie, chevalier, was, in 1333, condemned at first to the gibbet, afterwards to be drowned with his accomplices.

Eleven nobles, accused of having, in 1334, assassinated Emeri Béranger, were a long time confined in the castle of Paris, and executed in the end.

Messire Adam de Hordain, knight, underwent, in 1348, the punishment of the gallows.

Raval, count d'Eu et de Guignes, was, the 9th of November, 1350, decapitated for treason, &c.; and so on. This short list is sufficient to prove that nobility did not then confer a title to absolute impunity.

When it was desired to make an individual, to whom access could not easily be obtained, languish or die, an image was composed in the following manner: — They formed an image of clay, more frequently of wax, and, as far as they were able, they fashioned it after the likeness of the person they wished to injure: moreover, they gave to this image the name of this person, making the sacrament of baptism be administered by a priest, and with the ceremonies and prayers of the church; they also anointed it with holy chrism. They then uttered over this image certain invocations or magical formulas.

All these ceremonies being over, the waxen figure, or *volt* as it was called, being, according to the opinion of the makers, in some sort identified with the person whose likeness and name it bore, was at their will tortured and mutilated, or they even plunged a dagger in its heart. They were persuaded that all the outrages done, all the blows given, to this figure, were felt by the person whose name it bore.

In 1319, Marguerite de Belleville, a witch or sorceress of Paris, called *la sage femme*, declared to the parliament that a demoiselle (*femme noble*), named Méline la Henrione, widow of Henrion de Tartarin, wife in second marriage of Thévenin de la Lethère, knight, had come to her to ask for something to make her husband die. Marguerite

de Belleville answered, that she would undertake the business, and that her husband, who went to justs and tournaments, would fall dead from his horse; she added, that this demoiselle, surprised by her valet, was alarmed, and threw away *la chose;* which prevented her from making use of it.

Some time after, the demoiselle Méline came again to Marguerite de Belleville; she had with her a priest, named Thomas, chaplain of Marcilly. All the three composed a *volt* against the husband of Méline. The priest baptised this *volt,* and anointed it on the forehead with holy chrism. He declared that the *volt* would be worth nothing unless they anointed three times with holy chrism; the demoiselle Méline replied, that her husband had enough of it, &c.

Méline la Henrione returned a third time to the house of the sorceress Marguerite de Belleville: she appeared there accompanied by several persons; by a hermit, called brother Regnaud, living at the hermitage of St. Flavy, near Villemont in Champagne; by a Jacobin monk of the convent of Troyes, named Jean Dufay; and by a woman called Perrote la Baille de Poissy, or wife of the bailiff of that place. All the five, in compliance with the demand of Guischard, bishop of Troyes, concurred in the composition of a *volt,* with the design of causing the death of the queen Jeanne de Bourgogne, wife of Philip the Long.

The *volt* being made, the Jacobin brother baptised it, and gave it the name of Jeanne: the woman Perrote was the godmother.

The sorceress Marguerite de Belleville declared

that she was at first ignorant of the person against whom the *volt* was made; that she was not informed of it till fifteen days after. She likewise declared that she was a *charmeuse;* that with certain words she could make things that were lost be found. She was put into the prison of the Châtelet. We are not informed what was her punishment.

Under the reign of Philip de Valois, master Robert Langlois, and two German monks who lived at St. Bernard, or the college of the Bernardines conspired against the life of the king and that of the queen his wife, *by evil art and invocation of the devil.* They tried to make the king and queen come within a ring or circle which they had traced in the garden of the countess de Valois. One named Hennequin-li-Alleman, who, being informed of these facts, had not revealed them to justice, was imprisoned at St. Martin-des-Champs, and, at the end of December, 1340, exposed to the pillory.

Paris, in 1313, during the festival of Pentecost, was the theatre of a *fête* which surpassed in sumptuousness all the preceding ones. Philip the Fair invited Edward II., king of England, and his wife, Isabella of France, (the " she wolf of France," as Gray has called her,) to be present at it. The princes and nobles of the kingdom vied with each other in displaying the magnificence of their armour and their dress; they changed them three times a day. The king of France admitted his three sons knights. This ceremony was followed by tournaments, by feasts, and shows which were given at the abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés under tents.

They represented paradise and hell, different sorts of animals, and the *procession du renard.*

Under the reign of Philip VI., about the year 1346, writers began to reproach the French with the frequent changes made in the forms of their dress. "At this time," says one of these writers, "the dress varied very much. On seeing the clothes of the French, you would take them for mountebanks. This nation, daily given up to pride and debauchery, does nothing but commit acts of folly. Sometimes the clothes which they adopt are too wide, sometimes they are too tight; at one time they are too long, at another too short: always hunting after novelty, they cannot preserve for the space of ten years the same form of clothes."

These rapid changes of fashion were ingeniously censured by an Italian prince. In his gallery he had an individual of every nation painted in the costume which was peculiar to that nation. The Frenchman alone was represented quite naked, holding under his arm a piece of cloth, in order to show that the rapidity of the changes of dress in France did not allow of the forms of it being seized.

Before Charles V., the ladies of rank wore on their robes the blazon of their husbands.

Under Charles V., the dress of the courtiers, of the magistrates and their dependants, consisted of garments of which one half was of one colour, and the other half of a different colour. These were called *robes miparties.* When the emperor Charles VI. made his entry into Paris, the provost of the merchants, the sheriffs and the principal

citizens of Paris were dressed in *robes miparties* of white and violet. All the royal officers, in like manner, wore robes of two colours.

Charles VII., having an ill-proportioned figure and legs too short, in order to conceal that imperfection, resumed the long garb, such as was worn under Philip de Valois.

The long trains worn by the ladies were frequently the subject of vehement declamations to the preachers, who, seeking to decry them, entitled them *diabolical inventions.* The preacher Maillard, who preached at Paris, in the church of St. Jean-en-Grève, in 1494 and in 1508, exclaims strongly, and in almost all his sermons, against these long trains. In the latter year he says, " and you, my painted ladies, who wear your trains trussed up; and you, women, who wear chains and trains, &c.; and you, my lords, who suffer your daughters to wear trains, and your sons huge sleeves." But the wearing of trains and chains, and the use of large sleeves, were not the only vices that the preachers of that time cried out against, and perhaps with reason, in a strain that would not a little astonish a modern audience.

The giant of the rue aux Ours. — Every year, on the 3d of July, the inhabitants of the rue aux Ours had a figure made about twenty feet high, representing a man holding in his hand a poignard. During several days this figure was carried about through the streets of Paris; it was then condemned to be burned in the rue aux Ours. This execution was for a long time accompanied by fireworks, which in 1743 the police suppressed, on

account of the accidents which might result from them in so narrow a street.

The following, according to the vulgar, is the origin of this ceremony:—On the 3d of July, 1418, a Swiss soldier, leaving a cabaret where he had lost his money at play, in his despair struck with his dagger an image of the Virgin placed at the corner of the rue aux Ours and of the rue de Salle-au-Comte: the blow made the blood spout forth in abundance from the stone statue. The unfortunate man was taken, bound to a stake in front of the image of the Virgin which he had wounded, and underwent tortures so horrible, that we must curtail this popular tradition of half its fair proportions by declining to relate them. In conclusion, then, it is in memory of this crime, and of the frightful punishment inflicted on the unhappy criminal, that the inhabitants of the rue aux Ours carried this gigantic figure through the streets of Paris.

M. Dulaure attributes to this ceremony a much more remote origin. He derives this, as well as other similar ceremonies in different countries of Europe, from ancient heathen customs.

At Rome, on the 15th of May of every year, they carried in procession thirty colossal figures of wicker, which the vestal virgins threw into the Tiber.

The priests of Osiris likewise inflicted blows upon certain enormous figures which represented the enemies of the gods.

The morals of this period were not worse than those of the preceding; but the increase of knowledge threw more light upon them, and exposed

them more to observation. The vices of the clergy in particular, their simony, their luxury, their concubinage, and, above all, their abominable frauds, appeared more shocking in proportion as men were more enlightened. The picture afforded, by contemporary writers, of the disorders of the religious houses about this period, the convents and monasteries, is revolting to such a degree as to appear almost incredible.

CHAP. IV.

THE ELDER BRANCH CONTINUED.

We resume the account of the elder branch of the house of Bourbon, which strictly speaking ended in Suzanne de Bourbon, wife of the famous constable de Bourbon, who was killed before Rome in 1527. Louis II. duke de Bourbon, surnamed the Good, who, as has been stated, died in 1410, was succeeded by his son John I., duke de Bourbon and d'Auvergne, &c., &c., peer and great chamberlain of France, captain-general in Languedoc and Gascogne. He was born in the month of March, 1380, was taken prisoner by the English at the battle of Agincourt, and died in London in 1433, aged fifty-three years: he was succeeded by his eldest son, Charles I.; who again was succeeded by his eldest son, Jean II. He was succeeded by his third brother Pierre.

Before entering upon the detail of the actions of Pierre II., it will tend to render the narrative more clear, if we present an account of the legitimate branches of the house of Bourbon. Fortune was daily elevating the edifice of the greatness of the dukes de Bourbon; each generation added to the splendour of the preceding; and, although they reckoned but seven degrees between Robert of France, who inherited only the county of Clermont and the lordship of Creil, and the new duke Pierre II., the latter found himself in possession of

the most brilliant inheritance, which he still went on augmenting. He only yielded to monarchs in riches, power, and consideration. To crown his prosperity, he was appointed, with his wife Anne of France, daughter of Louis XI., to the guardianship of the king, and the government of the kingdom. But his happiness was disturbed by the bitter disappointment of having no children to whom he could transmit so much glory, so many titles and estates. He and his wife obtained from the young king letters patent, by virtue of which the sovereign legislature, deviating from the clauses of their marriage contract, permitted them to dispose of their property by such a mutual and perpetual donation as they might judge proper.

This favour displeased Gilbert de Bourbon, count de Montpensier, head of the branch on whom the principal territories of the house were entailed. He had to repair the faults of the count Louis de Montpensier, his father. That weak prince, yielding to the menaces, to the artifices and caresses of the dukes Charles I. and Jean II., had signed acts of a renunciation so absolute, that he appeared to have deprived himself and his posterity of the reversion of the domains of which the dukes de Bourbon were only *usufruitiers*. Gilbert, seeing the elder branch on the point of being extinguished, claimed his just rights, and instituted a suit in the parliament against the duke Pierre II. to oblige him to acknowledge them. The duke, struck by the legitimacy of his titles, and jealous of preserving to the name the riches which supported the splendour of it, came to an agreement with the count de Montpensier. He

consented by a treaty, signed at Chinon on the 19th of March, 1488, that if he should die without male children, all his entailed property should pass to the branch of Montpensier, in order, added he, that these beautiful domains, possessed for so long a time by their common ancestors, should neither be dismembered nor transferred to another family, but should remain for ever to the eldest of the name. We shall soon see this prince, influenced by paternal love, change his language when his daughter, Suzanne de Bourbon, was born, and employ all his interest to destroy the effects of the entail which he had confirmed with so much authenticity.

An account has already been given of Francis de Bourbon, count de Vendôme. Jacques de Bourbon, seigneur d'Aubigni, head of the branch of Carency, began to repair the injustice of the fortune which had placed so much inequality between him and the other princes of his house; he obtained several lands from the generosity of the duke de Bourbon, who, full of confidence in his talents, appointed him his lieutenant-general in all the provinces that belonged to him, and even in the exercise of the office of constable. The seigneur d'Aubigni left, by Antoinette de la Tour d'Auvergne, two sons: the eldest, known by the name of prince of Carency, was killed at Marignano, leaving no male issue; the second, called the sire de Rochefort, left no children. There still existed a shoot of the branch of Bourbon-Carency, known under the name of Bourbon-Duisant, but poor and neglected: the last of this unfortunate branch attached himself to the constable de Bour-

bon, killed before Rome; he shared his misfortunes, and died in a foreign land.

The history of the vigorous, but somewhat unscrupulously ambitious, administration of Anne of France, duchess de Bourbon, during the minority of her brother Charles VIII., as well as that of her husband the duke de Bourbon, during Charles's absence in Italy, belongs to the history of France rather than to the subject of this work; we therefore confine ourselves to particulars more immediately connected with the family of Bourbon.

Since the transaction of Chinon, in which the duke de Bourbon had acknowledged the just rights of the branch of Montpensier to the entail of his principal domains, his daughter, Suzanne de Bourbon, had been born in 1491. The fate of this only daughter excited his paternal solicitude. He considered that if the clauses of his marriage treaty with Anne of France were rigorously executed, the duchies of Bourbonnois and of Auvergne, the counties of Clermont and of Forès, the Beaujolois, and the principality of Dombes, would be reunited to the crown: if, on the contrary, the family contracts prevailed, these great properties would belong to Louis de Bourbon, count de Montpensier, his nephew. Thus, in both cases, the better part of the inheritance of his ancestors would go from Suzanne de Bourbon. The duke had recourse to the royal authority to secure the greatness of his daughter; he begged of the king letters patent derogatory of the clause inserted in his marriage contract, which reunited to the crown the greatest fiefs of his house, if he should die without male children by Anne of France. Louis XII.,

a prince truly magnanimous, willingly granted him that favour: his principles were the very opposite of the crooked policy of Louis XI., who had employed all the means of fraud and force to humble the power of the most illustrious houses of the kingdom. But he could not justly deprive Louis de Bourbon, count de Montpensier, of his rights to the entail.

It appears that the duke de Bourbon only wished to render the fortune of his daughter independent. There is every reason to believe that, jealous of the splendour of his name, he destined her for the count de Montpensier, whom he treated rather as a son than a nephew: he watched over his education, and the management of his property. But the young Montpensier, carried away by imprudent advice, instead of maintaining his just rights with moderation, broke out violently against his uncle: he attacked him in the parliament, and formed an opposition to the grant of the letters patent which he had obtained from the king. The duke de Bourbon, indignant at the impetuous conduct of his nephew, punished him by contracting his heiress to the duke d'Alençon: he had this project so much at heart, that he proposed a deposit of a hundred thousand livres, payable by the contracting party who should draw back from his word: this marriage was to bring immense property into the branch of Alençon. Louis XII. approved of the arrangement of the duke de Bourbon; he even granted new letters patent, in virtue of which the children born of this marriage should inherit all the property of the house of Bourbon, notwithstanding the claims and opposition of

the count de Montpensier. Without doubt, says Desormeaux, the good king secretly reserved to himself the pleasure of indemnifying the young prince, whom he appeared to sacrifice to the duke de Bourbon: the sequel justifies this conjecture.

However, Montpensier, who was ignorant of the favourable intentions of the monarch, formed the heroic resolution of rendering to the state services so distinguished, that he might thus obtain favours capable of indemnifying him for the brilliant fortune which he had lost. He asked permission to bear arms, for the first time, in Italy, under the command of Stuard d'Aubigny, whom Louis XII., inheriting the designs of his predecessor upon Italy, sent to the conquest of the kingdom of Naples: this rising ardour, according with the king's particular views, met with his approval.

Since the death of Charles VIII. the French armies had twice appeared beyond the Alps; twice they had conquered the Milanese, and avenged Italy of the perfidious Sforza, who expiated at last, in the fetters of Louis XII., all the evils which he had brought upon his country. Already the monarch, wishing to profit by the favours of fortune, and the alliance of the pope Alexander VI., which he had shamefully purchased, aspired to the conquest of Naples; but, despairing of being able to preserve that kingdom against the navy and the forces of Spain, he consented to share it with Ferdinand, whose knavery and unbridled ambition he ought to have feared. Frederick of Arragon at that time filled the throne of Naples; he had succeeded the young Ferdinand, his nephew, carried off in the

midst of his triumphs. Frederick, attacked by the king of France, whom he had in vain attempted to disarm by offers of homage, reckoned on powerful aid on the part of the king of Spain, his relation and ally; he met only with odious perfidy. He then formed the resolution of distributing all his forces in the best parts of his kingdom, to check *la furia Francese*, which he dreaded more than the valour and artifice of the Spaniards.

Stuard d'Aubigny, accompanied by the count de Montpensier, entered the kingdom of Naples at the commencement of the spring of the year 1501. The young prince fixed on himself the attention of the army by the splendour of his rank, the graces of his person, his generosity, and his courage: the first in attack, the last in retreat, he behaved on all occasions like a man who had to avenge the misfortunes of his father and the glory of his country.

The French were stopped in their victorious march by the important city of Capua, fatal, long ages before, to a "mightier host and haughtier name," — to the army and the fortunes of Hannibal. Into this Frederick had thrown the *élite* of his troops under the orders of Fabricio Colonna. Aubigny, who feared that a regular siege would retard his operations, formed the bold resolution of carrying by a general assault this place, defended by almost a whole army: the count de Montpensier begged to be intrusted with the most dangerous attack. He undertook the assault of the bastion which covered the principal gate of the town. On the signal being given, he rushed forward at the head of his men, in the midst of a thick fire of cannon and

musketry: he reached the wall; with one hand he laid hold of it, and with the other fought with his sword, and succeeded in scaling the bastion and there planting his flag. The French, who followed him, incited by the peril which their leader braved as if he had been invulnerable, pressed upon his track, and drove back the enemy: in every other point the army was repulsed with much loss; Montpensier alone remained in possession of the work which he had carried, and this advantage decided the victory. Fabricio Colonna, dismayed at the loss of a post which joined and commanded the town, beat a parley. Whilst they were settling the articles of the capitulation, some French soldiers, taking advantage of the security of the besieged, who neglected the military duties, scaled the wall, and introduced themselves into the place, the gates of which they opened to the army. The unfortunate town of Capua met with the most barbarous treatment, with a fate not milder than some of the most horrible on record. The sack of Magdeburg, more than a century after, by the brutalised and ferocious troops of Tilly, enjoys, in this way, an execrable pre-eminence, for which it is indebted, perhaps, more to the merits of those who have related it, than to any excess of atrocity which it displayed; for, alas! how many examples of such atrocity do the records of mankind exhibit! — examples which will stain the page of the history of at least the early part even of the nineteenth century. Such scenes exhibit man, and unhappily, too, civilised man, in his very blackest colours; a disgrace to the deepest barbarism: what must they be to comparative civilisation? On the

present occasion, the conquerors, not content with murdering the whole garrison, slaughtered almost all the inhabitants, sparing only those who were sufficiently rich to pay an immense ransom: humanity shrinks from contemplating the fate of the softer sex, whose youth and beauty tempted the victor. Several of these brigands carried their female prisoners to Rome, and sold them in the public places. Cæsar Borgia, the worthy son of pope Alexander VI., who served in the French army, selected forty of the most beautiful, of whom he composed a seraglio.

The rapid and destructive success of the French spread terror and consternation through the whole kingdom: no place dared to irritate the conquerors by its resistance: the young Montpensier had soon the satisfaction to enter Naples as a conqueror.

On learning the details of this expedition, Louis XII. avowed, in presence of all the court, that he held the kingdom of Naples by the valour of the count de Montpensier. He did not intend to limit his gratitude to vain and barren eulogiums, if it is true, as Jean d'Auton affirms, that he meant to marry the young prince to Germaine de Foix, his niece, and place the crown of Naples on his head. But it was the destiny of the princes of the first branch of Montpensier to merit the highest favours of fortune, and to die on the eve of obtaining them. The young Montpensier had scarcely arrived at Naples, when he withdrew from the delights of that city to go to Pouzzola, to do honour to the ashes of his father, whom he had so well avenged. His first care was to order a solemn service in the church, whither he had him carried: the ceremony was

scarcely over, when, yielding to the desire to see the sad and precious remains, he made the coffin be opened: at this sight, the shock bound up all the faculties of his soul; he remained mute and motionless: to the silence of grief succeeded a torrent of tears, which might have saved his life; but the mortal blow was struck. They tore him, in spite of himself, from this fatal contemplation, to convey him to his hôtel, where he died upon his arrival: others say that he expired on the coffin of his father. We should scarcely be led to expect such an instance of sensibility in a person who had just come from witnessing and sharing in the horrors of the sack of Capua. The remains of Montpensier, inclosed in the same coffin with those of his father, were carried to France, and buried in the church of St. Louis d'Aigue-Perse. Thus died, at the age of eighteen, Louis de Bourbon, count de Montpensier. He was succeeded in his titles and estates by Charles, his younger brother, afterwards the famous constable de Bourbon.

The new count de Montpensier, godson of Charles VIII. and of the duchess de Bourbon, and educated under the care of that princess, had no faults to expiate nor injuries to redress in regard to the head of his house. However, the duke de Bourbon, from regard to the oath which bound him to the duke d'Alençon, never thought of giving him his daughter; but his death produced the failure of the arrangements which he had made, and which had spread alarm in all the branches of his house. He had gone to Maçon to visit the king; on his return he was seized with a fever at Cluni. He

had himself conveyed to his palace at Moulins, where he languished more than two months. The want of piety, such as it was, has never been attributed to the Bourbons. He had obtained from the pope a bull, which permitted him to have always in his apartment, and even on his journeys, a consecrated host, before which he every day prostrated himself twice. His historians represent him to have died and to have been buried in all the "odour of sanctity."

In him ended the elder branch of the house of Bourbon, after having existed for more than two centuries with a splendour which was always increasing. Even at the time when it was farthest removed from the crown, by the existence of the branches of Orleans, of Angoulême, of Anjou, of Berri, of Bourgogne, of Nevers, of Alençon, and of Evreux-Navarre, it only contracted, so to speak, royal alliances. After the example of the last dukes of Burgundy and of Britany, the dukes de Bourbon appeared rather as powerful sovereigns than as vassals of the crown.

Anne of France survived her husband twenty years, who, on his death, appointed her his sole heir, failing Suzanne de Bourbon, his only daughter. She fixed her abode at Moulins, whence she governed the provinces of the house of Bourbon with that superior sagacity which she had displayed at the head of a powerful kingdom. Immense riches put it in her power to have a household almost as brilliant as that of the queen, Anne of Britany; like her, she maintained a great number of maids of honour, selected from the most noble families. She was called the Great Duchess, a title which she owed as much

to the energy of her character as to the splendour of her fortune. Accustomed to dominion, Madame de Bourbon seldom appeared at court, which she no longer saw at her feet; she only came there on great occasions, and the princes affected to treat her with especial honour and deference. Louis XII. had a singular respect for this princess, of whom he would only have been the first subject, if the Salic law had not excluded her from the throne. Under Francis I., when the duchess d'Angoulême, hurried away by a fatal passion, dared to persecute the constable de Bourbon, Anne of France embraced the quarrel of that great man with the energy and pride which characterised her.

This princess appears to have inherited some of the whimsical superstition of her father, Louis XI. A curious monument of it is preserved. It is a bull of the pope, by virtue of which she is permitted to be absolved from all sorts of sins, along with ten persons of her household, of her selection; not only every Sunday, but moreover forty-seven days of the year. History, says Desormeaux, has never reproached her with having abused an indulgence rather calculated to encourage vice than to excite repentance; her virtue and her morals were always above suspicion. Her credulity only characterises the ignorance and the prejudices of her age.

CHAP. V.

THE CONSTABLE DE BOURBON.

ALTHOUGH we at one time intended to pass over the lives both of the constable de Bourbon and of the great Condé, as coming more within the province of the history of France, on more mature consideration we think that to do so, in a work professing to give a history of the house of Bourbon, would be neither doing justice to the history which we profess to write, nor to the public, for whose benefit it is written. Moreover, among the host of feeble and common-place characters which he who undertakes to write the history of any family of long descent—a royal one no less than others—will have to deal in, it is some consolation to meet with one who is no hollow image, no kingly shadow, but who draws his breath instinct with the Promethean fire, and walks like a god in the midst of the royal phantoms around him, "mere mimics, even in death." Before we proceed to his history, it will be satisfactory to trace

* Charles III., duke de Bourbonnois, d'Auvergne, and de Châtelleraut; count de Clermont en Beauvoisis and de Clermont en Auvergne, de Fores, de Montpensier, de la Marche, and de Gien; dauphin d'Auvergne; sovereign prince de Dombes; viscount de Carlat and de Murat; seigneur de Beaujolois, de Mercœur, de Bourbon-Lancy, de Combrailles, d'Annonai, de la Roche-en-Renier, de Thiers, &c.; chevalier de Saint Michel; governor of Languedoc and of the Milanese; peer, chamberlain, and constable of France; first prince of the blood.

the descent of his branch from the elder branch of the Bourbons.

Louis de Bourbon, surnamed the Good, count de Montpensier, &c. &c., head of the first branch of Bourbon-Montpensier, was son of John I., duke de Bourbon. He shared the property of the family with his brother, Charles I., duke de Bourbon, who died in 1483. He had no children by his first marriage with Jeanne, countess de Clermont. By his second marriage with Gabriel de la Tour, he had,

1. Gilbert.
2. Jean de Bourbon, who died young.
3. Gabrielle de Bourbon, wife of Louis II., sire de la Tremoille, killed at the battle of Pavia.
4. Charlotte de Bourbon, wife of Wolfart de Borselle, seigneur de la Vère, count de Grand-pré in Champagne, and earl of Buchan in Scotland, knight of the Golden Fleece.

Gilbert de Bourbon, count de Montpensier, viceroy of the kingdom of Naples, &c., died at Pouzzola in 1496, aged forty-eight: his body, as has been already related, together with that of his eldest son, was conveyed to France. He had married Clara de Gonzago, daughter of Frederic de Gonzago, marquis of Mantua, and of Margaret of Bavaria. He had by her,

1. Louis de Bourbon, count de Montpensier, who died at Naples, at the age of eighteen.
2. Charles, duke de Bourbon.
3. Francis de Bourbon, duke de Châtelleraut, peer of France, killed at the battle of Marignano, 13th September, 1515.
4. Louise de Bourbon, married to André de

Chauvigni, count de Chateauroux; then to Louis de Bourbon, prince de la Roche-sur-Yon.

From this latter marriage descends the second branch of Bourbon-Montpensier.

5. Renée de Bourbon, who, by her marriage with Antoine duke of Lorraine and of Bar, transferred into the house of Lorraine the barony of Mercœur and several other estates.
6. Anne de Bourbon, who, in the prime of her life, died in Spain, whither she had accompanied the queen Germaine de Foix, her friend.

Charles de Bourbon was born on the 17th of February, 1489. He was only fourteen when he became the eldest of his house. He was educated at Moulins, in the palace of his ancestors, the inheritance of which had nearly gone from him. Fencing, wrestling, leaping, dancing, running, and horsemanship, were the exercises and the sports of his youth: he also received some lessons in tactics. The young Montpensier, whose health was vigorous, and mind active, made rapid progress, and became, in a short time, one of the most accomplished knights in the kingdom. His behaviour indicated more thought and reflection than could be expected from his age, and gave a high idea of his capacity.

The dukes de Bourbon had fixed their residence at Moulins, in the centre of their possessions: they only left it when the wants of the state called them to the head of the armies, or of the government. Immense revenues spent in the country gave animation to the useful arts, and scattered money in

abundance in the towns. These advantages seemed likely to be removed from the province if Suzanne de Bourbon married the duke d'Alençon, there being no doubt but that prince would prefer residing in Normandy, where he possessed extensive domains. Prejudices against the character and the manners of the Normans gave uneasiness to the clergy, the noblesse, and the people; they already fancied they saw all the dignities of their province, the governments, the benefices, seized on by vassals more active, more enterprising, and more favoured by the new lord.

There was only one means of escaping the misfortunes with which they believed themselves threatened: it was to break the engagements of Suzanne de Bourbon with the duke d'Alençon, in order to give her to the count de Montpensier. But Pierre II. had taken his measures so well, his contract with the house of Alençon appeared so sacred, the king had confirmed it with so much solemnity, the duchess de Bourbon had concurred in it with so much zeal, that the execution of this project appeared almost desperate.

Louis de Bourbon-Vendôme, prince de la Roche-sur-Yon, guardian and brother-in-law of the count de Montpensier, was not dismayed by these obstacles. To the qualities of a warrior this prince joined the address of a negociator, knowledge of mankind, and the art of pleasing. He went to Moulins, had an interview with the duchess de Bourbon, and exposed to her the state of the case with great force and prudence. He represented to her that the seal of the royal authority could not

annihilate the just rights of the count de Montpensier; that, sooner or later, mademoiselle de Bourbon would be disturbed in the possession of the domains which her father had left her; that ruinous lawsuits, interminable quarrels, would spring up between her and her cousin: in conclusion, he entreated her to permit his ward to secure his rights by means of protests. He managed so well the lofty and imperious character of the daughter of Louis XI., that she consented with a good grace to what she could not have refused without injustice; she even lent the count de Montpensier a part of her silver plate to appear at Paris, whither that great affair called him, with the splendour suitable to his birth.

From Moulins the prince de la Roche-sur-Yon flew to the court, and pleaded before the king the cause of Montpensier with as much force as success. He was well seconded by the admiral de Graville: that seigneur, the wisest in the kingdom, represented to Louis XII., that it was against the interest of the state to suffer so much riches and so many domains to accumulate in the person of the duke d'Alençon; that, in adding to his property the vast possessions of the house of Bourbon, this prince would enjoy in the kingdom the same influence as the last dukes of Burgundy; and that, like them, he might defy, when he pleased, the throne and the laws. Louis XII., struck by the arguments of Graville, ordered a commission, composed of princes, ministers, seigneurs, councillors of state, and lawyers, to examine the respective titles of Suzanne de Bourbon and the count de Montpensier.

The right of Montpensier appeared incontestable;

but, as it seemed to the commission hard to despoil of the inheritance of her father a young princess, educated in the hope of the highest fortune, they proposed to put an end for ever to the difference by marrying the two claimants. Louis XII. approved of means so effectual: he undertook to communicate them to the duchess de Bourbon, whom he informed of the just rights of Montpensier. He succeeded without difficulty: the truth had not escaped the penetrating eyes of Anne of France; besides, esteem and inclination pleaded in favour of the nephew of her husband. Anxious for the happiness of her daughter, that princess studied in secret the characters of the count de Montpensier and of the duke d'Alençon: nature had lavished all her gifts upon the former—beauty, strength, address, talents, and elevation of soul; every thing in him gave promise of a great man; whilst his rival, only distinguished by the splendour of rank and fortune, seemed born but to be confounded with the mass of princes.

The duchess de Bourbon could not be indifferent to the distinguished merits of Montpensier, since they were her own work. She had trusted none but herself with the care of developing his noble sentiments, and of exciting his ardour for glory. She had found him so docile, so modest, so sensible to gratitude, that she did not consider it a sacrifice, in purchasing from the duke d'Alençon the release from the agreement, to give up the deposit of the hundred thousand livres. The duke d'Alençon was well indemnified for the loss of the richest princess in the kingdom; he married the most accomplished

in it, the famous Marguerite d'Orleans, still more celebrated by her talents than by her rare beauty: if virtue embellished by the graces had been the reward of heroism, Montpensier would have been the only man in France worthy of making pretensions to the possession of so many charms.

Louis XII. regarded the marriage of Montpensier and Suzanne de Bourbon as an affair of such importance, that he wished the articles of the contract to be discussed and drawn up in an assembly of princes, grandees, bishops, and magistrates. The gout alone, which confined him to bed, prevented him from presiding at it; but he was represented by the cardinal d'Amboise, chief of his council. Equity and prudence dictated the matrimonial contract. It was stipulated—1st, That the two spouses should make to each other a mutual and general donation of all their property in favour of the survivor; 2d, That the children who should be born of the marriage should inherit all the domains of the house of Bourbon; 3d, That, on failure of children, the whole succession should devolve on Francis Monsieur de Bourbon, only brother of Montpensier; 4th, Montpensier assigned a jointure of ten thousand livres a year to his wife on the Bourbonnois (the jointure of Jeanne and of Anne of France, wives of the two last dukes de Bourbon, had only been six thousand livres): in short, the king ended by destroying the fraudulent and unjust system of Louis the XI., by renouncing for himself and his successors the pretended rights which the treaty of marriage of the duke Pierre II. and Anne of France gave to the crown over all the property of the house of

Bourbon, if he should die without male children. The duchess dowager, on her part, wishing to cement, more and more, the greatness of her children, made them a gift of the county of Gien, of the viscounty of Châtelleraut and of the lower Marche; she secured to them, by another deed, the immense possessions which she held by the liberality of Louis XI. and of Charles VIII. After so many precautions, who could have foreseen that the rights of the branch of Montpensier would be attacked? France applauded the disinterestedness and magnanimity of the king no less than this marriage, which was celebrated at Moulins with the same pomp as that of crowned heads. Montpensier, now duke de Bourbon, received for his consort a princess, small in stature, and even deformed, but so gentle, so modest, so affable, so devoted to her husband and to her duties, that he always treated her with the greatest consideration. Anne of France, delighted at the happiness of her daughter, never ceased to congratulate herself for having adopted a prince whose virtues and exemplary conduct even surpassed the hopes which she had always entertained of him.

Scarcely released from the fêtes of which Moulins had been the scene, the duke de Bourbon, with his wife and mother-in-law, went to take possession of the provinces of his new domain. This journey was a sort of triumph; the people flocked in crowds to see him, and gave him the strongest marks of their zeal and love. Anxious to merit for himself sentiments which he only owed to his name and his ancestors, Bourbon displayed affability, application to business, justice, and generosity: his palace was open to small

and great; he read petitions, corrected abuses, distributed trusts and favours to virtue and merit; in a word, he left every where in his passage traces of good order and beneficence. The states of the Bourbonnois, delighted to have found a father in their foster-child, did not confine themselves to empty acclamations: they made him a gift of one hundred thousand livres, a sum at that time very considerable. This example of generosity and attachment was imitated in the duchy of Auvergne, le Forès, le Beaujolois, the principality of Dombes, and the county of Clermont en Beauvoisis.

Become the richest of all the princes of his house who have not worn the crown, the new duke was also the most liberal, the most magnificent; he never travelled without an escort of a gay and brilliant body of horse-guards, and without being surrounded by the chiefs of the noblesse of his domains and his principal officers, who composed a court little inferior to that of a powerful monarch: it was thus he appeared at Tours in 1506.

Louis XII. had just given madame Claude, his eldest daughter, to the count d'Angoulême, heir of the crown: that event interested the nation so much the more, as the princess had been promised to the young Charles of Austria, to whom she would have brought Britany and the Milanese. All was joy at Tours, and throughout the kingdom; but no person more signalised his zeal than the duke de Bourbon: he gave magnificent *fêtes* and tournaments. He himself was distinguished from the other knights, no less by his tall and majestic figure, the haughty and martial gracefulness of his air, his

address, and his strength, than by birth and rank. Louisa of Savoy, countess d'Angoulême, did not see with impunity the handsomest and most brilliant prince of the kingdom. Her son, then duke de Valois, struck with the splendour of Bourbon, professed a warm friendship for him: Louisa of Savoy carefully maintained ties which would have formed the safety and glory of the state, if she had not, in the sequel, made them subordinate to interest and to the violence of her passions.

However, Bourbon, the energies of whose soul found very inadequate employment in *fêtes* and tournaments, sighed after real combats; he had taken for device a flying stag, with the motto *penetrabit.* Events answered to his impatient wishes: he was allowed to signalise his courage in Italy, then the most celebrated school for war.

Since Louis XII. had conquered the kingdom of Naples by the arms of D'Aubigny, and of the young count de Montpensier, he had met with nothing beyond the Alps but fatal and humiliating reverses. Deceived in all the treaties by Ferdinand, beaten by the arms and the genius of Gonsalvo de Cordova, he had to regret the loss of four or five flourishing armies destroyed in that fine climate. However, in spite of so many disasters, he was still in possession of the Milanese and of Liguria; but the town of Genoa had just been lost to him by the secret intrigues of the enemies of France. He was afraid that the contagious example of the revolt of the Genoese might influence the Milanese. Weary of seeing his generals almost always unsuccessful, he undertook in person the management of this war. He raised an army

capable of conquering all Italy, if it had not been protected by the system of equilibrium, or the balance of power as it has been called, then known and followed throughout all Europe. He set out, accompanied by the duke d'Alençon, the duke de Bourbon, the prince de la Roche-sur-Yon, Antoine hereditary prince of Lorraine, Gaston de Foix, and all the grandees of age to bear arms. The audacity of the rebels was not daunted by so formidable a preparation; they did not yield to the fortune of Louis XII. till after the loss of two bloody battles. Genoa could only look for the same fate as so many flourishing cities inundated by the blood of their citizens, overthrown and destroyed for excesses less criminal than those whereof she had been guilty. Desormeaux says, with considerable truth, if the records of history furnish us with sovereigns greater than Louis XII. by genius and talents, they present none whose soul was more generous and more magnanimous. He entered Genoa, armed at all points, at the head of his victorious army, and, in appearance, breathing only the most terrible vengeance; but he had no sooner seen the multitude prostrated at his feet, than, softened by their cries and groans, he pardoned them, more moved by the example of clemency which he gave to the world than by the splendour of victory.

It was in this expedition that the duke de Bourbon laid the foundation of the high reputation which he enjoyed all his life. The French armies had never yet seen a young prince more industrious, more desirous of knowledge, more eager for glory: he selected for his friends and masters la Tremoille,

la Palisse, Bayard, Louis d'Ars, and d'Alègre. He was never weary of conversing with them on the great art of war; plans of campaigns, marches, encampments, details of discipline and of subsistence, nothing escaped his piercing views: he seized with the same sagacity the most difficult and complicated manœuvres of tactics. From the conversation of the generals he passed to that of individual officers who had acquired reputation. At night, when he retired to his cabinet or to his tent, he reduced to writing his observations and the result of his conferences. It was thus that, by appropriating to himself the knowledge, the experience, and the reflections of every celebrated warrior, he put himself in a condition one day to surpass them all. His generosity gained him the hearts of the troops: he appeared to attach no value to riches but as they furnished him with the means of obliging brave and virtuous men.

Whether from excess of application, or from change of climate, the duke de Bourbon fell dangerously ill at Genoa. His first care, after his health was somewhat re-established, was to visit Lombardy, which he was destined to illustrate by his exploits: he studied the ground and the positions. Such are the labours which must be gone through by men who aim at making war the means of immortalising their names. Napoleon had previously made a sort of survey of the country where he first signalised himself, and astonished the world by the splendour and rapidity of his achievements.

Bourbon had left France a soldier: he returned to it, in 1509, a general. He displayed the talents of one

in the war of the league of Cambray. Louis XII. joined pope Julius II., the emperor, and the king of Spain, for the purpose of overwhelming the republic of Venice; he did more—he undertook its ruin almost alone. He passed the Alps with an army of forty thousand combatants, accompanied by the duke d'Alençon, the duke de Bourbon, the count de Vendôme, the prince de la Roche-sur-Yon, the duke de Lorraine, and Gaston de Foix. La Tremoille, Trivulzio, Chaumont, la Palisse, and Bayard, who, for fifteen years, had experienced in Italy all the vicissitudes of fortune, commanded under his orders. Venice opposed to him an army still more numerous, commanded by Petigliano and Alviana. In this campaign Bourbon so distinguished himself, that Louis XII., who witnessed his coolness and intrepidity, declared that he would not wait till he was more advanced in age to give him the command of armies.

Upon the death of Gaston de Foix (1512), the army of Italy demanded, with acclamations, Bourbon for their leader; but whether the glory which he had acquired had been too much spoken of at court, or the sage monarch had penetrated the bold, restless, and independent character of the young prince, which showed itself in spite of his cold and modest exterior, he left his zeal and genius in inaction. It is even reported that he was heard to say, that he loved Bourbon, but that he should have wished in him more openness, more gaiety, and less taciturnity. "Nothing is worse," added he, "than the water which sleeps." Louis XII. seemed then to have some presentiment of the evils which the haughty and sombre Bourbon

would one day cause to France. Bourbon must have been greatly afflicted by the refusal of the king: the great actions of Gaston de Foix had drawn from him tears of emulation and jealousy; and he would gladly have agreed to meet the same fate, provided he acquired the same glory.

Instead of marching into Italy, and avenging Gaston de Foix, Louis XII. assembled bishops, and convoked councils. Julius II., on his side, opposed council to council; but, at the same time, he besieged cities, carried them by assault, and displayed at once the courage of a conqueror, the views of a politician, and the enthusiasm of a pontiff: he surrounded Louis XII. with snares, enemies, and perils. The necessities of the state at last obliged the king to employ the talents of Bourbon. Ferdinand V. had formed the project of invading Navarre, against Jean d'Albret. In order to succeed, it was necessary to keep in check the principal forces of France. He invited Henry VIII., the young king of England, to carry his arms into Gascogne and into Guyenne, promising to support him. The English appeared round Bayonne with a numerous fleet. Bourbon had orders to march to the succour of these provinces; the duke de Longueville was governor of them, and he pretended, in that capacity, to command in chief: his pretensions were authorised by usage. It was then that Bourbon began to exhibit all the pride of his character; he declared that, in quality of prince of the blood, he would only obey the king: hitherto he had, in fact, had no other general but Louis XII. in person. He found numerous partisans in the army which covered Bayonne: the authority was divided, and consequently weakened. Ferdinand,

taking advantage of circumstances, seized upon Navarre. Bourbon wished that he should not be allowed time to confirm himself in his conquests; he traced a plan of a campaign to drive him from it. This plan was admired by the general officers, but the duke de Longueville opposed its execution: hence arose murmurs, bitterness, discord, the forerunners of misfortune and the most terrible disasters. Louis XII., informed of the dissension between his generals, sent to the army the duke de Valois, heir presumptive of the crown, whom they were obliged to obey.

The young prince entered into the plans of Bourbon: he attempted to pluck his conquest from the king of Spain; but the moment of victory had passed away. The month of October was at hand. The duke of Alba, posted at Saint Jean-Pié-de-Port, covered Navarre. They defied him to the combat. The cunning Spaniard, who only wanted the aid of winter to make the operations of the French fall to the ground replied, that his master having tied his hands, he could not have the honour of measuring his arms with those of the duke de Valois. They then adopted the resolution of dividing the army into three divisions: the duke de Valois retained the most considerable to keep in check the duke of Alba; the king of Navarre and the duke de Bourbon departed with the two others,—the former to recover his kingdom, the latter to attempt a diversion in the province of Guipuscoa.

Every thing yielded to the efforts of Bourbon: he made the conquest of Guipuscoa, all the fortresses of which he razed, in order not to weaken his detach-

ment. During this time Jean d'Albret regained possession of the whole of Navarre, excepting Pampeluna. The duke of Alba, astonished at his progress, hastened to evacuate Saint Jean-Pié-de-Port, in order to go and throw himself into that capital. His march would have been fatal to him, if Jean d'Albret had known how to conquer; he had only to advance upon him, and enclose him in the mountain passes, between his troops and those of the duke de Valois: but this prince was more calculated to figure at a ball than at the head of an army; he opposed no obstacle to the duke of Alba, who entered Pampeluna.

The siege of that place became as difficult as dangerous; however, Jean d'Albret, encouraged by the arrival of the division of the duke de Bourbon, which the viscount de Châtelleraut, the duke's brother, brought him, attacked Pampeluna. Repulsed in an assault, he was preparing a new one, when the duke de Najera appeared on the neighbouring heights with another army. The French now, their convoys being intercepted, soon became a prey to famine, and only thought of retiring through the passes of the Pyrenees, occupied by troops of peasants, who harassed them incessantly. The viscount de Châtelleraut repulsed them several times, and contributed much to the safety of the army, which escaped with the loss of part of its artillery and baggage.

The reputation of Bourbon, far from receiving any stain from the ill success of this campaign, seemed to acquire a new lustre. The officers boasted of his zeal, his activity, his sound and penetrating

views, his genius for command: they pretended to say, that if his plan of operations had been followed, Jean d'Albret would have preserved his kingdom. Louis XII., compelled in some measure by the public voice, disposed in his favour of the government of Languedoc, and destined for him the command of the army, with which he was preparing to pluck the Milanese from the hands of his enemies.

Bourbon was now only twenty-four years of age: he burned to equal, and even to surpass, the exploits of Gaston de Foix. But the immoderate love of glory did not dazzle him. As wise as courageous, he compared the means with the obstacles, and, judging the army too weak to succeed, refused to undertake an expedition of which he foresaw the failure: he was justified by the event.

France was then exposed to the most urgent danger: the emperor Maximilian and the king of England entered Picardy with an army of more than 50,000 men; the Swiss, victorious at Novaro, penetrated as far as Dijon. Louis XII. sent all his forces into Picardy, under the orders of the duke de Valois: the young prince, seconded by Bourbon and Vendôme, arrested, by fortunate encampments, the progress of the enemy, who could only take Terouenne and Tournai. It was feared, with reason, that the Swiss would re-enter Burgundy, more haughty and more terrible than ever; Louis XII. confided the safety of that important province to the duke de Bourbon. The employment with which Bourbon was entrusted required indefatigable labour: a province unprovided with strong holds, open in all parts, and in a state of consternation, was to be put in a

condition of defence. In a few months the places were fortified, furnished with artillery, with magazines, and troops; and Burgundy became almost impenetrable to the invasions of the Swiss. The wisdom, activity, foresight, and firmness of Bourbon; the great art of making himself beloved and feared, which he possessed in the highest degree,—all announced a man born to command his fellows. Louis XII., regarding him as the only general capable of re-establishing discipline, and of recalling victory to his banners, at once destined for him the dignity of constable, and the command of the army in Italy. But he died before he could fulfil his intentions, and was succeeded by Francis I., a prince vastly inferior to him in every thing which constitutes the real merit of a king.

The duke de Bourbon ranked high in the esteem and confidence of the new king, who immediately, in 1515, declared him constable. Bourbon accompanied him to his consecration, where he represented the duke of Normandy: his suite consisted of two hundred noblemen. He appeared with the same magnificence at the solemn entry of Francis I. into Paris. Immediately after the king walked, in the same line, the duke d'Alençon, entitled Monseigneur, and enjoying all the honours of presumptive heir of the crown, the constable, and the count de Vendôme; at some distance followed the viscount de Châtelleraut, the count de Saint Pol, the prince de la Roche-sur-Yon, the duke de Lorraine, the infant of Arragon, son of the unfortunate Frederic king of Naples, dethroned by Louis XII., the duke of Albany, first

prince of the blood of Scotland, the counts de Nevers and de Laval.

Before following Bourbon in the career of success and reverses, of glory and misfortune, which opened before him, we shall lay before our readers the state of the house of Bourbon at this period. From day to day the immense interval which there had been, under Louis XI., between the throne and the Bourbons, disappeared. Of all the branches of the royal house time had only respected those of Valois, of Alençon, and of Bourbon; this last was itself subdivided into three branches.

The duke de Bourbon formed the first, with his brother Francis, in favour of whom the king had just erected the viscounty de Châtelleraut and the lower Marche into a duchy peerage. The duke de Châtelleraut was killed at the battle of Marignano.

The branch of Vendôme was composed of Charles, count de Vendôme, of Francis, count de Saint-Pol, and of Louis, who was made cardinal at the age of twenty-four. They were the sons of that virtuous count de Vendôme, who, on his death at Vercelli, had recommended them with so much tenderness to Charles VIII.

Louis XII. discharged the debt of his predecessor, who followed Vendôme close to the tomb; the young Bourbons were educated under his care, together with Antoine, duke de Lorraine, and Gaston de Foix, duke de Nemours. The king often presided at their exercises, and took pleasure in instructing them himself, in wrestling, in running, in the joust, and in all the military exercises in which he had excelled. He watched over the administra-

tion of their property, and incited them to virtue, still more by his example than by his precepts. Francis I. erected, in favour of Vendôme, the Vendomois into a duchy peerage. It is worthy of remark, that there were at that time in the kingdom only six lay peers: Charles of Austria, count of Flanders, afterwards emperor; the duke d'Alençon; the duke de Bourbon; the duke de Vendôme; the duke de Châtelleraut; and the count de Nevers, of the house of Cleves.

The count de Saint-Pol enjoyed, from his earliest youth, the confidence of Francis I. He was, perhaps, the only grandee of the kingdom who retained it to the last. The prince de la Roche-sur-Yon, companion of the victories of Charles VIII. and of Louis XII., contributed to those of Francis I. He had, by Louise de Bourbon, sister of the constable, two sons, the eldest of whom collected the wreck of the immense fortune of his uncle, and commenced the second branch of Montpensier.

The branch of Bourbon-Carency was soon to be extinguished: Bertrand, prince de Carency, was about to meet with the same fate as the duke de Châtelleraut; Philippe de Bourbon-Duisant, his cousin, attached to the fortune of the constable, renounced his country to follow him to foreign lands, where he died without posterity.

There still existed in the kingdom princes of Dreux and of Courtenay, descended in a direct and legitimate line from king Louis VI.; but, poor, neglected, and confounded with the order of the noblesse, they dared no longer claim the honours attached to the blood royal.

The constable de Bourbon, wholly devoted to the labours belonging to his high office, the first in the state, showed himself the worthy head of his house; he displayed all the energies of his strong and active mind. Persuaded that success in war does not depend on an impetuous and inconsiderate valour, but on discipline and order, he undertook to subject the armies to the most severe regulations. He had recourse to the knowledge and experience of the most renowned generals, such as Louis de la Tremouille, the marshal de Chabanes, the chevalier Bayard, and Louis d'Ars, in order to establish, in concert with them, regulations which might secure the weakness of the citizen against the strength and passions of armed men: for he wished that the soldier, paid by the state, should be terrible only to the enemies of the state. His cares particularly regarded the protection of the inhabitants of the country, more exposed to insult and robbery than those of the towns. He fixed at eight horses each lance furnished: he subjected the man at arms, as well as his archers, his page, and his valet, to wear the livery of the captain under whom they served, under pain of being broken; and, moreover, of undergoing a capital punishment, if it was proved that he had quitted it to exercise any violence: he could not have a page or valet who was under seventeen years of age. The captains were ordered to reside with their corps four months in time of peace. The companies could not remain longer than one day in the towns and villages; and when they were obliged to march, the provost marshals had orders to watch their march, to follow them close, and to arrest all

those who should stray from the high road. Every time the commissaries were to deliver the soldiers' pay, they were enjoined to give notice four days preceding, by sound of trumpet, to all the creditors of the company to present themselves, and to pay them upon the spot, under pain of exemplary punishment. The royal authority sanctioned the ordonnance, which was published at the head of all the companies of men at arms.

It is not enough to promulgate useful and severe laws, if they are not put in execution. Bourbon never relaxed from his austere principles; he enjoyed the fruit of his labours, and rendered the armies invincible as long as he commanded them: but that happy time quickly rolled away. The disgrace of the constable was the epoch of the relaxation of the discipline which he had established with so much zeal and success; this was not one of the least of his grievances against the court, when, hurried away by resentment for the injuries he had received, he went to carry victory to the banners of Charles V.

The success of the first enterprises of Francis I. proved the excellence of the discipline established by Bourbon, and the gaining of the battle of Marignano was mainly owing to his sagacity and valour. For an account of that battle, and of the arduous passage of the Alps, the reader is referred to the History of France.

When Francis I. returned to France, in 1516, he left the constable in Lombardy as his lieutenant general. In the condition to which the king had reduced Europe, he believed that a body of seven hundred

lances and six thousand *lansquenets* would be sufficient to keep Italy in awe; but four thousand French, almost all gentlemen, asked leave to serve under the command of Bourbon.

In raising Bourbon to the dignity of constable, Francis I. appeared to have rendered it impossible to recompense his great actions by new benefits; but he, in some sort, rendered his honours equal to those of the heir presumptive of the crown: he granted him the prerogative of creating trades in all the towns of the kingdom. When the parliament registered the letters patent of the king, it declared that it was in consideration of the extraordinary virtue of Bourbon, joined to the quality of prince of the blood, and not by reason of his office of constable.

Bourbon formed a domestic council, composed o French and Italians; he entrusted them to examine all the petitions which were addressed to him. He himself gave audiences every day; his palace was open to all the king's subjects at whatever time they might present themselves, even when he was at table.

However, the love of glory did not permit him to consume all his activity in the cares of his government of the Milanese; he proposed to the court the conquest of the kingdom of Naples: he asked only eight hundred lances and ten thousand foot to subdue that country. Francis I. approved of his plan; the constable was delighted, and went to avenge at last the disasters of his country and of his father. Perhaps, in addition, he was flattered by giving to his master a kingdom to which he him-

self might have made claims in right of the duchess de Bourbon, his mother-in-law; since the Salic law, which, after the death of Charles VIII., had excluded that princess from the throne of France, was not recognised at Naples. Charles IV., last titular king of the house of Anjou, had, in fact, substituted in place of Louis XI. and Charles VIII. the kings of France who should succeed them; but it may be questioned whether he had a right to dispose of that kingdom to the prejudice of the true heirs.

But, while Bourbon was preparing to march to the other extremity of Italy, a storm, equally unforeseen and terrible, detained him in the Milanese. Ferdinand, despairing of being able to preserve the kingdom of Naples, as long as the French were established in Lombardy, armed almost all Europe against them. The emperor Maximilian wished to be the hero of this league, of which Ferdinand was the soul. Aided by subsidies from Spain, England, and the Low Countries, he assembled thirty thousand men with surprising rapidity; he was to be joined by a body of fourteen thousand Swiss, whom the cardinal de Sion held ready to march. If all the enemies of France had possessed the courage and activity of this soldier priest, the Milanese would have been the tomb of Bourbon and of all the French. Notwithstanding his age and dignity, he had passed into England in the disguise of a merchant, to excite the jealousy of Henry VIII. against Francis I., and to obtain from him large sums to maintain the war; thence he had gone into Switzerland, and by means of money, intrigues, and invectives against France, he had obtained an army from five small cantons

which had not yet made their peace with the conqueror of Marignano. Every thing seemed to promise victory to Maximilian of Austria: France was taken by surprise, unprovided with troops and money. His invasion of the Milanese was as hasty as it was formidable; he appeared on the frontiers in the first days of spring.

At the rumour of his approach all Lombardy was in fermentation; the people did not condescend to dissemble their wishes for a new revolution. It was not that they did not do justice to the integrity and virtues of Bourbon, and did not admire his talents; they would, without doubt, have preferred him for a master to all the princes of Europe; but the lieutenant of the king of France was, in their eyes, only the chief of odious foreigners, who had brought them chains: they sighed after the domination of a sovereign of their own, and they placed all their hopes in the emperor, the protector of the last scion of the Sforzas.

Already the Viscomti, a branch of which had reigned at Milan, the celebrated Jerome Moronè, and the principal Ghibelines, abandoned their property in order to throw themselves into the hands of the emperor. They had left in the capital, and the other towns, powerful and numerous partisans, who were to murder the French and deliver up the country to the imperialists. On whatever side Bourbon turned his attention, he saw only foreign or domestic enemies, imminent perils, and almost no resources; in fact, money and time were equally wanting to the king to levy and bring into the field forces capable of arresting the course of the em-

peror. His situation was as desperate as that of his father, when he was abandoned at Naples by Charles VIII. Already the general officers, astonished and dismayed, pressed him to consult his safety, with the handful of soldiers who were under his orders. But they little knew Bourbon who offered him such advice: he had formed the resolution to save Milan, or to bury himself under its ruins. "His plan," observes Desormeaux, "announced the foresight and firmness which we admire in the greatest men of antiquity."

At first he opened a considerable loan in his own name. His high reputation for probity facilitated that operation. He made use of that money to levy a body of six thousand pioneers, whom he employed to re-establish the fortifications of Milan. In order to spare Francis I. the mortification of asking him for aid, which he was not in a condition to grant, he addressed himself to Albert de la Pierre, a renowned captain of the canton of Zurich; and he obtained, by his own credit, the permission to levy a body of twelve thousand Swiss.

In the meanwhile he gave orders to marshal de Lautrec, his lieutenant, to raise the blockade of Brescia, and to retard the march of the emperor. Lautrec exhausted in vain all the secrets of the art to defend the Mincio, the Oglio, and the Adda; too weak, he fell back upon Milan, which he entered with dispirited troops. The Swiss did not arrive. Under these circumstances Bourbon trusted only to himself the care of securing other aid: he left to Lautrec the direction of the works at Milan, the

plan of which he had traced out, and went, with an escort of some knights, in search of the chiefs of the Venetian army encamped close to Brescia. He represented to them, forcibly, that it was for the interest of the republic to make the same efforts as the French for the defence of Milan. Struck with the energy of Bourbon, full of admiration for his courage and talents, Andrea Gritti declared that he would follow him through all. The constable put himself at the head of the Venetians. He held possession of the country till he learned that the orders which he had given to fortify Milan, and to form immense magazines of provisions, were executed; he then retired, burning the towns and villages, and leaving the enemy only a country laid waste and deprived of subsistence.

Arrived at Milan, he convoked a great council to deliberate on the plan of operations which it was fit to pursue. The French generals, dismayed at the forces of the emperor, and uneasy at the non-appearance of the Swiss, who had been stopped on the road, insisted once more on the absolute necessity of evacuating the town. The chiefs of the Venetians, who acted in concert with the constable, combated this opinion, and obtained that the retreat should be suspended till they had learned more certain news of the resolution of the Swiss. Bourbon, having determined to defend himself, even if the aid from that nation should fail him, ordered the destruction of the suburbs of Milan. At the same time he sent to the camp of the Swiss Listenai and d'Espiri, to press them to accelerate their march; but these officers had nearly been cut in pieces by the Swiss,

who believed, that to shut them up in a place so vast and so weak as Milan, was to lead them to slaughter. It was not without difficulty that the chiefs obtained of the multitude, that deputies should be sent to Milan to examine the condition of the town, and to give an account of it to the army.

Bourbon conducted them himself to the ramparts; he visited along with them the works and the magazines, and communicated to them the plan of defence which he had adopted. The deputies admired the prodigious works which he had constructed in so short a time, the order and the police which he had established in the town, and returned loaded with presents. Their favourable report did not make an equal impression on the minds of all. Two or three thousand Swiss, fearing the dangers and the fatigues inseparable from a siege, returned home. The others hastened their march and entered Milan, where they were received as liberators. Still further to excite their zeal, Bourbon paid them on the spot three months' pay in advance.

He only waited for this succour to attack the emperor encamped at the gates of the town. What must have been his surprise when the Swiss came and declared to him that they would willingly assist him to sustain a siege, but that they would not go out to slaughter their fellow-countrymen attached to the service of the emperor. Far from breaking out into reproaches, Bourbon did not suffer a single movement of disappointment and uneasiness to escape him; but, assuming a haughty and contemptuous air, he disbanded on the spot this intractable soldiery, as

unworthy to serve under his command. The Swiss departed with his money. There only remained with him Albert de la Pierre, who, with his company of three hundred men, could not resolve to abandon him.

The retreat of the Swiss re-animated the hopes of the emperor. He summoned the inhabitants of Milan to open their gates to him, threatening, in case of refusal, to let fall his vengeance on them, and to treat them as Frederic Barbarossa had done, who had reduced their town to ashes, and strewed salt on the ruins. But whilst Maximilian assumed the tone of a proud conqueror, he was on the verge of disgrace. He owed one month's pay to the Swiss who served in his army, to the number of fourteen thousand. He reckoned on discharging his debt at the expense of the inhabitants of Milan, whose property he regarded as his prey. How must he have been confounded when, on the day after that on which the pay was due, colonel Jacques Staffer, accompanied by a great number of officers, entered his tent, and in the most arrogant tone demanded their pay! Maximilian, who had none to give them, alleged excuses, and made great promises. The haughty spokesman, scarcely deigning to listen to him, left him no alternative but to pay the Swiss immediately, or to see them go over to the standard of Bourbon. At this terrible menace the emperor turned pale: he remembered with horror the hatred which the Swiss had always shown against the house of Austria, and the deplorable fate of Ludovico Sforza, his father-in-law, betrayed and given up to the French by these same Swiss in circumstances

nearly similar. He dismissed Staffer, protesting to him that he would go the same evening to his quarters, with the cardinal de Sion, but he took refuge in that of the Germans.

The marshal Trivulzio bethought him of a stratagem which completed the panic in the soul of Maximilian. He wrote to several Swiss captains that he had formed some plot with them; that all would be ready in a few days for the execution of the project on which they had agreed; and he took his measures so well that his letter was intercepted and carried to the emperor, who then, no longer doubting of the reality of a conspiracy formed against him, deserted his camp during the night, and fled to Trent.

Confusion and disorder spread themselves in the army so shamefully abandoned. The Swiss indemnified themselves for their pay by pillaging the towns of Lodi and St. Angelo; they would have extended their ravages further, if Bourbon had not gone out from Milan with his cavalry to cut off their subsistence. However, the cardinal de Sion engaged the Germans to renew the campaign under the command of the marquis of Brandenburgh. The Swiss joined them; and Bourbon, from whom the Venetians had separated, had only a handful of French to oppose to them. He entrenched himself on the banks of the Adda, to prevent them from passing that river; but the imperialists, a prey to famine, were at last obliged to abandon the Milanese. Bourbon detached in pursuit of them all his cavalry, who cut in pieces the rear guard; and this

exploit completed the dispersion of the formidable army of Maximilian.

Hitherto the French had been very successful in their offensive wars. Every thing yielded to their impetuous and rapid attack; but, disconcerted when it was necessary to employ prudence and circumspection, and rather audacious than firm and steady, they had never been able to preserve their conquests. It was reserved for Bourbon to give the first example of a defensive war, sustained with ability, and terminated with success, beyond the Alps. His prosperity was now at its height, and henceforward his fortune began to decline.

Having driven the emperor from Italy, Bourbon returned to his plan of the conquest of Naples, when he was recalled by Francis. He appeared at court, which was then at Lyons, with the same splendour as formerly. He drew on himself the attention of all. "Le roi," says the marshal de Fleuranges, "lui fit merveilleusement bonne chère." But gradually he cooled, and the constable would have found himself confounded with the mass of courtiers, if his character, his exploits, and public opinion, had not assigned him the first rank in the state after the king.

Historians have accounted for this alteration of the king's behaviour to Bourbon, by ascribing it to the effects of the slighted advances of his mother, Louisa of Savoy, duchess d'Angoulême. This princess, who at forty retained striking remains of beauty, had first employed all her influence to raise Bourbon to the highest dignities; it was no part of her design, however, that he should live at a distance from her.

But how was she to remove him from an employment which he had rendered illustrious by so many great actions? By bringing under suspicion his genius and his ambition, his credit with the army, the attachment testified towards him by the noblesse of the Milanese, and perhaps his views on the kingdom of Naples. If she grieved the heart of Bourbon by calling him from the theatre of his glory and his exploits, would it not be easy to repair this wrong by putting into his hands the government of the whole monarchy? Thus madame reasoned; she did not yet know the high and independent character of the man whose conquest she had undertaken. He penetrated her artifices, treated her advances with disdain, and defied her resentment. He chose rather to live in a sort of disgrace, than to be indebted for authority to a princess whose inclinations he ridiculed, and whose morals he despised.

The rage of such a woman, thus slighted, has passed into a proverb, from the "furens quid fœmina possit," of Virgil, to the "woman piqued who has her will," of Byron. Louisa of Savoy was furious; she determined to subdue and humble the haughtiest of men. The chancellor du Prat, the admiral Bonnivet, and the marshal de Châtillon, lent themselves to her vengeance, and succeeded to the credit which the constable had enjoyed. The king himself espoused the quarrel of his mother, of whose motive he was ignorant. Not content with neglecting Bourbon, he was guilty of ingratitude and injustice towards him.

The prince had a claim on the royal treasury for the reimbursement of the sums which he had bor-

rowed in order to save the Milanese. The payment of this debt was refused him, as well as that of all the appointments and pensions which he enjoyed as prince of the blood, constable and chamberlain of France, and governor of Languedoc. It is true that the troops were scarcely better treated than their general; and yet Francis I. drew more money from his subjects in time of peace than his predecessor had done in war. The chancellor du Prat had opened to him almost inexhaustible mines of gold, by the venality which he had introduced into the offices of the magistracy; but the profusion of this prince, and the cupidity of his mother, drained, in a short time, the most abundant resources. The constable did not deign to make any complaint; on the contrary, he affected to display all the grandeur of a prince whose fortune was independent of the favours of a court. The duchess dowager of Bourbon displayed more indignation. She demanded an explanation of the duchess d'Angoulême, like a princess who had formerly seen her at her feet: she reproached her with the ingratitude with which the constable had been treated. The king's mother, no less haughty and imperious, met the attack with spirit, and a violent quarrel was the consequence. Francis brought about some sort of reconciliation between the two princesses. The daughter of Louis XI. consented to forget the past only on condition that her son-in-law should be reimbursed for the sums he had borrowed for the service of the state, and that his appointments and pensions should be continued. They gave positive promises to that

effect. They were not ashamed to break them: bitterness and animosity increased on both sides.

In the midst of these mortifications, fortune appeared to smile on Bourbon. His wife gave birth to a prince, an event so much the more consoling as he had long despaired of it. Bourbon hastened to announce this news to the king, begging him to consent to hold his son at the baptismal font with the dowager duchess of Bourbon. Francis I. repaired to Moulins, accompanied by his mother and his court, the most brilliant in Europe. The magnificence of Bourbon astonished even the magnificent Francis I. Surrounded by five hundred gentlemen, his domestics or vassals, all dressed in velvet, and adorned with a chain of gold which went thrice round the neck, he had more the air of a powerful monarch, who was receiving his equal, than of a subject honoured by the presence of his master. The concourse of nobility invited to those fêtes was so great, that the château of Moulins, although one of the largest in the kingdom, and the town itself, could not contain them with their attendants. They were obliged to erect tents in the public places, in the streets, in the gardens, in the park, and in the fields. Provisions for these numerous guests arrived every day at Moulins, by convoys, as for a great army. Francis had, at first, appeared penetrated by the generosity of the constable; but, at last, a sentiment of jealousy entered his heart, and he could not help saying that a king of France would have some trouble to do as much. Louisa of Savoy and others did not fail to remark to the king, that a prince rich enough to display such surprising magni-

ficence had no need of the aid which the state granted to the great officers of the crown to support their dignity. Perhaps malignity insinuated to them, that the haughty Bourbon had invited him to Moulins only to brave him by the parade of his power: however that may be, the debt of Bourbon on the royal treasury was not discharged.

The esteem which had formerly united Francis I. and Bourbon insensibly degenerated into aversion. Indeed, there was in the character of the two princes little sympathy, we may rather say, much antipathy. Francis I. was gay, open, gallant, lively, shallow, imprudent, and averse from business; Bourbon was serious, reserved, thoughtful, profound, and laborious. The wants of the state might have brought them together; but there were too many men at court interested in driving away a prince capable of clearing up and repressing abuses. The greedy and unprincipled Du Prat was of the number. The desire which he had to acquire the fine estates of Thiers and of Thouri, belonging to the constable, induced him, however, to take steps to recover his good graces. Bourbon replied to his advances only by the most marked contempt. Du Prat had been hitherto only the blind instrument of the secret persecutions of madame against the prince: he hated him henceforth on his own account. Bourbon, indignant at seeing this Du Prat domineer imperiously in the councils with Bonnivet and the bastard of Savoy, withdrew gradually, and at last confined himself almost entirely to his own domains, not appearing at court but on great occasions.

The princess Suzanne de Bourbon, the wife of the constable, died at Châtelleraut, in April, 1521. She had not been able to see without grief a husband, who formed her glory and happiness, unworthily persecuted after so many services and victories. To complete her unhappiness, she had lost the son whose birth had consoled Bourbon for all his mortifications: twins, to whom she gave birth the following year, shared the same fate. The constable had had his son knighted while in the cradle, by the hands of Bayard.

It was a practice established in the French armies, since the reign of Philip Augustus, that the constable should always command the vanguard, even when the king was present. In a northern campaign, against Charles V., Francis I. disposed of this post of honour in favour of the duke d'Alençon, to whom he gave for adviser the marquis de Châtillon, a courtier devoted to madame. He named Bourbon to serve under his orders, and confided the rear-guard to the duke de Vendôme. This dangerous innovation was the work of the hatred and the intrigues of madame, who wished to lead the court, the cabinet, and the armies, and, above all, to hinder Bourbon from acquiring glory. From this moment, Bourbon regarded himself as degraded from his dignity; and, although no one was more master of his words than he, his indignation betrayed him. He was often heard to cite that haughty answer of a courtier to Charles VII., who asked if any thing was capable of shaking his fidelity: "No, sire, no," he replied, "not even the offer of three kingdoms such as yours; but an affront."

CHAP. VI.

THE CONSTABLE DE BOURBON CONTINUED.

We now enter upon a disastrous period, the epoch of the misfortunes and the crimes of Bourbon, of the disasters and humiliations of France. It will convey to the reader some idea of what a change persecution worked in the character of this man, —how much he was altered,—

———" Into what pit —
From what height fall'n ;"

when he is informed that, from an honourable and virtuous man, a most exemplary husband and father, a loyal subject, a beneficent master, he descended into a fit hero for the muse of Byron.* Such was the effect wrought by injury and insult on the concentrated and indomitable pride of his once honourable spirit.

The duchess d'Angoulême had at first respected the grief of the constable. Perhaps she would never have thought of disturbing him in the possession of the property of the house of Bourbon, so sacred did the rights of this prince appear, if she had not been encouraged by the chancellor Du Prat; for the most corrupt princes have, for the ministers of their bad passions, men who are still more corrupt.

By examining the titles of the house of Bourbon,

* See "The Deformed Transformed," of which the devil, perhaps, is the principal hero; but Bourbon is one of the secondaries.

he thought he perceived that, by misusing some words inserted in the transactions in the interpretation of the clearest clauses, he might succeed in taking away from the constable the brilliant fortune which he enjoyed, and in conveying it to the duchess of Angoulême or to the king. Proud of his discovery, he went to the princess, and explained to her the nature of the property of the house of Bourbon: he proved to her, that she had a right to claim the greatest part of it as the nearest relation of Suzanne de Bourbon, and that the rest reverted to the crown; and that the king never pleading disseised, indigence would soon be the portion of the constable. Madame admired the fatal ability of the chancellor; she gave great praise to his zeal, and entered into all his views. Not that she then formed the desire of enriching herself on the spoils of the unhappy Bourbon; but she flattered herself that that haughty prince would choose rather to confound his rights with those of the king's mother, and marry her, than be reduced to misery.

Her conduct at first was most moderate. She sent to the constable the count de Saint-Pol, to apprise him that she would have recourse to justice for the recovery of her rights; that she left him the choice of what tribunal he pleased; that if the judges should pronounce in her favour, she would abandon to him the usufruct of the property which was in litigation, and that he might even dispose of it in favour of their common relations; in a word, that she sought only to secure the right of her heirs.

Bourbon received these advances like a man who

penetrated the motives of them. He replied, that he was so sure of his right, that he was ready to defend it before all the tribunals; and that he asked no other judges than the magistrates of the parliament of Paris, with whose integrity and knowledge he was acquainted. His friends, alarmed at the influence of madame, trembled at the issue of this famous trial; they pressed him to marry the princess, of whose power, wit, and riches they boasted to him; who, in short, they said, reigned in the name of her son. The haughty and austere Bourbon told them to be silent, declaring that honour was dearer to him than property, and that he should never be reproached with having degraded himself so far as to share his bed with a profligate woman.

The trial came on on the 11th of August, 1523. It will be unnecessary to go through the details of it, and even almost to state the issue—which may easily be conjectured; to hope for justice would have been absurd, in a country with such a government as the French then was, and in a trial where the king and his mother were the suitors on one side. The parliament agreed that all the property in litigation should be sequestrated.

This was to reduce Bourbon to misery and despair. He did not break out into vain and frivolous complaints—this had furnished one triumph more to his mortal enemy; but, shutting up within his own soul the deep desire of vengeance, he dared to form the bold project of raising altar against altar, and making himself equal to the king.

During this trial Anne of France died. She had defended her son-in-law like a heroine, as long as

there remained to her a breath of life. At last, seeing herself on the point of expiring, she made a will, by which she disposed of all her property in his favour. Bourbon, on his part, made a will the same day: he appointed to the succession of all his property Anne of France, and, on her failure, Louis and Charles de Bourbon, his nephews, according to the order of their birth; on condition that he who received the inheritance should give a hundred thousand livres to the duchess de Lorraine, his youngest sister.

Charles V. had learned, along with all Europe, that Bourbon, removed from the command of the armies and from the councils, persecuted by injustice and ingratitude, was threatened with the loss of all his property. He congratulated himself on the imprudence of his rival, who suffered the greatest captain of his kingdom to be oppressed, at the very moment when war rendered his services so necessary to him. But what were his joy and his hopes, when he learned that Bourbon evinced a soul susceptible of vengeance. He affected, in quality of a near relation of that prince, to take the most tender interest in his fate; he complained of his misfortunes, irritated his disgust, and held out to him the promises most capable of inflaming and leading astray an ambitious man. He made use of Adrian de Croi, seigneur de Beaurain, son of the countess de Rœux, to hurl Bourbon over the precipice, on the brink of which he was tottering. He could not have chosen a minister more dexterous, more insinuating, more zealous, and more intrepid. Beaurain traversed a great part of the kingdom, to

go to the constable in his domains. He only travelled at night, and in the disguise of a peasant.

Bourbon did not negotiate with the emperor as an obscure traitor, but as a powerful ally, and almost as an equal. He consented to take arms against France, only on condition that he should espouse Eleanora of Austria, widow of the *king* of Portugal; and that this princess, the eldest of the sisters of Charles V., should be declared sole heir of the Austrian empire, if the emperor and the archduke his brother should die without male children. She was to bring to the constable 20,000 crowns a year, and a dowry of 200,000 crowns. Her jewels were valued at 5 or 600,000 crowns. Bourbon assigned her for jointure the Beaujolois, the revenue of which he valued at 20,000 crowns. He acceded to the treaty of the league, offensive and defensive, of Charles V. and Henry VIII. He came with them into a share of the French monarchy. He was to reign over the provinces of his own domains, and several others. This treaty was only verbal.

Charles ordered Beaurain to communicate these projects to the king of England. That seigneur exaggerated all the advantages which they were on the eve of obtaining from the alliance of Bourbon. He also enlarged on the just recompense which it was fit to grant him. "And I," interrupted the English monarch bluntly, "what am I to have then?" "Sire," replied Beaurain, "you will be king of France." "Ah!" exclaimed Henry, "there would be much to do to make monsieur de Bourbon obey me." So much had Henry been struck by the haughtiness which he had observed in the looks of

that prince, at the celebrated interview of Ardres And he was not wrong in his opinion. The constable was not a man (such is the observation of the French historiographer of the house of Bourbon) to violate all laws, in order to convey to Henry Tudor, grandson of an obscure gentleman, the oath which he only owed to the head of his house, the most noble in Europe. If he rendered himself guilty, it was, above all things, that he might never more have a master from whom he might suffer oppression.

Bourbon formed the plan of carrying off the king in the road to Lyons, when he should set out for Italy. If the enterprise failed, he was to wait till the monarch was engaged in the Milanese, to lift the mask. Then, whilst the emperor should pour down upon Guienne and Languedoc, and the king of England on Picardy and Normandy, he was to collect a thousand gentlemen and six thousand infantry, join a body of twelve thousand imperial lansquenets, and take his course towards the Alps, in order to cut off the king from all communication with France.

But whilst Bourbon was making these preparations, he received from the court a letter, which came upon him like a thunderbolt. His intrigues had transpired. Low mutterings announced the storm with which France was threatened. The king was informed that Beaurain had entered the kingdom in the disguise of a peasant, and that he had had nocturnal conferences with Bourbon. This was enough to excite suspicions against a prince too ill-treated not to be suspected. However, he believed that it

would be sufficient to secure himself of the constable, to take him with him in the expedition to the Milanese. He wrote to him, therefore, that, after mature reflection, he thought that his services would be more useful to him in Lombardy than in France, and prayed him to hold himself ready to accompany him beyond the Alps.

This unlooked-for order made a deep impression on the mind of Bourbon. Since he had abandoned himself to the gratification of his vengeance he had not tasted a moment's repose. The violence of the passions with which he was agitated had produced such an effect, that he fell ill. However, he replied to the king that he would obey. But shortly after, pretending to be much worse than he was, he asked to be excused from the campaign. These variations confirmed more and more the suspicions of the king. He resolved to go himself to Moulins, and clear them up, accompanied by a part of the troops who were drawing towards the Alps; a wise precaution, for which he had reason to applaud himself in the sequel.

Arrived at the gates of Moulins, the monarch only saw the appearances of quiet and submission. He ascended to the château, and found the constable on his couch, languishing and dejected. This moved him. He did not doubt that grief was the cause of his illness; and making every one retire, he attempted to give hopes to his unfortunate relative. A scene of professions and insincerity on both sides followed. The king promised the restoration of all, and more than all, his property; and Bourbon, pretending to return frankness with frank-

ness, thanked God for having placed him under a prince invulnerable to the shafts of calumny; and they separated, Bourbon having promised to follow the king as soon as his health would permit.

Before leaving Moulins, Francis presented to the prince a gentleman named Pierre de Breconnières, seigneur de Warty, whom he left with him to send him an account of his health. Bourbon was not deceived as to the secret office with which he was entrusted. He regarded him as a spy. However, he rose and went to breathe the air in his park, in order gradually to recover his strength. After having thus for some time amused Warty, he sent him to the king, to announce to him that he was going to set out, not doubting that Francis, whose impatience he well knew, would start immediately. He was mistaken. Francis persisted in waiting for him at Lyons. Uneasy at not seeing him arrive, he soon sent back Warty to him, with orders to make him set off, whether he was willing or not. Bourbon at last set out, with all his household; he made only very short journeys, stopping in almost all the towns, and always pretending to be ill. He met Warty at St. Geran, and made a parade to him of the zeal with which he executed the king's orders, in spite of the state in which he was. At La Palice he again got rid of Warty, and immediately mounted on horseback, and gained Chantelle, a strong place situated on the borders of the Bourbonnois and L'Auvergne. Here Bourbon remained some time, till his affairs became desperate; and he heard that the bastard of Savoy and the marshal de Chabanes were on their march to arrest him. It was no

longer time to deliberate ; the most prompt flight was now his only and last resource. But how to escape from the centre of the kingdom, through a *route* of a hundred leagues, covered with perils, and traversed by thousands of soldiers in pursuit of him? He determined to direct his retreat through Dauphiné and Savoy, as it were, under the very eyes of the army which was marching upon Italy: he judged that they would not seek him in places from which there was every reason to suppose he would keep at a distance.

He set out from Chantelle, and took the road to Herment, a small village of Auvergne, followed by his household, which he had preserved in all its splendour, notwithstanding the loss of his property ; but these marks of greatness could now only serve to betray him. On the approach of night he disguised himself, and separated from the road which his household was to take. He was accompanied by four or five of his most resolute servants ; but, still finding that suite too large, he separated from it, and retained only Pomperant, a gentleman devoted to his service. Meanwhile the rest of his attendants pursued their course, following Montagnac de Sausannes, whom, being mounted on the prince's war horse, and wearing his dress, they took for his master.

On quitting Herment, Bourbon had taken the same precaution made use of in somewhat similar circumstances by Robert Bruce. He had reversed the shoes of his horse ; but it was in vain to change his route, to take only the most deserted roads, to travel only by night, and in the day to seek shelter

only in the châteaus the masters of which were devoted to him. He scarcely made a step without meeting emissaries who were in search of him. He plunged among the mountains of Auvergne, of Gevaudan, and of Cevennes, whence he gained the Rhone, almost opposite to Vienne. He entered a ferry-boat, and found himself in the midst of twelve or fifteen soldiers, several of whom recognised Pomperant: it was not very difficult for them to conjecture that his companion was Bourbon himself. The prince could scarcely conceal his trouble and uneasiness. The intrepid Pomperant had resolved to cut the cable of the boat, and let it fall down upon the shore of Vivarais, at the first movement which he perceived among the soldiers. But whether they did not recognise the features of the disguised constable, or pretended not to recognise them, they suffered him to pass without molestation.

Bourbon continued his journey by the great road of Grenoble, then very much frequented by reason of the march of the troops towards the Alps. He quitted it some time after, and plunged into the neighbouring woods of St. Antoine en Viennois. Overcome with thirst and weariness, he presented himself at the château de Nanti, belonging to an old lady, who received him hospitably. She recognised Pomperant at table: "Are not you," said she to him, "one of those persons who have played the fool with monsieur de Bourbon?" "I wish," replied he, coolly, "that I had lost all I possess, and were with him." They spoke of the adventures of the prince; when, towards the end of the repast, a man arrived, who informed the company that he had

just met the prevôt de l'hôtel with his archers, who were seeking the duke de Bourbon about a league from that. At these words the prince started, and made a movement as if to rise and take to flight. Pomperant stopped him; and, dexterously concealing from the other guests the uneasiness of his friend, he continued to converse gaily with them. The supper being over, they hastily mounted their horses, and rode all night across the mountains. They stopped one whole day in a kind of desert, in order to give their horses rest: they then directed their course towards Chambery, at the risk of being recognised by the general officers and companies of cavalry who filled that road. Bourbon, perceiving that he could not go further without giving himself up to his enemies, retraced his road by the bank of the Rhone, which he crossed eight leagues above Lyons; at last he arrived safely at Saint Claude, in Franche-Comté, where the cardinal de la Baume met him with an escort, and conducted him to Besançon.

Bourbon scarcely breathed from so many fatigues and dangers. He was reduced to regard as a blessing his still being alive and at liberty. His deep affliction seemed to be diminished at the sight of a great number of his servants, who had escaped, like himself, by means of address and resolution. They brought him a sum of one hundred thousand livres, sewed up in *jaques**, which had been confided to them at Chantelle. The prince had not forgotten to take with him all his jewels. He was much grieved at the fate of his principal accom-

* A sort of military coat.

plices, who had been arrested, and were to be tried by the parliament.

Francis I. is reported to have sent into Franche-Comté a gentleman of his household, named Imbaut, with the following proposals: 1st, The actual and entire restitution of all the property of the house of Bourbon; 2d, The payment of his debt on the royal treasury; 3d, The re-establishment of his pensions and appointments; 4th, A general amnesty for all his partisans; on condition that he should return immediately, and serve the state as he was obliged by his oath. These last efforts of the clemency of Francis failed. The more generous his advances were, the more Bourbon distrusted them. All the ties of confidence were broken asunder. In fact, if, after having gained battles, the constable had been oppressed, he had now every thing to fear. Who would guarantee him from the resentment of madame, from the snares and secret hatred of the favourite? Imbaut, seeing that he was obstinate in his refusal, at last demanded of him the constable's sword, and the collar of the order of Saint-Michel. "The sword!" replied Bourbon, "did he not take it from me in the journey of Valenciennes, when he gave the command of the vanguard to monsieur d'Alençon? As for the collar, I left it at Chantelle, under the pillow of my bed." So saying, he quitted the king's envoy.

Degraded from the order of Saint-Michel, Bourbon disdained to replace it by that of the Golden Fleece. It would have been necessary to have taken an oath to the emperor; and, more haughty

in proportion as he became more unfortunate, he always regarded himself as the ally of Charles V., never as his vassal and subject. But what an alliance was that of a proscribed man, who had no other property but his name, with the most powerful monarch in Europe! Bourbon but too well felt the situation to which he was reduced. He carefully avoided reminding the emperor of the magnificent promises which he had made him. He now only aspired at distinguishing himself as a general, or even as a soldier, if it was necessary. In this hope, attended by twenty-four horse, he traversed a great part of Germany, to go into Italy.

It may be supposed that it was with no small regret that Charles V. heard of the fatal issue of the conspiracy of Bourbon. Instead of a powerful ally, who was to open to him all the barriers of France, fortune sent him a banished man to protect. Was it prudent to put confidence in a prince, who, born near the throne, had betrayed his blood and abjured his country? After having commenced like Coriolanus, might not Bourbon terminate his career like him? Charles V., no doubt, might have had some confidence in his fidelity, if he had given him in marriage Eleanor of Austria, who had been already affianced to him. But he could not resolve to link the destiny of his sister with that of a prince as criminal as unfortunate. At last, however, he determined to declare him his lieutenant-general in Italy; but he surrounded him with so many colleagues and spies, that he had nothing to fear from his repentance and remorse.

Francis I. had made the greatest preparations for

the campaign; but, alarmed at the discovery of a conspiracy framed by a prince of the blood, the idol of the nobility and of the army, he dared not leave his kingdom. He even kept near him a part of his forces, to be ready to pour down upon the partisans of Bourbon, if they dared to raise the standard of rebellion. He made use of these to seize upon the vast estates and possessions of Bourbon, the fruit of three centuries of splendour and prosperity. He gave the command of the expedition into the Milanese to his favourite, Bonnivet, who, after a series of reverses, rather occasioned by untoward circumstances than by any incapacity or misconduct on his part, was compelled to retreat.

Whilst Bourbon began to taste the pleasures of vengeance, the parliament went on with the trial of his accomplices (1524). It condemned to death only Saint Vallier. Such moderation astonished and confounded the violent Du Prat. Francis broke forth into reproaches against the parliament. However, he at last granted Saint Vallier his life. The partisans of Bourbon, who had escaped out of the kingdom, were all condemned to death; and their property, confiscated, was abandoned to the avidity of certain courtiers. They then issued a summons to Bourbon himself to appear before the parliament. Bourbon answered the summons by appearing on the frontiers with a victorious army. He inspired so much terror, that the question no longer was to judge or condemn, but to repulse him. His trial was suspended, and was not resumed till after his death, when France had no longer any thing to fear from his resentment.

Bourbon did not doubt that by marching suddenly towards Lyons, with a powerful army, his party would again be roused; that the nobility of his domains would take horse to join it; and that the provinces which had belonged to him would declare themselves in his favour. What obstacle could stop his victorious career, when, at the same time, Charles V. on the side of the Pyrenees, and Henry VIII. on the frontier of Picardy, should occupy the attention of the forces of France?

Circumstances could not be more favourable; the gendarmerie, the principal support of the French monarchy, weakened and almost entirely dismounted, was dispersed through the whole extent of the kingdom; the Swiss and German infantry was wanting. Dazzled by the splendour of so great a project, Charles and Henry adopted it eagerly; and, regarding France as already overwhelmed, they divided the spoils of Francis, admitting to a portion of them Bourbon, who promised them success. They assigned him, as a reward for his exploits, the domains which he had formerly possessed. To these they joined Provence and Dauphiné, of which they formed a state, which the emperor promised to erect into a kingdom. Charles was willing to be contented with the provinces which were most convenient to him. The rest of the monarchy was destined to Henry, and to him alone was to belong the title of king of France; Bourbon was to acknowledge him in that quality, and to do him homage. When this treaty was presented to Bourbon to be signed, the royal dignity which was to be the fruit of his exploits did not seduce him; he abso-

lutely refused to subscribe the article which constituted him a vassal of Henry VIII. This disgusted the English monarch, and completely damped his ardour in the cause. Italy did not favour the ambitious views of Charles on France; and the sovereign pontiff, Clement VII., even visited with his curse the invasion of Bourbon.

Bourbon collected an army of eighteen thousand combatants, with which Charles wished him to commence operations by the siege of Marseilles. These operations and their result being related with as much detail as is due to them in the History of France, we pass on to the period of the battle of Pavia.

Bourbon having found that the emperor would be without resources, and himself baulked of vengeance, if he did not discover the secret of raising a new army, set himself attentively to examine the situation of Europe. He judged that he had only slow and uncertain succours to hope for from Spain and the Low Countries, and nothing from England. He fixed his regards and his hopes on Germany. But where to find the funds necessary to levy troops, to pay them, and bring them into the field, was the question. It was to the duke of Savoy, the brother of the duchess d'Angoulême, his implacable enemy, that he dared to apply for the money which he wanted. The duke, ill-treated by madame d'Angoulême, secretly leaned towards the emperor. Bourbon penetrated the sentiments of the duke of Savoy, and resolved to take advantage of them. Before setting out, he communicated to Lannoi and Pescara the plans which he meditated. The former regarded them as the dream of a disordered imag-

ination. The latter, who knew the vast extent of Bourbon's talents, feared nothing so much as to see this prince become the restorer of the almost desperate affairs of the emperor: he joined Lannoi in attempting to dissuade him from this enterprise. Bourbon left them to settle their subtile reasonings, and took the road to Turin, after having informed the emperor of the step which he was taking.

Bourbon, on his arrival at Turin, obtained an audience of the duke, and laid open his views with such effect, that he obtained, not only all the money which the duke possessed, but also his jewels. Thus provided, Bourbon hurried into Germany, no longer doubting of the success of his enterprise. Here his reputation was of great use to him. The lansquenets who had formerly served under him in France, regarding him as the soldier's father, flocked in crowds to enrol themselves under his banner. Bourbon selected only warriors hardened by labour and fatigue, accustomed to fire, and subjected to the most severe discipline. He joined to these five hundred French knights. He gave the command, under himself, of this army to George Fronsberg, whose zeal, influence, and resources had been of great use to him. The love of his troops consoled Bourbon for his misfortunes, and stood to him in the stead of every thing. From this moment he regarded his army as his family, his soldiers as his children, and his camp as his country; he knew no other in the universe. Proscribed and condemned in France, without establishment in the states of the emperor, crossed and humbled by his generals, who robbed him of the glory of success, and imputed to him the blunders

and reverses, he had occasion for all the strength of his mind not to sink under the weight of affliction. Now a more brilliant future presented itself to his view. Absolute master of an army, he came to take vengeance on Francis, and perhaps to compel Charles to fulfil the pompous promises with which he had sought to dazzle him.

Animated by courage and hope, Bourbon rapidly traversed the Cottian Alps. He entered the Milanese at the head of from twelve to thirteen thousand combatants, three months after having left it alone and without money. In so short a space of time he had negotiated at Turin, conferred with the archduke Ferdinand, visited the principal courts of Germany, levied an army, and led it into Lombardy. Such labours appeared light to a man animated with the fires of ambition and revenge.

Francis I. had sworn to take Pavia, or to die under its walls (1525). He believed himself so secure of victory, that he divided his forces, and sent part of them to the conquest of Naples and Genoa. Bourbon, Launoi, and Pescara united all their forces; but they laboured under difficulties from the want of money and subsistence. Bourbon harangued the Germans, and prevailed on them to be contented with what might be absolutely necessary to preserve them from dying of hunger; Pescara induced the Spaniards to consent to serve a month without pay; and the imperial gendarmerie, who, since the siege of Marseilles, had served at their own expense, made an effort to refit their equipments, and put themselves in a condition to fight.

Bourbon approached Milan at the head of about

nineteen thousand men. He thought to astonish the French garrison of that great town, and induce them to make a sortie. Perhaps he also flattered himself that Francis would raise the siege of Pavia. But he was deceived; and, knowing that he could only depend on his army for one month's service, he passed the Lembro, and marched straight to Pavia.

Francis I., more of a knight than a general, forgot the duties incumbent on him in the latter capacity, so far as to defy Pescara to a combat of eight French against eight Spaniards, at the head of whom they were to fight hand to hand, in order to know with which of the two nations should remain the prize of valour. If the challenge was not accepted, the king offered to the marquis twenty thousand crowns, on condition that he would bring on a general action within twenty days. Although Pescara professed to be deeply sensible of the honour done him by so great a monarch, he replied, that he could not dispose of his life without the emperor's leave; but he assured his majesty that battle would be given before the term was expired, without costing him any thing; and he exhorted him to keep his money to redeem some prisoner of importance. The extreme confidence of Francis was kept up by the false idea which he had of his superiority in numbers. He paid his army on the footing of twenty-six thousand infantry and thirteen hundred lances; but he had scarcely the half of that. The officers concealed this as much as possible, appropriating to themselves the pay of the soldiers who were deficient in their companies.

Nature and art together had rendered the camp of the French impregnable. It occupied the extent between the road from Milan to Pavia, and the park of Mirabel. The main body, commanded by the king, was posted on the heights. He had on his right the quarters of the duke d'Alençon, established in the park of Mirabel, the walls of which had been thrown down on that side to establish an easy communication between the two divisions. Farther off, on the left of the king, the marshal de Chabanes had taken up and fortified his position with extreme care. Their rear and left flank were defended by fosses and bastions; the right flank was covered by the thick walls of the park. Supplies could only be thrown into Pavia by forcing the passage of the Tesino under the eyes of the king, or the park of Mirabel, fortified by nature, by art, and the whole rear-guard of the French.

Bourbon carried his entrenchments to within forty paces of the enemy's lines; and he kept the French in some measure besieged between Pavia and his army. From the 9th of February up to the day of battle, he continued to cannonade the enemy's camp with all his artillery, and to disturb it by constant skirmishes: Antonio de Leyva, on his side, seconded him by vigorous sorties. Francis answered, at the same time, the fire of the place and that of Bourbon; but, although his batteries were very well served, his troops suffered more than the imperialists. Clement VII. endeavoured to persuade him that the imperial army, having subsistence only for a few days, would soon disperse; he begged him to retire and choose a strong post, to be within reach of en-

joying, without trouble and danger, the fruits of victory. Bourbon feared nothing so much as to see the enemy take such a step. In any other circumstances he would have been sensible of the glory of raising the siege of Pavia; but, at present, that exploit would not have been sufficient. To keep the soldiers under his banners, it was necessary to enrich them with the spoils of the besiegers. He resolved to throw supplies into Pavia, reduced to extremity, by forcing the park of Mirabel and the quarters of the duke d'Alençon, whose talents and courage he despised. If the French army should leave its entrenchments to come to the prince's assistance, he would fight it with more equality; if, on the contrary, it remained in its post, he would render it a witness of the defeat of the rear-guard, and the deliverance of Pavia.

The night between the 23d and 24th of February was devoted to the preparations for the attack. The army was in motion at two o'clock in the morning, and was directed upon the park of Mirabel. Bourbon commanded the Germans, Pescara the Spaniards, and Lannoi the Italians. Each soldier was ordered to put on a shirt over his arms, that they might recognise one another in the darkness of the night A detachment of sappers preceded the different columns, in order to throw down the walls of the park. Two false attacks made at the same time on the entrenchments of the besiegers, protected by all the fire of the artillery, favoured the real attack. The French did not hear the noise of the workmen, who, in a short time, threw down one hundred and eighty feet of the wall of the park. They did not

perceive till day-break this breach, through which the imperialists rushed in crowds, led by the marquis du Guat. Some turned their course towards the castle of Mirabel, the garrison of which were surprised and put to the sword; the others advanced towards Pavia. Chabot de Brion charged these, and repulsed them. This check, however, did not prevent du Guat from entering the place, from which he soon after issued with Antonio de Leyva, and all the garrison, to take the French in the rear.

In the mean time, the French artillery was so well served, that whole ranks of the imperialists were swept away: to be under cover from so dangerous a fire, they threw themselves into a hollow way, with so much precipitation and disorder, that Francis, believing they fled, left his entrenchments. The ardent monarch, thinking that he would have no share in the glory of the day if he did not dip his sword in the blood of his enemies, rushed forward, at the head of his gendarmerie, and thus masked his own cannon. Bourbon could scarcely believe the testimony of his eyes when he saw him appear. Transported with joy, he rallied the Germans; as Pescara and Lannoi also did the Spaniards and Italians. They advanced, all at once, to surround the main body of the French, which presented itself alone in the plain. At the sight of the danger which threatened the king, Chabanes and the duke d'Alençon quitted their posts, and came down to form two wings to the main body: the former placed himself at the right, having under him the black bands, amounting to five or six thousand men, the bravest and most

veteran troops of the army; the Swiss, to the number of ten or twelve thousand, ranged themselves in battle between the king and the duke d'Alençon.

The duke de Bourbon had, on that day, laid aside the usual magnificence of his dress, to assume the dress and arms of a simple knight. He wished, it was said, to be remarked only by the wisdom of his orders, and the greatness of his courage. But, perhaps, he also was afraid of drawing on himself alone the aim of all the courtiers of Francis, and of dying without tasting the long-promised pleasure of vengeance. Other writers have pretended that he thus disguised himself because he did not wish Bonnivet to recognise and escape him in the *mêlée*. Bourbon attacked the black bands, posted between the main body and the right wing. After having crushed them, his object was to take in flank one or the other division. The lansquenets threw themselves with the greatest fury upon their countrymen, whom they regarded as traitors and deserters, and made a horrible carnage of them. The count de Vaudemont, brother of the duke de Lorraine, and the duke of Suffolk, were killed at the head of this division. Bourbon then took in flank the right wing, commanded by the marshal de Chabanes, who had already twice overthrown the Neapolitan cavalry which were opposed to him. The marquis de Castaldo, who had twice rallied it, was unable to sustain a third charge, when the presence of Bourbon changed the face of the combat; the right wing, seeing itself on the point of being enclosed, fled and abandoned its leader. Chabanes continued to resist, till his horse was killed under him: he dis-

engaged himself, notwithstanding his great age, and went to put himself at the head of a handful of infantry, who had not yet abandoned the field; but, surrounded by the squadron of Castaldo, he was obliged to surrender his arms. A Spanish officer, named Buzarto, struck with the noble air of the marshal, and the richness of his dress, judged that he was one of the greatest lords of the kingdom, and asked Castaldo to share with him the ransom of his prisoner. On the refusal of the marquis, the ferocious Spaniard, more worthy, observes the French historian, to fight with the adventurers of his nation, who then filled America with blood and calamities, than in an army where the laws of honour were respected, fired an arquebuse at the head of the unfortunate Chabanes, and laid him dead at his feet.

Whilst Bourbon and the lansquenets destroyed the right wing of the French, the king attempted to repair, by efforts of valour, the consequences of his temerity. He had routed a large squadron, and killed with his own hand the marquis de Saint-Ange. Seconded by the flower of his nobility, and by the Swiss, he was eagerly pursuing his advantage, when he received a check from Pescara. That general had trained fifteen hundred or two thousand Biscayans, the lightest of his troops, to serve the following purpose. As soon as he was in the presence of the French squadrons, he gave the signal to his Biscayans, who immediately appeared, and ran up to the thickest ranks of the enemy's cavalry. They fired, dispersed, went to reload behind Pescara's squadron, and returned with the

same celerity. This manœuvre, constantly repeated, spread disorder among the French. Francis, not knowing how to oppose attacks so sudden and so murderous, ordered his squadrons to extend themselves more. The Biscayans took advantage of this movement to glide into the midst of the ranks, and under the horses of the gendarmes: they selected their victims, and only fired at the generals and captains; so that in less than half an hour France lost more men of rank than she had done in thirty years of the war in Italy. A great number of officers and gentlemen, seeing the peril of the king, came to his assistance from the routed right wing, and from the left wing, which, to the disgrace of the duke d'Alençon, fled without having fought.

All the divisions of the imperial army, having routed the troops opposed to them, now united against the king. But he who completed the overthrow of Francis was Bourbon; with his lansquenets he opened and penetrated the squadron which surrounded Francis. The great officers of the crown, the chief of the nobility, and the princes who still fought, no longer thought of conquering, but of saving their unfortunate master; and in this attempt many of them met their death. Bourbon had eagerly sought for Bonnivet in the tumult; but Bonnivet had found, in the arms of death, a refuge against the fury of his mortal enemy. His end announced that, if he yielded to Bourbon in genius, he equalled him in courage. After having done every thing which depended on him to rally the fugitives and restore the battle, separated from the king's squa-

dron by the fierce onset of the lansquenets, Bonnivet might have saved himself; all the roads to flight being free before him. But, throwing a glance over the field of battle, deluged with the noblest blood of his country, "No," said he, "I cannot survive this great disaster and destruction." At the same time, raising the vizor of his helmet, he threw himself into the midst of the enemy, and met the death he sought for. He had just expired, when Bourbon, still tracking his prey, arrived. He at last saw, extended at his feet, the haughty enemy who had so long defied him. "Ah, wretched man!" he exclaimed, "thou art the cause of the losses of France, and mine." He retired; but he could not go a step without meeting with the bloody and livid bodies of his relations, his friends, and those whom he had formerly led. Perhaps Bourbon's pursuit of Bonnivet saved the life of Francis; for that prince would rather have perished than have surrendered to his rebel subject. All the warriors who had fought around him were dead or captive. He remained almost alone on the field of battle, distinguished no less by his courage and the strength of his arm, than by the nobleness of his figure, by the magnificence of his coat of arms, sprinkled with golden fleurs-de-lys, and by his helmet, shaded with plumes which floated over his shoulders. He had made a rampart round him of dead French and imperialists. His horse at last fell, mortally wounded, and threw Francis under him in his fall. Notwithstanding the weight of his arms, and the pain of three or four wounds which he had received in the face, arms, and legs, he had still the strength and address to

rise. In vain they called to him, on all sides, to surrender; in vain they threatened not to give him quarter; he only answered by slaying two Spaniards who pressed too much upon him. The fierce joy which glittered in the eyes of the soldiery, the cries and the transports of those ferocious men, who were already quarrelling about his spoil, had rendered him furious: he chose rather to die than to fall alive into their hands. His death seemed inevitable, when Pompérant, the faithful companion of Bourbon, distinguishing him, disfigured as he was by blood and dust, dispersed, by a furious attack, the soldiers ready to spring upon the monarch, placed himself near him, and fought by his side. At the same time entreating him to yield to necessity, and consent to live, he proposed to him to surrender to the duke de Bourbon, who was not far off. "No," cried the king, "no; sooner die a thousand deaths than surrender to a traitor: where is the viceroy?" Pompérant sent for the viceroy, whom they were some time in finding. At last Lannoi appeared. The king gave up to him his sword, which he received on his knees, with all the marks of the most profound respect, and gave him another on the spot.

It is said that Bourbon was a witness, at some distance, of the capture of Francis. Undoubtedly, few men have enjoyed more fully the pleasure of vengeance. In the midst of his triumph, however, he testified only modesty. On the same evening he presented himself before the king, to give him his napkin, when he was about to place himself at table. Some say that the prince accepted, others that he refused it. If Bourbon had met with so marked

an affront, he would not, the following day, have asked the monarch's permission to do him homage; it was granted to him, contrary to his hopes. What an interview must that have been between Francis I. a prisoner, and Bourbon triumphant! What must the monarch have felt at the sight of the haughty rebel who had rendered him so unhappy? and how could Bourbon himself sustain the looks of a master so humbled, so offended? Dissimulation presided over the conference. Bourbon entered the king's chamber, accompanied by the brave Pompérant, who had saved both. He advanced, with his eyes cast on the ground, and shame expressed on his forehead, and fell at the knees of his master. These marks of profound submission appeared to move Francis; he raised Bourbon, and received him as if he had just conquered for him. But, if the king made a painful effort to testify so much consideration to the author of his ruin, he only followed the movements of his heart in loading Pompérant with acknowledgments of gratitude. He gave him the choice of the reward which he had a right to expect from a monarch who owed him his life. The noble Pompérant asked no other than that of shedding again his blood for his country: his wishes were accomplished, and he died in the unfortunate expedition of Lautrec, into the kingdom of Naples.

It was a boast, worthy of the ferocious pride of Bourbon, that, great as had been his wrongs, they were outdone by his revenge. Other men — alas! many others, in the course of the long dark history of this world of crime and sorrow — have been as deeply, as vitally wronged as the constable

Bourbon; but never man, perhaps, was so avenged. The cup was placed in his hands, full even to overflowing; and there was given him to quaff a draught of vengeance such as is seldom vouchsafed to mortals, a draught worthy of the symposium of gods.

If the vengeance of Bourbon was now satisfied, his ambition was not. He wished to seize upon some fragments of the vast shipwreck of Francis. Already he pressed Lannoi to enter with his victorious army the kingdom, of which he promised him the conquest, and not without a probability of fulfilling his promise. One half of the French nobility lay lifeless on the field of Pavia; many more were prisoners with the king. Of forty thousand combatants, who had marched into Italy, and who had since been recruited by new levies, there did not remain four thousand. But Lannoi had not strength of character to follow the impulses of Bourbon: dazzled, overwhelmed, by the unforeseen favours of fortune, he only thought of the safeguard of his august prisoner. He hastened to conduct the king to Pizzighitone, and appointed to guard him all the Spanish infantry, under the command of Alarcon. But such a precaution did not set him at rest. He every day discovered new plots, formed by intrepid officers, whose zeal was encouraged and directed by the count de Saint-Pol.

This prince was believed to have been killed at the battle of Pavia. He had fallen, covered with wounds, at the feet of the king: avarice recalled him to life. A soldier, who was seeking for pillage, arrived at the place where the unfortunate count was extended, senseless, among the dead. He per-

ceived a very beautiful diamond glitter on his finger. He attempted to take it off; but, not being able to succeed, he set to work to cut it off. The pain wrung a piercing cry from the count de Saint-Pol, who had only swooned. He mentioned his name, and had the presence of mind to recommend silence to the soldier, informing him, that if he boasted of having in his power a prince of the house of France, the emperor's generals would take him from him, in order to avail themselves of his ransom: he promised to make his fortune if he would take care of his wounds, and follow him to France. The soldier did not hesitate: he secretly conveyed the prince to Pavia, had his wounds healed, then acted as his guide, and was nobly rewarded for it.

This was the most brilliant moment of the life of Bourbon. He shared with Charles V. and Francis I. the attention of astonished Europe. Men spoke only with admiration of the adventures, the exploits, and the conduct of that famous rebel, who, from the heart of misery, exile, and proscription, had opened himself a road even to the steps of the throne; for it was in agitation to make him king. Charles V. wished him to reign over a part of France; not that he had very much at heart the interest of Bourbon, but it was part of his policy to dismember the French monarchy, and to secure to his party an ally, become in some sort, by the force of his genius, and by lucky circumstances, the arbiter of events: for Bourbon still had at his disposal those brave lansquenets, at the head of whom he had brought victory under the banners of the emperor. Charles V. knew that he could not depend upon the services of

that ambitious man longer than he gave him a share of the spoils of the vanquished.

Bourbon now began to reap the fruit of his labours. Admired by Europe, respected by the victors, and dreaded by the vanquished, he saw himself at last on the eve of realising those brilliant chimeras which he had conceived in the delirium of ambition and vengeance. The sooner to enjoy his triumph, he repaired to Pizzighitone, with Lannoi and Beaurain. The result of the transactions there is well known, —the refusal of the hard conditions proposed to Francis.

Lannoi, seeing with uneasiness that the emperor was only in appearance master of the person of Francis, took measures to convey him into Spain, and to render Charles V. the sole arbiter of his fate. He began by depriving Bourbon of the support of the lansquenets, and thus sapping the foundations of his credit. Those troops, although enriched by the pillage of the French army at Pavia, still demanded with menaces the pay that was owing to them. Lannoi had no money; he took advantage of the terror which the victorious army inspired in all the powers of Italy to lay them under contribution. He bestowed the money thus raised on the lansquenets, who returned into Germany, bearing in triumph the spoils of Francis and of the Italians, and extolling to the skies the intrepid Bourbon, who, in so short a time, had enabled them to acquire so much glory and riches.

Delivered from those foreigners, whose boldness and avarice had more than once made him tremble, Lannoi disbanded the Italian troops, whom he dis-

trusted. He then found himself reduced to the Spaniards and some bodies of Germans, who had long served the emperor; his army was scarcely sufficient to guard the king, and cover Pizzighitone. Every thing now imposed on him the necessity of conveying Francis to Spain; the pretensions of Bourbon and Pescara, who wished to share with the emperor the fruits of the victory,—the fermentation of all Italy,—and the difficult and dangerous custody of a monarch, whose fate agitated all Europe. He made use of the following artifices to accomplish his purpose.

He declared, in a great council, to which he called all the emperor's generals, that he could no longer answer for the person of the king; that every day new plots were discovered to set him at liberty. He knew no other means, he said, to render themselves secure of their prisoner, but by transferring him into one of the castles of the city of Naples, far from the intrigues of France and her partisans. Bourbon and Pescara, who had every thing to lose, if Francis escaped from prison without their leave, or even without their knowledge, were the first to applaud the prudence and the views of Lannoi. It mattered little to them whether the king was detained at Pizzighitone or at Naples, provided they were within reach of watching him, and of being always masters of his fate. They even themselves undertook to escort the monarch to Genoa, and not to quit him till they had seen him embark.

It was much to have put at fault the penetration of two men so acute as Bourbon and Pescara; but there were many other obstacles to be surmounted.

The French fleet had the empire of the Mediterranean. Lannoi was justly afraid of being taken with his illustrious prisoner in the passage from Italy to Spain. He called in cunning and address to his aid. He insinuated to Francis that he would hasten the moment of his deliverance more in one interview with the emperor than by any negotiations at a distance. He caused the report to be spread, that the emperor, penetrated by the great services of Bourbon, was expecting him in Spain to marry him to his sister. Francis dreaded nothing so much as this alliance. He wished to break it off on any terms, and to propose himself as a husband for the princess. He gave up, therefore, to Lannoi his own disarmed gallies. They were manned by Spanish or Italian crews, who conveyed him to Carthagena. The news of the conveyance of Francis into Spain was like a thunderbolt to Bourbon. He saw, in a moment, all his hopes annihilated. His destiny was to depend solely upon the will of the emperor, whose interested policy he had too well learned to know. He could not repress his grief and indignation, when he considered that it was the same Lannoi whom he had prevented from being overwhelmed in the Milanese, whose courage and military talents he despised, who had laid the fatal snare for him, who had deprived him of all the fruit of his labours and his victories. He resolved to go himself into Spain. It cost him much, no doubt, to beg, in a foreign court, the favour which he had disdained in France. But his existence was in the hands of Charles V., and interest silenced pride. There was another motive—vengeance. He wished

to cover Lannoi with shame and confusion before the emperor, by reproaching him with the cowardice of his conduct as a general.

Bourbon embarked at Genoa, with all the banished Frenchmen who had taken refuge with him, and formed a numerous retinue. He arrived at Toledo, where the emperor then resided with all his court. That prince, accompanied by all the grandees of Spain, came to receive him at the gates of the city, embraced him with the same tenderness as if he had been his brother, placed him on his left, and conducted him to the palace which was prepared for him.

The behaviour of the emperor towards Francis and Bourbon respectively did not please the Spaniards. The more rigour Charles displayed towards his prisoner, the more sympathy that prisoner seemed to excite in the nation. Bourbon, on the contrary, loaded with caresses and honours by Charles, was the object of public aversion and horror: he never appeared but the people pointed at him with their fingers, saying, "There goes the traitor to his king!" The answer of the marquis de Villena to Charles V., when he begged him to lend his palace to the duke de Bourbon, is well known. "I can refuse your imperial majesty nothing; but, as soon as Bourbon shall have left it, I will set fire to it, as a place defiled by the presence of a traitor, and unworthy of being inhabited by a man of honour."*

* This will remind most readers of the words of Douglas to Marmion, in Sir Walter Scott's beautiful poem:—

"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,

Bourbon did not conduct himself at Madrid with the all-approving complacency of a courtier. He attacked, without discretion, Lannoi, the emperor's confidential minister. He accused him of the most shameful weakness at the battle of Pavia; he reproached him with not having taken advantage of the general consternation after the victory, to make the conquest of France or Italy. The emperor listened to Bourbon, extolled the greatness of his exploits by the most magnificent eulogiums, and ascribed to him and Pescara all the glory of success; but he continued in his full favour Lannoi, a zealous, faithful, and modest servant, who set no other price on his services than that which his sovereign was willing to attach to them.

By the terms of the treaty finally agreed on between Charles and Francis, Eleonora of Austria, who had been affianced to Bourbon, was to be given to Francis. Bourbon long resisted this; and he, at last, only yielded when the emperor promised to invest him with the Milanese, most of which his generals had already taken from Francis Sforza. But the injury done him by Charles V. remained deeply graven on the mind of Bourbon; he vowed to him the same hatred as he bore to Francis, but he carefully dissembled it till the time should arrive

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To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

when he could let it burst forth with the same success.

It must be confessed, that few men have had more to endure from kings than the haughty and *mal-endurant* Bourbon; so he had been termed by Francis in other days. Repaid with ingratitude in France, robbed of the noblest prerogatives of his office; at last oppressed, and reduced to the fearful necessity of choosing between misery and rebellion, he appeared to have conquered only to meet with new outrages. Francis still persecuted him from the depths of his prison, and deprived him of the woman who was destined for him. On the other side, Charles, to whom he had sacrificed his virtue and his country, whom he had rendered so great and so powerful, was not ashamed to break his word to him, and to refuse him the recompense of his great services.

It is said that Francis offered him, by way of indemnification, his sister, the duchess d'Alençon, one of the handsomest and most accomplished women of her age, and to whose charms even Bourbon is said not to have been insensible. But the emperor, whose will was then regarded as the supreme law, took care not to consent to a marriage which would have restored Bourbon to France. He had never had so much occasion for the talents of that great captain. Italy was on fire: the potentates of it, after having, without effect, formed a plot to surprise and massacre the imperial troops in the Milanese, had at last taken up arms. This conspiracy was the consequence of the rage of Pescara against the emperor. The indignation and

the threats of that general, who was regarded as invincible, offered a ray of hope to Italy.

Jerome Moroné proposed to Pescara, to massacre the imperial army dispersed in the Milanese; and he offered him the crown of Naples as his reward. The pope, the republic of Venice, and the duke of Milan, entered into the conspiracy. But, as soon as Pescara perceived that the court of Madrid had information of the conspiracy, his resolution gave way, and, adding perfidy to treason, he revealed the fatal secret to his master. The emperor, persuaded of the innocence and zeal of Pescara, or pretending to be so, entrusted him with the execution of his vengeance. Moroné fell into the snare laid for him by Pescara; he was arrested, and interrogated by his accomplice, now his judge. As soon as the traitor had drawn from him an avowal of a plot, with the plan and details of which he was so well acquainted, he pursued the unfortunate Sforza, and deprived him of all his kingdom, save the castles of Milan and Cremona. Pescara believed himself on the eve of obtaining from Charles V. the spoils of this prince, when he died, at the age of thirty-six. His death emboldened the pope and the republic of Venice, at last, to take up arms, to exterminate the handful of Spanish and German soldiers who, since the battle of Pavia, had insolently domineered in Italy.

Casting his eyes on Bourbon to combat the league, Charles sent him in writing a promise to invest him with the Milanese, as soon as the trial of Francis Sforza, convicted of felony, had taken place. But he only gave him a reinforcement of eight

hundred men, and a hundred thousand ducats, to repulse the confederate armies. He promised him, indeed, succours proportioned to his wants, and, in particular, plenty of money to pay his troops, to whom immense sums were owing. Bourbon put little confidence in the words of Charles, who had so often deceived him; but the expectation of the Milanese served as a spur to his courage. He departed from Madrid, resolved to surmount all obstacles, — to be, at last, a king, or to perish.

CHAP. VII.

THE CONSTABLE DE BOURBON CONTINUED.

Bourbon disembarked at Genoa, and repaired to Milan, where he was expected with equal impatience by the inhabitants and the troops of the emperor (1526). Since the discovery of the conspiracy of Moroné, the Milanese had been abandoned to the ravages of the imperial army; the sudden death of Pescara had not suspended the evils under which it groaned. Antonio de Leyva and the marquis du Guat, able generals, but inhuman and avaricious men, had taken the command of the army, and pressed the siege of the castle of Milan. The people of Milan, repulsed and beaten, were obliged to lay their arms at the feet of the conqueror. It was then that this capital experienced, during two months, all the indignities of a town taken by assault. It will convey an idea of the unutterable horrors exhibited in that unfortunate city to say, that they were greater than those of a town sacked in the heat of assault, in the proportion of two months to one day; for, in this case, the miserable victims of all the worst passions of the basest and most licentious of mankind, instead of ending their miseries by being butchered at once, were, from day to day, reserved for new tortures and new indignities. The Spaniards appear to have here exercised barbarities nearly similar to those which, committed

by them on the defenceless natives of the new world, have left an eternal blot on their name. The imperialists divided among them the families, like a troop of slaves devoted to their infamous caprices. Each soldier had five or six for his share. He exacted from one such viands as are served at the table of princes; and he made the others pay in money the same sum which it would have cost them to furnish those viands. The smallest delay, the slightest murmur, was punished, without distinction of rank or sex, by blows and outrages. It is said that the Spaniards carried their barbarity so far as to tie together their hosts, and compel them to witness the outrages which they perpetrated on their wives and children. The tears, the cries, the supplications, the deep grief of those miserable victims, appeared to add to their inhuman joy. So much for military glory! Such are the effects of the accursed ambition of princes, and of the execrable thirst of glory of those men whom the world has dignified with the name of heroes; and such was the condition of the capital of the country of which Bourbon came to be the sovereign.

A deputation of the principal citizens, clad in mourning, and bearing all the marks of grief and shame on their countenances, waited upon Bourbon, represented to him the miseries which they had suffered and were suffering, and entreated him to deliver them from the presence of the soldiers. "Monseigneur," said they, "we have suffered, for two months, all the evils which a town, carried by assault, suffers only for one day. What, then, is our crime? A vile populace revolted; but have

we participated in their crime?" After enumerating the services which they had rendered the emperor, they continued: "These are our services; what has been the reward of them? We shudder with horror even to think of it. If we were guilty of the greatest crimes, the most severe judge would not dare to condemn us to the torments which we have endured. We have suffered, and seen our wives and children suffer, all the excesses of the most infamous licentiousness; our most distinguished citizens, plundered of every thing, have been thrown into prison, loaded with chains, and undergone the chastisement of the vilest slaves. Our situation is such, that there is not a single citizen among us, however elevated he may have been by birth, dignities, and fortune, who would not accept as a boon the permission to depart hence, naked and on foot, and to abandon his country, his family, his friends, his property, and all that men hold most dear. But if the power, or the will, to deliver us from so many evils is wanting to you, destroy us all at once; a prompt death will be less painful than a slow and studied punishment. We shall receive it as a benefit, and shall be able to pardon even your soldiers, provided they tear from us at a single blow a life which they have rendered so miserable."

Bourbon was moved even to tears by their representations and piteous cries. He exhorted them to make a last effort to find the sum of thirty thousand ducats; and he engaged, by means of this new contribution, to make the army leave the town. "I know," continued he, "that you have already been deceived by similar promises; but I call heaven to

witness I will be true to mine. Great God! who hearest me, may I perish at the first action, and by the first shot of the enemy, if I deceive the weak and unhappy!" Such an imprecation would not have inspired the Milanese with much confidence, if they had not had the highest opinion of the justice and probity of Bourbon. The desire of being delivered from their terrible guests determined them to make the greatest sacrifices; they sold almost every thing which remained to them, to make up the sum of thirty thousand ducats, and they carried it with groans to their new prince. He distributed it upon the spot to a part of the troops, which he made pass into the suburbs. But those who remained in the town abandoned themselves to the same disorders; and it is said that Bourbon turned a deaf ear to the cries and reproaches of the Milanese. When the Milanese saw that they had no other aid to hope for from Bourbon but vain marks of pity, they yielded to all the emotions of rage and despair. Some insulted the soldiers, provoked their anger, and received the death which they sought for; others hanged themselves in their houses, or threw themselves from the roofs. Never was a people more unfortunate; the oppressor did not deign to notice that the number of his victims daily diminished; he continued to exercise, with the same *sang froid*, his cruelty and atrocities on those who remained.

If great superiority in men, money, artillery, and ammunition could have assured success, the duke d'Urbino must have triumphed. He had only to exterminate the nine or ten thousand brigands shut up

in Milan, to force an immense town, the *fossés* of which were filled up, the ramparts crumbled, and the walls open, and with which he kept up a communication. He might, at least, take possession of the ill-constructed lines which the imperialists had drawn before the castle of Milan, and deliver the unfortunate Sforza, who was reduced to the last extremities; but, repulsed in an attack which he made upon the suburbs, he retreated with precipitation, and the castle shortly afterwards capitulated. Bourbon gave the government of the castle of Milan, the strongest place in Italy, as well as all the other vacant appointments, to the French noblesse who had followed him in his wanderings. The possession of the Milanese might have indemnified him for the loss of his property in France, if it had not been precarious; but he had to maintain himself in it against all the forces of the league, as well as the secret intrigues of the emperor's generals. Hitherto he had supported himself by the terror of his name, but he must soon yield unless the emperor sent him the succours of men and money which he had promised him. In this situation he sought for soldiers wherever he thought them likely to be found. He obtained from the Grisons permission to make levies in their country: the intrigues and money of the allies deprived him of this assistance. He then cast his eyes upon Germany.

He wrote to his friend, George Fronsberg, who had served him so well in the campaign of Pavia. This was one of the most singular men of his age. A gigantic form, extraordinary strength, indomitable courage, great skill in war, but, above all, unbounded

liberality, and an open house, rendered him a great favourite with all soldiers, with whom he shared the riches which he had acquired by his sword. He was so furious a partisan of the opinions of Luther, that he burned with a desire to exterminate the catholic religion and its ministers: it was his particular wish to have the pleasure of strangling the pope with his own hands; and he used to exhibit, with complacency, a chain of gold which he had had made for this purpose.

This adventurer had no sooner raised the cry of war than more than sixteen thousand men flocked to his standard. Hope held to them the place of pay; he could not distribute more than a crown to each man to bring him into the field, at the setting in of winter, and in a country equally devastated by war and pestilence. But the greater part of the soldiers who presented themselves had made war under Bourbon, and they knew that it was to march to victory to fight under the banners of the conqueror of Marignano and of Pavia. A simple officer, born in the obscure condition of a citizen, had thus the credit of doing what the archduke Ferdinand had attempted in vain. He gave an army to the emperor, or rather to Bourbon, — an army so much the more formidable, that all those that composed it had the manners, the opinions, the courage, and the enthusiasm of their leader.

Bourbon, indignant against his imperial ally, Charles V., who had always broken his word to him, and who seemed to have sent him into the Milanese only to let him perish for want of help, resolved to free himself from his yoke, and to open to himself

the road to the sovereignty of a part of Italy; but he could only succeed by dissembling such bold designs, and continuing to act under the name of the emperor till he could lift the mask with impunity. Fortune presented to him only one means of arriving at his end; it was to attach to himself, by the allurement of an immense booty, the army which the emperor did not pay. He therefore formed the resolution of leading it to Rome, and giving up to it all the riches of that capital of the Christian world. This expedition has been considered one of the boldest and most dangerous recorded in history. Bourbon was obliged to abandon his communications with the Milanese, to plunge for more than a hundred leagues into the enemy's country, to cross rivers, to pass the Apennines, to keep in check three armies, to brave all the elements, and famine more terrible than all the rest.

Before leaving the Milanese, in 1527, he committed the defence of it to Antonio de Leyva, whom he distrusted as the emperor's most faithful and intrepid subject: he only left him the troops on which he could least depend. He then commenced his march with nine or ten thousand men, and joined George Fronsberg towards the end of January. Bourbon was now at the head of an army of twenty-five thousand men, of different nations, manners, languages, and religions. It is to be observed, that an army of this numerical force was equivalent to one of three times that amount in the present day. The policy of the time was to trust as little as possible the lower orders with arms at all; and the chief dependence was placed on the gendarmerie or men-

at-arms, a species of military aristocracy, and, both as such, and from the expensiveness of their equipments, necessarily limited as to number. The German mercenaries, as well as the Swiss, were exceptions, and were, though infantry, justly considered formidable. He declared to them that he was going to lead them into a country where they would enrich themselves for ever. The air of mystery which he affected in not naming the country was not suspected by the army, who, full of confidence in the talents of their general, cried out, "We will follow you every where, even should you lead us against all the devils."

At first, Bourbon met with reverses. A body of Italian troops, consisting of twelve hundred infantry and a hundred and thirty horse, dismayed by the misery and dangers to which they were to be exposed, deserted, and passed over to the enemy. An attack of apoplexy deprived him of the assistance of George Fronsberg, whom he was obliged to leave with an escort, which further weakened him. But what disturbed him more was the sedition of the Spaniards, who demanded money with furious cries, and killed the serjeant-major of the army, whom he had sent to appease them.

At last Bourbon discovered the secret of calming the Spaniards. He set out, menacing equally Modena, Bologna, and Florence, the riches of which he destined for his troops, waiting till he could introduce them, victorious and triumphant, into Rome itself. His plan failed by the activity of the marquis of Saluzzo, who, with a detachment of twelve thousand men, threw himself opportunely into the

places threatened, and secured them from danger. The duke d'Urbino followed the track of Bourbon, with an army equal to his, but at so great a distance, that the imperialists easily extended their quarters, and carried off all the peasants, whom they did not let go until they had obtained subsistence from them. Bourbon joined stratagem to force, in order to surmount the obstacles which he encountered at every step. He wrote to Lannoi, and represented to him all the evils which his army had to suffer. He ended by assuring him, that peace with the Holy See was become necessary and indispensable: he only meant to deceive the viceroy, whom he hated and despised, and to surprise Clement VII. But whilst he was laying a fatal snare for the credulity of the pontiff, he had nearly perished himself by the hands of the brigands whom he had armed for the destruction of Italy.

The excessive rains, the continual snows, followed by a very hard frost, had kept him in the Bolognese till the 14th of March. The weather having become milder, he gave orders to the army to be ready to march on that day; but the Germans, who for two months had endured, with unshaken constancy, the most cruel inconveniences, seeing that they were to be subjected to new labours, new perils, and all the horrors of famine, broke out all at once into fury, and filled the camp with horrible and menacing cries. The Spaniards, a soldiery as intractable as intrepid, joined them; and they rushed altogether to the tent of Bourbon, demanding money. Bourbon, who had none to give them, had only time to save himself; one of his gentlemen, less alert, was

massacred. He sent immediately the marquis du Guat to the duke de Ferrara, the only ally of the emperor in Italy, to obtain some assistance from him. Du Guat returned soon after with a small sum, which enabled Bourbon to appease the sedition. He completely extinguished it by giving up to the troops his plate, his jewels, his wardrobe, and his equipages. A war-horse, his arms, and a silver-laced scarf, were all that now remained to the first prince of the blood of France, out of the immense riches which he had once possessed. Despoiled of all, Bourbon believed he had now a right thus to address his army: —

" Friends and companions in arms, none of you is ignorant that I enjoyed, in France, a very considerable property. It belonged less to me, than to the brave men who attached themselves to my fortunes. Hatred and envy robbed me of it; though I only regret its loss, as depriving me of the power of rewarding valour. Do not then suppose that you behold, in me, a rich and powerful prince; I am only a poor knight, without domains, and without a country, to whom nothing remains but his sword. If, in the condition to which I am reduced, you expect of me a regular pay — a secure subsistence, — you are in error; seek rather another chief, or return to your country. But if my misery does not dismay you — if you consent that our interest and our destinies shall henceforth be inseparable, I promise to make you all rich for ever! Victory and an immense booty await you in the country whither I propose to lead you. Deliberate on the part you are to take."

He had scarcely ceased, when the most deafening applause arose on all sides: "No," cried these brigands, intoxicated with hope, "we will have no other leader but you; we will overturn the whole world under your command!"

From this moment there was no longer any question of insurrection in the camp, nor even of murmurs and complaints. At the sight of the duke de Bourbon enduring the same fatigues, participating in the same misery with the poorest soldier, the multitude, hitherto impatient, intractable, and seditious, no longer evinced any sentiments but those of respect and admiration. They carried their enthusiasm for their general so far, as to elevate him above all the greatest captains of antiquity; for those of that age did not appear worthy of entering into comparison with the conqueror of Marignano and of Pavia. There was a song of the Spanish soldiers, which has been preserved in part: —

"Calla, calla, Julio Cesar, Hannibal, Scipion;
Viva la fama de Bourbon!"

They had put his harangue into verse; they introduced himself on the scene, and made him speak thus:—

"Dezia le mis señores, yo soi pobre cavellero
Y tanbien, como vos otros, no tengo un denaro."

"I am a poor knight; I have not a penny, any more than you."

As soon as Bourbon appeared, the air resounded with this song, which he appeared to listen to with pleasure; he himself joining in the military games of his men, sung the last couplet. So much affa-

bility in so illustrious a chief, who seemed to confound himself with the multitude, transported the soldier out of himself; he paid no regard to the privations and excessive fatigues of a march, which the extreme difficulty of the roads constantly retarded and prolonged. It is probable that lord Byron may have seen some fragments of the above-mentioned song; but whether he had or not, he has imitated, we should rather say, improved upon it, with so much spirit and felicity, that the insertion of his lines in this place will require no apology. It ought to be remarked, however, that Byron's song is supposed to be sung under the walls of Rome, on the evening before the assault, and of course after the soldier had been informed what that country was to which Bourbon was leading him.

The black * bands came over
The Alps and their snow,
With Bourbon, the Rover,
They past the broad Po.
We have beaten all foemen,
We have captured a king,
We have turn'd back on no men,
And so let us sing!
Here's the Bourbon for ever!
Though penniless all,
We'll have one more endeavour
At yonder old wall.
With the Bourbon we'll gather
At day-dawn before
The gates, and together
Or break or climb o'er

* Lord Byron seems to make use of a poetic license, in calling Bourbon's soldiers "the black bands." It was the Germans, in the service of Francis, who were so called.

The wall: on the ladder
As mounts each firm foot,
Our shout shall grow gladder,
And death only be mute.
With the Bourbon we'll mount o'er
The walls of old Rome,
And who then shall count o'er
The spoils of each dome?
Up! up! with the lily!
And down with the keys!
In old Rome, the seven-hilly,
We'll revel at ease.
Her streets shall be gory,
Her Tyber all red,
And her temples so hoary
Shall clang with our tread.
Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!
The Bourbon for aye!
Of our song bear the burthen!
And fire, fire away!
With Spain for the vanguard,
Our varied host comes,
And next to the Spaniard
Beat Germany's drums;
And Italy's lances
Are couch'd at their mother;
But our leader from France is,
Who warr'd with his brother.
Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!
Sans country or home,
We'll follow the Bourbon,
To plunder old Rome.

The pope, reckoning on the fulfilment of the truce which he had purchased so dearly, disbanded his troops. Surprised and confounded at hearing that Bourbon continued his ravages and pursued his march, he sent to him Fieramosca, to beg him to leave his

territories. Bourbon replied, that he was dragged along, in spite of himself, by a band of furious men, who would cut him in pieces if he turned back; but that he hoped that famine and peril would soon dishearten them, and make them recover themselves.

Arrived at the foot of the Apennines, he received an envoy from Lannoi, who summoned him to accept the truce which he had just concluded. The envoy would have been massacred by the Spaniards, if Bourbon had not snatched him from their hands. The marquis du Guat, one of the principal leaders of the army, not daring to resist the orders of the emperor, of which he regarded Lannoi, as the only and true interpreter in Italy, withdrew secretly from the camp, and passed into the kingdom of Naples. Immediately the Spaniards, of whom he was the general, assembled, tried him in form, and condemned him as a deserter and a traitor.

Lannoi then supposed that Bourbon had rejected the truce only to obtain larger sums of money. To the sixty thousand ducats which the pope consented to pay, he added twenty thousand, which he was to take from the kingdom of Naples; but Bourbon did not even deign to answer him. Lannoi, indignant, left Rome, to go to seek him in his camp; boasting that he would take away from him the Spaniards, and reduce him to the Germans alone, if he continued to carry fire and sword into the territory of Saint Peter. But when he arrived at Florence he dared not pursue his journey. He chose rather to treat at a distance with a prince with whose proud and vindictive character he was acquainted.

At the first movement of the imperialists towards Tuscany, the pope trembled for the republic of Florence, which he governed with absolute authority. He loudly implored the assistance of his allies. The marquis of Saluzzo, who, with a detachment composed of cavalry, had repeatedly anticipated Bourbon, now again anticipated him. The army of Bourbon, isolated, and surrounded by enemies, could no longer find provisions in the country; it could only obtain them by forcing the towns and castles, whither they had been conveyed. The soldiers, in their fury, no more spared the places which surrendered at the first summons, than those which they carried sword in hand. In one castle which they took, they murdered eight hundred unhappy peasants.

True to his system, Bourbon still pretended to desire peace. He sent word to Lannoi, and to the ministers of the pope, who were at Florence, that he would retire in five days, provided they added to the eighty thousand ducats a new sum of six thousand ducats. Lannoi willingly agreed to it, and, regarding this affair as concluded, he wrote to Bourbon that he would bring the money to him, and then attack, with him, the territories of the Venetians, who, of all the confederates, had been the most active against the emperor.

Bourbon appointed the viceroy a rendevous, in a village situated near the Apennines. But his courier had scarcely departed, when he commenced his march, and got clear, in two days, of that chain of mountains, in the midst of which it would have been easy for his enemies to have destroyed him

with all his troops. The viceroy found at the appointed place only peasants, ruined by the robberies of the imperialists, from whom he escaped with difficulty. He persisted in following the traces of the prince, who appointed him other places of meeting, where he took care not to be.

Bourbon wrote to the pope, to justify himself for having entered Tuscany. He represented to him that, not having been able to bring his army to agree to peace, he had taken the resolution to accompany it, in order to keep it within bounds; and he besought the pontiff not to spare his treasures, in order to keep from the centre of his territories the storm which threatened them. But Clement VII., who, a little before, had shown so much weakness, became all at once, haughty and intrepid. He only replied to Bourbon by launching against him and his army the thunders of excommunication; and, as if these arms had been sufficient to conquer, he made no preparations for defence.

Bourbon was still at Arrezzo, when, at last, he thought fit to communicate to his army the great project, the execution of which had been attended with such difficulties. He had no sooner declared that it was to Rome that he meant to penetrate, than, at the name of that city, the most renowned in the world, he was interrupted by the loudest exclamations. The soldiers, who already devoured in idea the treasures of the pope and of the church, themselves pressed the march. Bourbon did not suffer this martial ardour to cool. He left at Arrezzo the little artillery and baggage which he had with him, and setting out with a celerity pro-

portional to the boldness which animated him, appeared before Rome, while the pope still thought him at the other extremity of Tuscany.

It was on the evening of the 5th of May, 1527, that Bourbon arrived before Rome. The ramparts were covered with armed men, and there appeared all the preparations for a vigorous resistance. He immediately perceived that he must conquer on the spot, or wait to perish in a few days by famine, or the sword of the confederates, who followed him close. He therefore resolved not to delay the assault, which he appointed for day-break of the following day.

The day that was to decide the fate of Bourbon, and of the once imperial and still famous city, rose shrouded in a thick mist. Bourbon appeared at the head of his troops, armed at all points, and wearing a white scarf over his armour. He selected, from among the soldiers of the three nations who composed his army, three separate bodies, one of Germans, the other of Spaniards, and the third of Italians, to each of which he entrusted a different attack, the better to excite their national emulation. The rest of the army was ready to sustain the assailants. Bourbon took advantage of the thick fog to conduct his troops in silence close up to the entrenchments thrown up in haste in the suburb of the Vatican. When he was within a very small distance he made them halt, and approached the walls, almost alone, to examine the height of them, that he might be able the better to direct the escalade; for, from want of cannon, he was reduced to that dangerous mode of attack. A moment after, the mist rolled away, and the imperial army drawn up in the plain,

and only waiting the signal for the attack, was presented to the view of the Romans posted on the ramparts. An ensign, who had been entrusted with the guard of a breach which they had not had time to repair, dismayed at this terrible and threatening sight, wished to re-enter the city; but, bewildered by fear, he marched straight towards Bourbon, who stopped and observed all his movements; and, expecting a vigorous sortie, ordered his troops to prepare to charge. At the sound of the drums and trumpets, the ensign recollected himself, and made his way back to the city by the breach which he had quitted mechanically.

Immediately Bourbon, who did not lose sight of him, exclaimed, transported with joy, "Courage, my friends! heaven itself points out to us the road to victory." At the same time he snatched a scaling ladder from the hands of a soldier, applied it to the breach, and was the first to mount, raising his pike to strike the enemy. At that moment a shot from an arquebuse, fired, it is said, by the hand of a priest*,

* Benvenuto Cellini says it was he

('Twas I, says the sparrow,
With my bow and arrow)

who shot Bourbon. If the French historians, however, are to be relied on in their assertion, that the constable was the first who fell, Cellini's own evidence proves that it was not his arquebuse by which Bourbon fell, since he speaks of many being slain before he fired. Guicciardini is not sufficiently minute in his details of the assault, to clear up the point. Benvenuto Cellini's story is curious, and we give it here in Mr. Roscoe's elegant translation: —

"The army of the duke of Bourbon having already appeared before the walls of Rome, Alessandro del Bene requested I would go with him to oppose the enemy. I accordingly complied, and taking one of the stoutest youths with

struck him on the side, and threw him back, mortally wounded, into the fossé. Although he scarcely retained a breath of life, Bourbon, always full of the idea of conquering, even after his death, had the strength and presence of mind to make a sign to captain Jonas to cover him with a mantle, in order to keep the army from the knowledge of his death, whose courage, he feared, would expire with him.

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us, we were afterwards joined on our way by a young man of the name of Cecchino della Casa. We came up to the walls of Campo Santo, and there descried that great army, which was employing every effort to enter the town at that part of the wall which we had approached. Many young men were slain without the walls, where they fought with the utmost fury: there was a remarkably thick mist. I turned to Alessandro, and spoke to him thus: "Let us return home with the utmost speed, since it is impossible for us here to make any stand; behold, the enemy scales the walls, and our countrymen fly before them, overpowered by numbers." Alessandro, much alarmed, answered, "*Would to God we had never come hither!*" and, so saying, he turned with the utmost precipitation, in order to depart. I thereupon reproved him, saying, "Since you have brought me *hither*, I am determined to perform some manly action;" and levelling my arquebuse, where I saw the thickest crowd of the enemy, I discharged it with a deliberate aim at a person who seemed to be lifted above the rest; but the mist prevented me from distinguishing whether he was on horseback or on foot. Then turning suddenly about to Alessandro and Cecchino, I bid them fire off their pieces, and shewed them how to escape every shot of the besiegers. Having, accordingly, fired twice for the enemy's once, I cautiously approached the walls, and perceived that there was an extraordinary confusion among the assailants, occasioned by our having shot the duke of Bourbon. He was, as I understood afterwards, that chief personage whom I saw raised above the rest."

Thus, says Desormeaux, was fulfilled the terrible imprecation which this unhappy prince pronounced against himself, when, deceiving by false oaths the oppressed and outraged Milanese, he prayed the Supreme Being to direct against his breast the first ball fired by the enemy in an assault or a battle.

However, the confusion and tumult inseparable from so furious a combat concealed for some time from the troops the irreparable loss which they had sustained. But at last, the soldiers, not seeing their general appear, who was always the foremost in danger, began to suspect that some accident had happened to him. The tears of captain Jonas betrayed the secret which was confided to him; and the prince of Orange, who had seen Bourbon fall, and stood by him when he breathed his last, declared that they must now think only of avenging him.

This fatal news, spreading from rank to rank, excited grief and rage in the souls of the soldiery. The name of Bourbon, repeated incessantly with all the accents of despair, became the signal of the most furious onset. The Romans, forced from post to post, fled, and dispersed themselves through all the streets, which were inundated with blood. The city was carried with such rapidity, that the pope, who, during the action, had remained prostrated before the altar of St. Peter, to beg of Heaven his own safety and that of his subjects (having first been the sole cause, by his restless and ambitious intrigues, of bringing upon them this calamity), had scarcely time to save himself in the castle

of St. Angelo, with thirteen or fourteen cardinals. The other members of the sacred college, all the Roman prelates, princes, and nobility, the citizens, and the multitude, became the prey of the imperialists, rendered merciless by the death of Bourbon. We would willingly spare the reader the repetition of the horrible scenes that followed. Rome, like Milan, suffered, for the space of more than two months, all the horrors of a sack, at the hands of a banditti, rendered doubly fierce and licentious by the death of their leader.

It has been too much the practice of historians to dwell upon the bright points of war, until "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" has passed into a poet's byword. By bright points here we mean those which appear such to the weak and ignorant, for to all others war has no bright points. Conquerors and kings, and the instruments of kings, be they generals or statesmen, have spread ravage and desolation over the earth, and recorded their fame in characters of blood. And poets and historians have sought immortality in records more horrible even than these; for by dwelling upon the bright points, by bringing forward the gaudy equipage, the gorgeous drapery, "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," and throwing into the shade its horrible and revolting features, they have tended to keep up the scourge, to perpetuate the curse, to carry down the degradation through all ages, through all generations of the earth. Upon the former the curse which they dealt out to mankind will return, and rest for ever upon their unhallowed and blood-stained name; but it is the latter that will be visited

with the highest measure of punishment, and upon them most assuredly will fall the deepest execration of their species. The minions of war and chivalry, Francis and his courtiers, might, as dissolute and mischievous buffoons, have exercised an evil influence on their own age; but such imbeciles could have exercised none on any other, if there had not been found to exist men so blind and so degraded as to attempt to hold up such creatures as they to the admiration of posterity. We trust that the time is past, or at least passing away, when such men could be found on the face of the earth. Let any man, elevated ever so little by knowledge and civilisation above the brutes, fix his attention upon the following picture, and say if he would choose to risk the bare possibility of subjecting himself and all that is dear to him to so frightful a destiny. The detail is horrible, but it must not, and shall not, be passed over. The hand may shrink from tracing, and the mind from contemplating it, even as the firmest nerves will shrink from the application of the cauterising steel, in which lies the only hope of safety; but the steel and the fire must do their office, or the patient must die.

It would almost defy the imagination to conceive the infamous extravagances, the horrible excesses, which men, released from the only restraint to which for long they have been accustomed, military discipline, and who acknowledge no other law, human or divine, are capable of perpetrating. Of such a character were the indignities which Rome had to endure from the soldiers of Bourbon, more avaricious, more cruel, more dissolute, and more impious

than the Goths and Vandals who had formerly conquered her. Beauty, youth, innocence, and weakness tortured, and abandoned to ignominy; the most shameful outrages committed on women of the highest rank, and on those consecrated to the service of religion,—the former dishonoured in the presence of their husbands and families, the latter violated on the very altars; churches profaned, plundered of their ornaments, and converted into stables; in one part, old men, bishops, and cardinals mounted, with their faces to the tails, on asses and mules, paraded in the public places, exposed to hootings, to insults, and to blows; in another, processions of soldiers' boys, dressed in sacerdotal robes, counterfeiting the chaunting and the ceremonies of religion, having their train borne by prelates, reduced to the condition of footmen and lacqueys; here, groups of women and girls weeping, dragged with violence by the brigands who had carried them off; there, citizens loaded with irons, lacerated with blows, mutilated and put to the torture, till they discovered the place where they had concealed their treasures; such were a few of the scenes presented on this occasion by the captured city, and enacted by those followers of fame, those renowned foster-babes of gore and glory.

It was whether the Spaniards, so skilful in the art of tormenting their victims, or the Germans, almost all furious Lutherans, should signalise themselves most by outrages against religion, decency, and humanity. The former, more practised, carried off the prize of cruelty and debauchery. They did

not spare the foreigners who were in the city, any more than the natives; and they exercised towards the Spanish and German prelates, the most devoted to the emperor, the same treatment as to the ministers and courtiers of the pope. In a word, this horde of barbarians extended their fury, even to the finest monuments that had escaped the injuries of the Goths, of the Vandals, and of time.

Glutted with that immense booty, these brigands seemed perfectly unconcerned about the future. They collected and divided amongst them the riches of the Romans, with the same tranquillity as if all the forces of the league had been annihilated. They did not deign to notice that they were encamped at a short distance from Rome; so profound was the contempt which they had conceived for an enemy who, with all the means of conquering, had displayed only a shameful and fatal cowardice. The destiny of Bourbon alone disturbed the joy of these happy brigands, and drew from them the tenderest marks of sensibility. They had adored him whilst living, and they lavished on his dust all imaginable honours. His body was deposited in a church, the only one which impiety respected, in the midst of flags and military ensigns, and surrounded by a numerous guard; so that the haughty Bourbon seemed still, from the bosom of death, to give laws to his army and to conquered Rome. Thither, every day, the crowd of soldiers repaired, to shed tears, and to strew flowers over his coffin. At last, when the army, pursued by pestilence and the enemy, was obliged to abandon its conquest, it carried with it

the body of its benefactor, in order to secure him from the vengeance of the Romans whom he had rendered so miserable.

Those cares and that veneration had their source in the eminent qualities of Bourbon, the hero and the father of all soldiers, of whatever nation; and they prove that even the rudest breasts are capable of being worked on by kindness and good treatment. The army, to console their grief, consecrated, to the glory of their chieftain, that celebrated epitaph, in which, however, are only recorded the actions of the last three years of his life: —

Aucto Imperio,
Gallo victo,
Superatâ Italiâ
Pontifice obsesso,
Româ captâ,
Borbonius hic jacet.

"Here lies Bourbon, after having augmented the empire — conquered the French — subdued Italy — besieged the Pope — and taken Rome."

There was also an Italian sonnet composed on the same subject, of which Brantôme has preserved the translation: —

"D'assez, assez a fait Charlemagne le preux,
Alexandre de peu, fit plus grande chose:
Mais de néant a fait, plus que n'ont fait les deux,
Charles Duc de Bourbon, qui ci-dessous repose."

Many conjectures have been made as to the ambitious designs entertained by Bourbon at the time of his death; but respecting these, conjectures only could exist, for Bourbon was not a man to seek con-

fidence, or to communicate to others his unbounded aspirations; and his plans, whatever they were, remained shut up in his own breast, and, probably with little loss to mankind, perished with him before the walls of Rome. Whatever they were, it be may be conceded, that there was not a man in Europe more capable of ensuring the success of them. Lofty genius, invincible courage, perseverance, address, foresight, knowledge of the sciences of war and of government, the art of ruling the minds of the multitude, Bourbon had received from nature or acquired by study (it matters not which) all the talents, all the means necessary to effect great revolutions. But what rendered him still more dangerous was, that, wholly and unreservedly devoted to business, his attention was never distracted from his designs, either by the taste for gallantry, so prevalent in his age, or by the allurement of frivolous pleasures. It is worthy of remark, that this prince's manners, though they must have acquired, latterly, much of the recklessness, and even ferocity of the men he led, which may be accounted for from the disappointments, slights, and ill-treatment he had met with from all quarters, still retained the austere purity which distinguished them in his earlier days. One of the handsomest men of his age, and that age one of the most corrupt in the records of history, he is said to have completely escaped the snares of pleasure, and the allurements of beauty, although he was assailed by all the fascinations of women not less distinguished for their charms than their rank. It is even said, that Bourbon was not only faithful to his wife, per-

sonally unattractive, though most amiable in disposition, but that he preserved a religious fidelity to her memory. So beloved was he by his vassals, that they would not give credit to the news of his death, but expected to see him return one day, covered with glory and reconciled to the king.

Charles V. testified much regret at Bourbon's death; he never spoke of him, but as a faithful ally, who had rendered him the most distinguished services, and as a hero, comparable to the greatest men of antiquity. He honoured his memory, and loaded with benefits and distinctions his numerous servants, and the noblesse who had followed him in his wanderings.

Francis I. and all his court felt only joy at being at last delivered of a prince who had inspired them with so much terror. The king, who had restrained his resentment as long as he had to fear Bourbon, at last suffered it to break out. He ordered the parliament to draw up the trial of the prince, as if he had still been alive. A decree, delivered in presence of the monarch, the princes of the blood, the peers, and the great officers of the crown, cut off the constable from the race of the Bourbons, deprived him of his name, and confiscated all his property: a part was re-united to the crown, and the rest given to madame d'Angoulême. Du Prat obtained from Francis the rich baronies of Thiers and of Thori-sur-l'Allier. This gift was taken away from the children of the chancellor by a decree of the parliament of 1569, and restored, with general approbation, to the heir of the constable.

Francis only obtained peace from Charles V. on

condition that the memory of the constable should be re-established, and his great possessions restored to his family. The king eluded, as much as he was able, the fulfilment of so humiliating a condition; he only restored one part of the domains of the constable, and afterwards took it back. Louis de Bourbon, prince de la Roche-sur-Yon, and afterwards duke de Montpensier, had great difficulties to overcome in order to obtain from the king the wreck of his uncle's fortune. But, after all, that wreck was sufficient to render him one of the richest princes of the royal house, although it did not form, perhaps, the third part of the revenues of the duke de Bourbon.

"In conclusion, we cannot help remarking" (it is M. Desormeaux who speaks), "that the nation did not participate in the hatred of Francis I., his courtiers, and the Parisians, against the constable. While they blamed his errors, they wept over his misfortunes, and felt for the lot of a prince of the blood, reduced to misery and despair because he would not submit his heart to the imposture of a false passion for the king's mother. Where was the Frenchman, before that disastrous epoch, who had served the state with more splendour and glory than Bourbon? who had displayed more virtues, and a greater character? Posterity, the incorruptible judge of men's actions, condemns more loudly the memory of the duchess d'Angoulême, and of the chancellor du Prat, than that of the unfortunate hero whom they compelled to plunge headlong into crime."

There is a considerable resemblance, towards the termination of their careers, between the constable

Bourbon and Wallenstein. Both were the emperor's generals, and both entertained designs against him. Both were men of great military talent, unbounded ambition, and extraordinary influence over the minds of their soldiers, who, in the cases of both, were composed of men of different nations and languages. Bourbon, with the advantages of higher birth, had the disadvantages of being an expatriated man, with the odium attached to rebellion, at that time very considerable. Wallenstein may be said to have been more fortunate in his life; Bourbon in his death. For although such fame as the constable acquired is certainly not that which either a good, a wise, or a truly great man would covet, it may, in a certain sense, be said of him, in the words of Byron, —

> In such an enterprise to die, is rather
> The dawn of an eternal day, than death.

CHAP. VIII.

BRANCH OF BOURBON-VENDÔME, FROM WHICH ARE DESCENDED ALL THE EXISTING BRANCHES OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF FRANCE.

Louis de Bourbon, count de Vendôme, shared with his brother, of whom mention has been made, the great property of which their mother the countess de Vendôme was the heiress in her own right. At her death, which happened in 1412, she left the county of Castres in Languedoc to the eldest, and to the second the county of Vendôme, the title of which he assumed. The count de la Marche was then detained prisoner in the town of Bourges; but scarcely had he recovered his liberty the following year, than, furious at a partition which appeared to him unjust, he raised a body of troops, threw himself upon the Vendômois, took his brother, and shut him up in a close prison. A proceeding so violent excited general indignation. The king and the dauphin summoned the count de la Marche to restore Vendôme to liberty: he defied their commands and their menaces. But, by one of those traits of caprice which appeared to form the character of this prince, or, perhaps, by an effect of remorse, at the end of eight months he, of his own accord, opened the gates of his brother's prison, demanded his friendship, and restored to him all his domains.

It was the bad fortune of the count de Vendôme to become familiarised with prisons. He was made prisoner at the battle of Azincourt, and was confined in the Tower of London for more than eight years. His ransom had been fixed at a hundred thousand crowns; and he found himself unable to raise that sum. The sale of his jewels, and of a part of his domains, had only brought him fifty thousand crowns. His vassals, ruined by the war, could not assist him. He could not expect from the king and the princes of the blood the assistance which they themselves were in want of. However, at the end of the year 1423, the English released him, making him find security for the sum which he still owed them. Vendôme regarded as a miracle the indulgence of the English towards him, and, attributing it to the immediate interposition of heaven, he instituted at Vendôme a solemn procession in commemoration of it.

After his ransom was entirely paid, the count de Vendôme again took arms against the English; and his distinguished and repeated successes obtained for him the office of governor general of Champagne, of Brie, of Picardie, and of the Isle of France. The last years of his life, says his historian, were tarnished by an open rebellion against his sovereign, whom he had so often defended at the risk of his life. He entered into the conspiracy known by the name of the *Praguerie*. Having obtained his pardon of the king, however, he employed the remainder of his life in the project of attempting to reconcile the two kings of France and England. He died at Tours the 31st of December, 1446, aged above

seventy years. He left by Jeanne de Laval, his second wife, only one son, Jean de Bourbon, and a daughter, Gabrielle de Bourbon, who died unmarried.

Jean de Bourbon, the second of the name of this branch of the family, was a long time forgotten, says his eulogistic historian; according to whom there never was a member of the house of Bourbon unendowed with the most extraordinary talents and virtues, or who did not perform *des prodiges de valeur.* Louis XI. left his services without recompense, and his talents without fit employment. He had disposed of the great appointments of the crown, and of the principal governments, in favour of persons as inferior to this prince in virtues, as in birth.

History records nothing memorable of this count de Vendôme, unless it be that he steadily and perseveringly opposed the passage through the Vendômois of the Bretons, commanded by Monsieur, the king's brother, during the *guerre du bien public.* He died in 1477. Besides several daughters he left two sons, Francis de Bourbon, and Louis de Bourbon prince of la Roche-sur-Yon, founder of the second branch of Bourbon-Montpensier.

Francis II., count de Vendôme, during his minority suffered considerably in his fortune. The Vendômois and the barony of Montdoubleau held of the duchy of Anjou, and of the county of Maine; and, according to that barbarous feudal custom, the guardian of a noble minor enjoyed not only the revenue of the fief of his pupil, but even of his moveable property; consequently the minor, till his majority, was re-

uced to misery, unless he found some succour in the generosity of his guardian.

The young count de Vendôme asked and obtained of the king, Charles VIII., that the barony of Montdoubleau should be united to the Vendômois, and that the county should henceforth hold only of the crown. The king also gave him in marriage the richest heiress in the kingdom, Mary of Luxembourg, his cousin german, grand-daughter of the famous constable de Saint-Paul.

This prince did not accompany Charles VIII. in his conquest of the kingdom of Naples; but when he learned that the king, after the battle of Fornovo, had gone into the Milanese to the assistance of the duke of Orleans, and that he only waited for a reinforcement of Swiss troops to attack the enemy, he immediately took the post, in order to have a share in the last exploits of that famous campaign. His zeal cost him his life. The army, worn out with fatigues and a prey to disease, encamped under the walls of Vercelli, on ground which the autumn rains rendered moist and marshy. The soldiers testified an extreme disgust for the service; they deserted in crowds. The volunteers, even the officers, departed; the former without obtaining, the latter even without asking, leave. The count de Vendôme, wishing to give an example of duty and patriotism, established himself in the camp; but being soon after attacked by dysentery, he was transported to Vercelli. Notwithstanding his youth and strength, his malady made rapid progress; and after recommending, in a letter to the king, his wife and family to his protection, he died honoured, says his

historian, by the tears of his country. He left three sons and two daughters. 1. Charles de Bourbon, duke de Vendôme; 2. Francis, count de Saint Paul; 3. Louis, cardinal de Bourbon, archbishop of Sens, and bishop of Laon.

CHARLES DE BOURBON, DUKE DE VENDÔME, &c. &c., FIRST PRINCE OF THE BLOOD, AND FIRST PEER OF THE REALM.

At the death of the constable, the house of Bourbon found itself reduced to the single branch of Bourbon-Vendôme. But this branch subdivided itself into two others. The first was composed of the duke de Vendôme, the count de Saint-Paul, and the cardinal de Bourbon, all three brothers. The second, known under the name of la Roche-sur-Yon, had for ancestor Louis de Bourbon-Vendôme, prince de la Roche-sur-Yon, uncle of the duke de Vendôme. He had just died, leaving by Louise de Bourbon-Montpensier, sister of the constable, two princes very young. The eldest took the title of duke de Montpensier, and is the founder of the second branch of that name. The second was known under the name of prince de la Roche-sur-Yon.

The duke de Vendôme, become the eldest of his house, was far removed from the crown when he came into the world, in 1489. He was preceded in the order of succession by the branches of Orléans, of Angoulême, of Alençon, of the dukes de Bourbon, and of the counts de Montpensier. However, in 1527, — that is to say, in the short space of thirty-eight years, — he only saw between him and the throne the reigning branch of Valois-Angoulême, by the ex-

tinction of all the others; and he found himself the first prince of the blood.

Soon after Francis I. ascended the throne, he gave him the government of Paris and of the Isle of France, and erected in his favour the Vendômois into a duchy peerage. At the age of twenty-five years he obtained the government of Picardy, where he had several opportunities of signalising himself in repulsing the Germans, the English, and the Flemings. These services, however, did not protect Vendôme from the suspicions of Francis I., after the defection of the constable. The monarch feared that the whole house of Bourbon was an accomplice in the crime of one of its members; but these alarms were soon dissipated.

When the king was made prisoner at the battle of Pavia, a deputation was sent to the duke de Vendôme to conjure him to come to the succour of his overwhelmed country. They represented to him that the fundamental laws of the kingdom called the first prince of the blood to the exercise of the sovereign power, during the minority or the absence of the king; that the duke d'Alençon, being still in Italy, and besides not appearing capable of supporting the weight of government, and the duke de Bourbon having the misfortune to bear arms against his country, no one could contest with him the right of commanding the nation; that Paris, and all the towns of the kingdom, had full confidence in his courage and abilities, and offered him their assistance to repulse the enemy. In conclusion, as if all these motives had not been sufficient to excite the ambition of the prince, they

reminded him of the persecutions of Louise of Savoy against the constable; of the condemnation of that prince, whose disgrace reflected upon all the Bourbons; of the confiscation of his great property, seized upon by his implacable enemy, or re-united to the royal treasury, without their having deigned to have regard to the pretensions of the branch of Vendôme to the county of Clermont, and the duchy of Bourbonnois.

The duke knew all the extent of his rights; he was capable of maintaining them with vigour, but, in reclaiming them, he would have plunged the kingdom in a civil war. "Gentlemen," he replied to the deputies, "I am going to Lyons to receive the commands of the regent, who calls upon me and all the nobles of the kingdom to labour for the liberty of the king, and for your safety." The regent, the king's mother, Louise of Savoy, declared Vendôme chief of her council, and governed in concert with him.

In 1527, after the death of the constable, he demanded, as eldest of the house of Bourbon, to be put in possession of the county of Clermont, in Beauvoisis, which had been given in appanage to Robert of France, ancestor of all the Bourbons. He likewise claimed the county of la Marche, and the seigneury of Montaigne, which had long appertained to the branch of Bourbon from which he was descended. Francis I. paid at first some regard to his pretensions, and even granted him letters patent by which he was permitted to assist, in quality of peer of France, at the lawsuit of the constable, which was then going on, without his presence carrying any prejudice to his rights. But scarcely

had the decree of the parliament which confiscated the property of the constable been delivered, when the king re-united to the crown the fiefs claimed by the duke de Vendôme. He did not utter the slightest murmur; and he displayed the same moderation in another affair which was of much greater consequence to his children.

He had married Françoise d'Alençon, sister of the last duke of that name, who had just died of grief, occasioned by his self-reproach for having taken to flight at the battle of Pavia. Anne d'Alençon, his other sister, was to share with the duchess de Vendôme his immense succession, which, independently of his patrimonial property, comprised the rich possessions of the house of Armagnac, which he had inherited. It was only necessary to separate the duchy of Alençon and the county of Perche, reputed appanages of the crown; though the two princesses even claimed these, proving that these fiefs had never been united to the crown, and that, consequently, they ought not to come under the law of appanages. But no regard was paid to their demands; and, by a decree of the parliament delivered in 1526, the duchess de Vendôme, principal heiress, only obtained the vicomté de Beaumont, the baronies of la Flèche, of Sonois, of Fresnai, of Saint Suzanne, and of Château-Gontier. The *usufruit*, or usus-fructus of the duchy of Alençon, and of the county of Perche, was granted by Francis I. to Marguerite de Valois, his sister, when he gave her in marriage to Henri d'Albret, king of Navarre; and he granted, at the same time, to the two spouses the investiture of the property of the house

of Armagnac. This last concession, in particular, was a manifest injustice towards the duchess de Vendôme. Francis I., afterwards better informed, resolved to repair it, in the marriage of Antoine de Bourbon, eldest son of the duchess, with the heiress of Navarre. This marriage, however, did not take place till under Henri II., who, penetrated, like his father, with a sense of the injustice done to the house of Vendôme, obliged the king and queen of Navarre to give their consent. By that arrangement, all the rights of the property claimed were re-united in the person of Antoine de Bourbon.

In 1536, the duke de Vendôme obliged the imperialists to raise the siege of Peronne. He retook Guise, whom they had taken prisoner, and baffled all their plans in Picardy; although they were very superior in force. He had disposed every thing to put the king, who meditated the conquest of the Low Countries, in a condition to open the campaign in the month of March of the following year; when, being attacked by a violent pleurisy at Amiens, he there terminated his career in a few days.

The following anecdote proves that he was not above the prejudices of his time. He believed in sorcerers, and regarded as such Cornelius Agrippa, so famous by his audacity, his restlessness, his writings, and his adventures. He for a long time refused him a passport to return into the Low Countries. At last Vendôme granted the passport. If he had remembered the horoscope of the constable Bourbon, drawn by Agrippa, in which he predicted him nothing but prosperity,—a prediction

so cruelly belied by the event, — he would rather have taken him for a charlatan than a sorcerer.

This prince had fixed his residence at la Fère-sur-Oise, which he seldom quitted. Almost all his children were born in that town. He had by his wife, Françoise d'Alençon, seven princes and six princesses. Five princes only survived their father: 1st, Antoine de Bourbon, king of Navarre; 2d, François, count d'Enghien, who gained the battle of Cerisola; 3d, Charles, cardinal de Bourbon, whom the league proclaimed king of France; 4th, Jean, count d'Enghien, killed at the battle of St. Quentin; 5th, Louis, first prince de Condé. Of all these princes the posterity of the eldest and the youngest only survives. From Antoine de Bourbon, king of Navarre, are descended the royal branches of France, Spain, Naples, Parma, as well as that of Orleans; and from his younger brother, the branches of Condé and of Conti.

CHAP. IX.

ANTOINE DE BOURBON, DUKE DE VENDÔME, KING OF NAVARRE, &c. &c. &c.

A NOBLE and majestic figure, valour, much frankness and affability, but an extremely strong inclination for luxury, dissipation, and pleasure, fickleness; in a word, a decided weakness of character — such were the distinguishing qualities of Antoine de Bourbon, who, at the death of the duke de Vendôme his father, in 1537, inherited the greatest part of his property, and his title of first prince of the blood. He passed his youth in camps; and during all the wars that were carried on against Spain, at the end of the reign of Francis I., and under Henry II., he had several opportunities of distinguishing his valour.

It was principally under the reign of Henry II. that the princes of the house of Lorraine, established in France, began to bring forward their pretensions; to confound their rank with that of princes of the blood, and to put themselves on a level with them. François de Lorraine, count d'Aumale, who was afterwards the celebrated duke de Guise, wished to maintain these pretensions against the duke de Vendôme, in a journey which the king made into Savoy, followed by a most brilliant court, and an army. In all the towns of his dominions, where he made so-

lemn entries, he rode under the canopy, preceded by all the nobles, and by the duke de Vendôme, who rode by himself in quality of first prince of the blood. When they arrived at Chamberry, the count d'Aumale, who, after the death of the count de Saint Paul, had obtained the government of Dauphiné, to which those of Savoy and Bresse were annexed, placed himself on the left of the duke de Vendôme, riding in the same rank. The latter, astonished, said to him, "What then, my companion, shall we rank together?"

"Yes, sir," replied d'Aumale; "the king has assigned me this place, in quality of governor of the province."

"But that is all that I could permit to the duke de Lorraine, the head of your house."

"It is true," rejoined d'Aumale, "that you have the precedence over him in France, but not elsewhere; for he is a sovereign, and you a vassal of the crown. Monsieur de Lorraine only holds of God and his sword."

This reply rendered the duke de Vendôme so indignant, that he withdrew, and stopped the march of the king, who, being impatient, sent word for him to resume his place. He obeyed, but at the same time testified his resentment to the count d'Aumale.

"My companion," he said to him, "you may ride in the same line with me; for if the king had ordered a lackey to take the rank which you arrogate to yourself, I would suffer it solely from respect for the orders of his majesty."

Brantôme remarks, that although these two princes were cousins-german, the duke de Vendôme, being

the king's lieutenant in Picardy, always called monsieur de Guise *my companion.* That is to be understood, he adds, when he was in his greatness; and de Guise called him *monsieur*, sometimes *monsieur mon cousin.* The king of Navarre also called him so, and sometimes *seigneur cousin.*

In 1551 took place the marriage of the duke de Vendôme with Jeanne d'Albret, heiress of the kingdom of Navarre, in order to re-unite the rights of the two houses, and to prevent the lawsuits which would have brought on the ruin of both. The king and queen of Navarre had testified the greatest aversion for this alliance, and Henry II. was obliged to employ all his authority to induce them to give their consent. One of the motives that had rendered the king of Navarre most averse from this alliance, was the taste of the duke de Vendôme for luxury and magnificence. Henry d'Albret, who piqued himself on prudence, order, and economy in his expenditure, sent for his future son-in-law on the evening of his marriage: he reproached him with his profusion, and declared to him that he must renounce for ever that vain and expensive retinue, which was ruining him; adding, that he ought also to make up his mind to be submissive to him, as a son to his father. It cost Vendôme, naturally gentle and flexible, nothing to promise this imperious father-in-law all that he exacted of his docility; but the old man did not trust altogether to promises, he took upon himself the care of reforming the house of his son-in-law.

The day after the marriage, he repaired to the house of his children, ordered all their servants to

appear before him, dismissed some, and cut off a portion of the appointments of others. The domestics, in despair at such treatment, broke forth into complaints, cries, and reproaches. Far from being melted by this, Henry d'Albret became enraged, and, forgetting his rank and dignity, he fell upon them with a stick and drove them out of the hôtel. Vendôme, a witness of the violent proceeding, opposed only silence and submission to the petulance of his father-in-law. No sooner, however, had he seen the king of Navarre depart for Bearn, than he took back his old servants, and set up an establishment more brilliant and magnificent than before.

His daughter being pregnant with Henry IV., Henry d'Albret made her promise that she would sing a song at the birth; in order, said he, that you may not bring me a weeping and fretful child. The princess made him a promise, and had so much courage, that, in spite of the pains which she suffered, she kept her word, and sang him a song in the Bernais language, as soon as she heard him enter her chamber. The infant came into the world without weeping or crying. His grandfather carried him away in his arms, rubbed his little lips with garlic, and made him suck a drop of wine from his cup of gold, believing that by this means he should render his temperament more manly and vigorous. In the transports of his joy upon the happy birth, he said to those who came to congratulate him, "See, now, my sheep has produced a lion." He meant by that to reply to a raillery of the Spaniards, who said, when his wife queen Margaret brought into the world Jeanne d'Albret, "A miracle! the cow

has produced a sheep," alluding to the arms of Bearn, which are two sheep. Henry said moreover, that this boy would revenge the injuries which the Spaniards had done him. The event proved the truth of his prediction.

After the death of this prince in 1554, the duke de Vendôme, having become king of Navarre, quitted his government of Picardy, in order to go and take possession of his states. King Henry II. made a proposition to Antoine de Bourbon, to give up, for other domains situated in the interior of the kingdom, what remained to him of Navarre, usurped by the Spaniards, the principality of Bearn, the duchy d'Albret, the counties of Foix, of Bigorre, of the high and low Armagnac, of Rhodès, of Perigord, and the viscounty of Limoges. He replied, that holding his states in right of his wife, he could not dispose of them without consulting her. Jeanne d'Albret was indignant at such a proposition: but, at first dissembling her sentiments, she declared that she could do nothing without the consent of her subjects; and she demanded permission to go with her husband, to make them the proposal of releasing them from their oath of fidelity. The king consented to it; and, not doubting that the affair would succeed to his wish, he granted to Bourbon, by way of indemnification, the government of Guyenne, which then extended from the Loire to the Pyrenees, and all the pensions which the kings of Navarre, his predecessors, received from the crown of France. But scarcely had Jeanne d'Albret arrived in her dominions, than she loudly protested that the fear of poison and of death would not be capable of making

her abdicate the throne which her ancestors had held through so many ages. Her subjects testified to her, as well as to her husband, the most lively attachment. They were every where received with acclamations of joy, and were inaugurated king and queen of Navarre, according to the ancient customs of the country. They did not confine themselves to those demonstrations. As they were persuaded that the court of France would employ force of arms, they fortified the principal towns, and every where prepared for the most vigorous defence. but Henry II., who was then making war upon Charles V., and who was afraid of having a new enemy on his hands, left the king of Navarre in tranquillity. He appeared satisfied with the reasons that were urged against the projected exchange; but he preserved against Bourbon the most lively resentment: he left him without credit and without consideration, whilst he lavished the greatest honours upon the Guises, who were more in a condition than ever to maintain their pretensions against the Bourbons.

The death of Henry II., which happened soon after the treaty of peace of Château Cambresis in 1559, gave rise to a new order of things, in which the king of Navarre played a principal part. Francis, duke de Guise, and the cardinal de Lorraine, his brother, uncles of the new king Francis II., by his wife, Mary Stuart queen of Scotland, were placed at the head of the government. Several grandees of the kingdom, at the head of whom was the constable de Montmorency, who had just been disgraced, did not behold without extreme

jealousy the increase of the power of the Guises, whom they regarded as foreigners. The princes of the blood, in particular, pretended to have a right to the government, by reason of the youth of the king. But a pretext was necessary to give birth to disturbances, and to maintain them.

> " Religion, freedom, vengeance, what you will,
> A word's enough to raise mankind to kill —
> Some factious phrase, by cunning caught and spread,
> That vice may reign, and wolves and worms be fed."

In this instance religion was made the specious pretext. " The attachment of the greater part of the people," says the president Hénault, " held to the Guises the place of what was wanting to them to support an authority which they knew well they only owed to seduction; and the love of novelty stood to the princes of the blood in stead of the authority which was in the hands of the Guises."

These princes of the blood were the king of Navarre and the prince of Condé, his brother. The former no sooner saw himself in possession of his crown, than he threw off constraint in regard to his creed. He carried with him every where, even to the court of Henry II., a minister named David, and made him preach wherever he went. King Henry, says Brantôme, did not approve of his having with him this minister, who did not, however, bear the title of minister, but of preacher of the king and queen of Navarre; and by this title he was not so odious as by that of minister. The queen of Navarre, — they are the words of Brantôme, — who was at that time young and handsome, and

who loved a dance quite as much as a sermon, was not pleased with this novelty of religion; and she remonstrated one day with the king her husband, and said to him, that if he wished to ruin himself, and have his property confiscated, she did not wish to lose hers, — the little that remained to her from the kings her predecessors, who for heresy had lost the kingdom of Navarre. The queen, adds Brantôme, changed much afterwards; for her husband turned catholic, and she became a very staunch huguenot.

However, the indecision and the weakness of character of the king of Navarre gave the Guises time to come to the court, which was then at St. Germain, and to make themselves entire masters of the government.

Some historians have pretended that the king of Navarre participated in the conspiracy of Amboise, the pretext of which was the liberty of conscience which the protestants wished to obtain. However, he conducted himself in such a manner after the conspiracy had failed, in 1560, as to make it be believed that no person was more zealous than himself to put a stop to the troubles of the kingdom. He marched against more than twenty thousand of the malecontents, who had collected in the Agenois, attacked them, cut them in pieces, and offered the king to march to his assistance, if it was necessary, with his army, which amounted to fifteen thousand combatants.

These testimonies of zeal, however, were not sufficient to convince the Guises of the sincerity of the king of Navarre's sentiments. Both he and his

brother, the prince of Condé, were summoned to the assembly of the states-general, which was to be held at Orleans, in 1560. On his arrival there, the prince of Condé was arrested; and they instituted a trial in order to condemn him to death. The king of Navarre himself was deprived of his company of the gardes-du-corps, and of the greater number of his officers and domestics, who were replaced by others entirely devoted to the Guises, and who were ordered to watch the conduct and discourse of a prince, whom, perhaps, they destined to the same fate as his brother. But, as there were more difficulties and obstacles in the accomplishment of this, it is pretended that the Guises and the maréchal de Saint André discovered a less tedious and more decisive expedient to get rid of him.

They proposed to Francis II., according to M. Desormeaux, to send for him one morning, and to reproach him in the most severe and outrageous terms with the part which he had taken in the plots of the prince of Condé. They did not doubt that Antoine de Bourbon, treated with so much indignity, would raise his voice to justify himself. The king was then to answer him only by a stroke with a poniard. The Guises and the maréchal, witnesses of this horrible scene, were upon this to fall upon and despatch the victim. We are assured that Francis II., a *prince without a vice*, as his flatterers called him, consented to this dastardly assassination; but, although his ministers had recommended that it should be kept a profound secret, he could not refrain from speaking of it to the queen his mother. Catherine de Medicis re-

coiled with horror and affright: she represented to her son the frightful consequences of such an assassination. The king was moved. He promised his mother not to consummate the crime; but Catherine de Medicis, who knew too well the ascendant of the ministers over the mind of her son, did not trust to his repentance; she immediately made the king of Navarre acquainted with the plot laid against him.

On the following morning, Francis II. sent an order to Antoine de Bourbon to come to him in his chamber. The prince excused himself from obeying. Another message arrived, which met with the like refusal. But at the sight of a third express, the king of Navarre, perceiving that he could no longer draw back, armed himself with resolution. He wore under his dress a shirt of mail, and set out, accompanied only by captain Renty, lieutenant of his company of men at arms. As he mounted the stairs, some person whispered in his ear: "You are a dead man, if you set a foot within the king's apartment." But Antoine de Bourbon had taken his resolution. "Captain Renty," said he, turning towards his companion, "I am going into a place where they have sworn my death; but never life was sold so dear as I shall sell mine: if I perish, take my shirt of mail, pierced with wounds and covered with blood, and carry it to my wife and my son; let them send shreds of it to all the kings: they will read in my blood the vengeance which they ought to take for the cowardly assassination of a crowned head."

At these words he entered the king's chamber,

the door of which was immediately closed by the cardinal de Lorraine. He found Francis in his robe-de-chambre, with a poniard at his girdle, and surrounded by conspirators: he approached, took the king's hand, and kissed it respectfully. The gracefulness of Bourbon, his misfortunes, and his submission, softened the young monarch, who never spoke to him with more affection, and dismissed him with a satisfied air. It is pretended that the duke de Guise, seeing the blow fail, could not prevent himself from exclaiming as he retired, "O the cowardly king!"

Notwithstanding the number and the weight of the testimonies upon which this anecdote rests, there is reason to believe it is neither true nor probable. In fact, however ambitious we may suppose the duke de Guise, it is not probable that he would have given such advice to a young king, in some sort his pupil, who, in following it, would have become an object of horror to all mankind. In several instances, Guise rejected with indignation similar means; and further, if the duke of Guise had really advised this assassination, it is not probable that the king of Navarre would have ever forgiven him, and been reconciled to him, as he was after the death of Francis II.

The death of Francis II., which happened at Orléans, during the holding of the states, entirely changed the aspect of affairs. The king of Navarre had pretensions to the regency, as first prince of the blood, during the minority of Charles IX.; but, in order to save the life of his brother the prince de Condé, he was obliged on the spot, and by a written

document, to yield up to Catherine de Medicis all the rights which he might have to it, and even to promise to refuse it if the states-general offered it to him. He had the title of lieutenant-general of the kingdom.

The weakness of the king of Navarre having been worked upon by vain and visionary prospects and promises, he was induced to desert the protestant cause, and ally himself to the catholics. Guise and the legate even dared to propose to him to repudiate his wife Jeanne d'Albret, in order to espouse Mary Stuart, queen of Scots, who would bring him the kingdom of Scotland as her dowry, as well as certain claims on England. But though the widow of Francis II. was but twenty years of age, and to beauty the most striking united wit, grace, and even a degree of talent, Bourbon, on this occasion, displayed sufficient firmness and good feeling to resist all solicitations to separate from a wife by whom he had two children, and who possessed a union of qualities very rare in that most corrupt age, being a woman of courage, talent, and virtue; and who, moreover, was as much superior to Mary as strength is superior to imbecility, and virtue to vice.

He began by interdicting sermons in all the royal houses; and he forbade the queen his wife to appear at the assembly of the huguenots, which was held publicly at the hôtel of the prince de Condé, situated in the rue de Grenelle Saint Honoré. He even carried his violence to detaining her in some measure a prisoner in the Louvre, and to trying to oblige her to go to mass. But Jeanne d'Albret was too haughty and too much confirmed in the opinions

of Calvin to disguise them; she had even the courage to tell Catherine de Medicis, who exhorted her to obedience, — "Madam, if I had my son and my kingdom in my hand, I would throw them both to the bottom of the sea sooner than go to mass." This brought on differences between the queen and king of Navarre. The latter consoled himself with the charms of Louise de Rouet de la Béraudière, one of the infamous maids of honour, as they were called, (though some modern writers, unlike the old debauchee Brantôme, with whom they were *dames très honnêtes*, have styled them *filles déshonorées*,) of Catherine de Medicis, who made use constantly of this disgraceful policy to accomplish her pernicious purposes.

In the civil war between the protestant and catholic party, Antoine de Bourbon received a wound at the siege of Rouen which proved mortal. His death-bed scene is characteristic of the times in which he lived. Having demanded to be carried to his house of Saint-Maur-des-Fossés, the air of which is better than that of Rouen, he was placed in a boat to ascend the Seine, accompanied by his brother the cardinal de Bourbon, the prince de la Roche-sur-Yon, and some of his officers. But when he got as far as Andely he was seized with a shivering fit, which prevented him from continuing his journey. One of his physicians, a zealous Calvinist, began to read to him the Sacred Writings. Shortly after arrived a Dominican friar in disguise, who had been sent by the cardinal de Bourbon. This person, on his side, vigorously exhorted the dying man. In one of his last convulsions the

prince took one of his valets de chambre, an Italian, by the beard, and said to him, — "Serve my son well, and let him serve his king well." He died on the 17th of November, 1562, having not yet reached the 44th year of his age.

This prince had by Jeanne d'Albret five children, of whom only two survived him, Henry IV. and Catherine de Bourbon, who espoused Henri de Lorraine, duke de Bar. He had also by Louise de Rouet de la Béraudière Charles de Bourbon, who was legitimated, and was eventually archbishop of Rouen. He died at the beginning of June, 1610. L'Etoile says, that at the very hour when Henri IV. his brother was assassinated, he, who knew nothing of the death of the king, was seized with a bleeding at the nose, which continued till his death.

CHAP. X.

PICTURE OF SOCIETY DURING THE PRECEDING PERIOD.

To those who observe the revolutions of manners, the progress of the human mind, and of civilisation, this period is one of the most interesting of modern times. The rapid march of knowledge — the alarm spread by that march in the empire of ignorance — the rage of the persecutors — the heroic constancy of the persecuted — the long and bloody struggle between reason and folly, truth and falsehood, light and darkness, present a spectacle at once painful and consoling, interesting and instructive.

For the first time, in 1555, anatomy made some progress, for which it was indebted to Richard Hubert, who solicited and obtained permission to make public demonstrations on the bodies of men executed by the judgment of the tribunals, and on those of persons dying at the Hôtel-Dieu.

The Greek style of architecture was for the first time employed at Paris in the construction of the Louvre, and afterwards in that of the Tuilleries: Pierre Lesert was the architect of the former; Androuet de Cuceau of the latter.

Amyot translated Plutarch; Michel de Montaigne, during this period, composed and published

his essays. This period also produced Clement Marot, Rabelais, &c.

In the branch of Valois we must not look for examples of probity, good faith, and regard to the sanctity of oaths. Francis I. borrowed of the city of Paris the granaries of the arsenal, and gave his word that he would restore them as soon as possible. He violated his promise. His successors imitated his example;—do not the massacres of Saint Barthélemi exhibit the most flagrant violation of an oath?

No human consideration arrested the course of the passions of these princes; murder, robbery, all their crimes, were considered as legitimate acts. They seemed to have adopted the argument urged by the base sophist to justify the crimes of Alexander the Great;—that all their acts were permitted—were even innocent—because they were *theirs*. In September 1573, three kings—the kings of France, of Poland, and of Navarre—signified to Nautouillet, provost of Paris, that they would come and take a collation at his house,—as, in fact, they did,—despite the attempt of Nantouillet to hold himself excused from so high an honour. After the collation, the silver plate of Nantouillet and his coffers were examined; and it was said in Paris that they robbed him of more than 50,000 livres; and that the good man had done better to take to wife la Châteauneuf, mistress of the king of Poland, than to refuse her; that he would also have done better to sell his land to the duke de Guise, than to suffer himself to be thus pillaged by such powerful robbers.

Morals have reached the last degree of depravity in an age when there are found men who do not blush to become the public apologists of vice — who boast of their crimes, or of those of others, as of acts of virtue. From the first race of the Frank kings to the end of the seventeenth century, — from Gregory of Tours, who, after having related the atrocities of Clovis, adds, that that king walked in the ways of the Lord, till towards the middle of the reign of Louis XIV., — we find an infinity of writers who have praised the disorders, the perfidies, the attempts on the persons and property of the weak. These eulogiums prove that the corruption of manners, particularly among the powerful classes, continued at the same degree during that long space of time.

In the period which now occupies our attention, we see the marshal Blaise de Montluc tread the same path, recounting in his old age, with transports of joy and fury, his ferocious executions, the number of those whom he has caused to be massacred or hanged, whom he has massacred or hanged with his own hands.

We see Rabelais joke on pilfering, robbery, and other basenesses.

Brantôme, persuaded that power authorises and absolves all crimes, depicts to us, in their frightful nudity, the manners of the powerful men (and, we may add, women) of his age. The reader will excuse us for not being over particular in describing what may be termed the sexual morality of the period of which we have been treating. It would be an insult to the decency of the nineteenth cen-

tury to exhibit such a picture to its gaze; and it is an insult which we have as little inclination as inducement to offer. In one word, we may be permitted to say, that the French court at this period, — and the court, be it remembered, is generally a model for the nation — was one large brothel, only differing in this from ordinary brothels — that it it was altogether unfettered by police regulations, or by the terrors of the powers that be, inasmuch as it was a brothel whereof the monarch was the master, and his courtiers and guards the bullies.

The praises which Brantôme bestows upon the personages of whom he treats are belied by the actions which he recounts of them. The picture which he has left us, and which he strives to render amiable, is, though curious, inexpressibly disgusting. While he recounts actions that stamp the authors of them most deserving of Dr. Johnson's coarse but expressive character of Lord Chesterfield, he always begins or ends by informing us that those personages were *très belles et très honnêtes dames* or *demoiselles*. With regard to Brantôme as an authority, moreover, be it remembered that he was considered one of the most accomplished noblemen and courtiers of his day.

The same reason that forbids our describing the manners of the court commands us to throw a veil over those of the clergy. But their principle of electing their superiors, described by Brantôme, speaks volumes on the subject. The monks and canons, he says, in electing their abbot and prior, gave themselves up to cabals, quarrelled, and fought: they chose the most debauched among them, in

order that they might be permitted to indulge in similar debauchery.

Charles of Lorraine was, by his intrigues, his power, and the riches which his numerous bishopricks and rich abbeys brought him in, the most influential personage in the kingdom. His vices were respected and imitated. It will, therefore, be important to trace a few of the features which characterised his private manners.

Thirsting after power and riches, he had, in opposition to the spirit and letter of the canons of the church, accumulated in his person an infinite number of the richest benefices of France. To avarice he joined a ridiculous pride, which often met with humiliations.

On his return from the council of Trent, he wished to make a triumphal entry into Paris. On the 8th of January, 1565, accompanied by his nephew and several lords, and escorted by a troop of gentlemen, domestics, and his armed guard, he advanced towards that city. The marshal de Montmorency, governor of Paris and of the Isle of France, who did not like the cardinal, gave him notice that he must not execute this project, seeing that the king, by an ordinance, had just forbidden all his subjects to carry arms. The cardinal replied, that the king had made an exception in his favour by a special warrant; the marshal demanded a sight of this warrant; the cardinal refused it, and marched pompously at the head of his troop. He had already entered the rue St. Denis, when the marshal de Montmorency arrived, disturbed the ceremony, and ordered the troop commanded by

the priest to lay down their arms: they refused. He caused some pistols and arquebuses to be fired on them: they immediately took to flight. The cardinal and his nephew, alarmed, dismounted, and, in their magnificent dresses, sought safety in the house of a merchant named Garral, opposite or by the side of the church of St. Sepulchre. There were five or six men killed or wounded. The cardinal and his nephew left their asylum during the night, and were obliged to walk from the church of St. Sepulchre to the hôtel de Cluny, rue des Mathurins. Montmorency made, in the course of the following day, different patroles in the streets of Paris; passed several times before the hôtel de Cluny; and his people, in passing, uttered threatening language against the cardinal, who, assailed by fear, solicited and obtained of the governor permission to depart from Paris. He retired to Mendon.

Outraged by this humiliation, the cardinal disseminated a writing against the marshal de Montmorency; a reply was made to it in another writing, which covered him with confusion. He was not more fortunate in the design of detaching from the kingdom of France all the baronies of the bishoprick of Metz, and of placing them under the safeguard of the empire. He who was governor of them for the king opposed this enterprise. This armed opposition gave rise to a war between the cardinal and the governor, which was called the cardinal war. The prelate took up arms against the king, fought battles, and besieged places. This

audacious enterprise, worthy of the times when feudalism was in its greatest strength, brought the cardinal neither glory nor success, nor the punishment which it merited — the government was without power.

Under the reign of Francis II. this prelate, being at Fontainebleau, found himself assailed by a great number of disabled officers, and of the widows of gentlemen killed during the wars, who begged of him some small pensions to live on. He answered the just demands of these unfortunates by having gibbets erected in a court of Fontainebleau, and by ordering the petitioners to leave that place in twenty-four hours under the penalty of being all hanged.

From the first appearance of protestantism, the catholic priests sought out extraordinary means, invented new impostures, to arrest its progress. They calculated sufficiently on the public credulity to act the farces of ghosts. From the time that, in 1528, in the church of the nuns of St. Pierre de Lyons, the spirit of a defunct man appeared several times; from the roguery of the grey friars of Orleans, discovered and punished in 1534, till the revocation of the edict of Nantes, towards the end of the reign of Louis XIV., there appeared on the scene of the world an infinity of marvels, of visions, apparitions, diableries, possessions, the imposture of which was always detected. Paris was also the theatre of some prodigies of this nature.

In the month of August, 1572, during the massacre of St. Barthélemi, a hawthorn was seen to flower in the cemetery of the Innocents. The mur-

derers declared that by this pretended miracle, God manifested his approbation of their sanguinary rage.

On the 19th of March, 1578, a lackey, rendered desperate by having lost all his money at play, began to swear to the best of his ability. Immediately the devil appeared and said to him, — "Lackey, be no longer troubled; I will give thee much more than thou hast lost if thou wilt give thyself to me." The lackey consented to give himself to the devil for ten crowns, which he received from him. Our demon then transformed himself into a dragon, or long serpent, took possession of the lackey, introducing himself by the mouth; "which lackey," says the story, "has been ever since tormented, and pulled by the hair, and does the acts of a madman."

Bodin, skilled in diableries, assures us, that the niece of a laceman, living in the rue St. Honoré, at the sign of the red horse, saw, while praying to God on the tomb of her father, in the church of St. Gervais, a large black man who said he was Satan, and advised her to have masses said, and to execute a pilgrimage to Nôtre Dame des Vertus. Here we have Satan turned devout.

During the night of the 28th of September, 1575, an aurora borealis appeared at Paris and in the neighbourhood; the learned men of the time affirmed, in verse and prose, that this phenomenon was a marvellous sign, where had been seen clouds fighting, arms, javelins, and darts which were shattered, &c. This apparition froze all minds with terror; it was evidently a proof of the anger of God against the crimes of men.

They believed much in ghosts, in demons, in possessions, in sorcerers, in divinations, in presages, in enchantments, before the reigns of the Valois but Catherine de Medicis, infatuated in favour of these miserable beliefs, propagated them by her example, and by the favour which she showed to magicians and astrologers; she even brought some from Italy to Paris.

Among those impostors, Cosmo Ruggieri was distinguished. This man, accused of having fabricated an image of wax for the seigneur la Mole, in the design of captivating for him the heart of a princess (queen Marguerite), or of destroying king Charles IX., was, in 1574, arrested and condemned to the galleys by a decree of the parliament. Catherine, alarmed for the fate of her dear compatriot, wrote to the attorney-general of that court, and succeeded in withdrawing Ruggieri from the punishment which he was to suffer In order to indemnify him for his imprisonment, she gave him the abbey of St. Mahé in Britany.

This queen, alarmed by the prediction of one of her astrologers, abandoned the Tuilleries, which she had just built at a great expense, and made that observatory column be erected which still exists, where she ascended to consult the stars on her future destinies.

Marguerite de Valois believed herself inspired by a divine spirit, which forewarned her of all the important events which were to befall her. "I will avow," says she in her memoirs, "that I have never been near any important event, either unlucky or

lucky, without having had some forewarning of it, either in dreams or otherwise; and I may well repeat that verse,

'De mon bien, de mon mal, mon esprit m'est oracle.'"

The number of sorcerers and magicians was very considerable at Paris during this period. L'Estoile, speaking of a magician named Miraille who was hanged in 1587, says, "From the time of Charles IX., this vermin had reached such an impunity at Paris, that the number of them amounted to thirty thousand, as their chief confessed in 1572." But this chief exaggerated.

In the criminal registers of the parliament, we find decrees pronounced against sorcerers. At the end of December, 1573, Jeanne Collier, widow Basin, and, 16th February, 1574, Jeanne d'Avesnes of Beauvais, were hanged as witches.

Every year there appeared at Paris a sort of almanacs or prognostications, containing prophecies that were never verified, but which notwithstanding did not cease to be believed.

Ignorance made the Parisians believe and admire every thing. This constant admiration for things that were unworthy of it, procured them the name of *Badauds*, a word which at Paris answers to the word cockney in London. Rabelais had said of them, what may well be applied to the people of more than one metropolis of the present day, "The people of Paris are so silly, so *badaut*, so simple and foolish by nature, that a juggler, a mule with his bells, a player on the cymbals in the midst of a

street, will assemble more people than a good evangelical preacher." *

It appears that under Henry III. the use of forks at table commenced. The *innovation* is ridiculed by a satirist of the time.

* Gargantua, liv. i. chap. 17.

CHAP. XI.

HENRY IV. BORN, 1553. — ASSASSINATED, 1610.

We have now followed the stream of the Bourbons through a course of about three hundred years, and traced it till we have reached that point where its course became that of the French monarchy. It would be invading the province of regular history, to trace it farther in the manner we have hitherto done; we shall, therefore, now confine ourselves to anecdotes and sketches characteristic of the customs, the manners, and the morals of this race in particular, and of their age and country in general; which, though illustrative of general history, cannot always claim a place in it.

About this period the city of Paris was infested by robbers, assassins, and particularly by those sharpers, whom L'Estoile calls *coupes-bourse, tireurs de laine* — cutpurses and thieves. They cut, even in broad day, the purses of the passengers who, according to an old habit of ostentation, carried their purses suspended from their girdle: the *tireurs de laine* were those who plucked off the cloaks. "This day (24th of January, 1604,)" says L'Estoile, "one of those *tireurs de laine* of Paris, *of whom the city was full*, was hanged at the end of the Pont St. Michel."

This writer cites a great number of similar examples; but these examples could not keep down seven or eight thousand bandits, who lived only by robberies and murders, and had an infinity of means to escape the police who, ill payed, often became their accomplices. The burgesses were safe only in their houses, because there they had arms; and even there they were not always so. In December, 1605, robbers, whom they called *barbets*, entered in broad day the houses under pretext of business; then, presenting a poniard to the throat of the master, they constrained them to deliver to them upon the spot divers sums. Several magistrates of Paris were in this manner plundered of their money. L'Estoile, who relates these facts, exclaims, as well he may, "A strange thing to tell, that in a city like Paris robberies are committed with impunity, the same as in the midst of a forest."

The Parisians found no safety in the streets, particularly during the night; and they dared not run the risk: an *ordonnance* of police, prescribing half-past four in the evening in winter, as the time for the comedians to finish their plays, is a proof of this.

But the dangers and inconveniences arising from the regular and professional thieves and murderers, were not the only ones to which the unhappy burgesses of those days were exposed. The pages and lackeys, the scholars, all armed and *privileged*, besides frequently fighting among themselves, insulted, maltreated, and sometimes killed the inhabitants. There were, moreover, the plague, mad dogs, and famines, which several times during this period desolated the city; and the measures which the magis-

trates opposed to those evils, were more calculated to increase than to put a stop to their ravages. Routine and personal interest alone guided the men charged with the government of the city. Almost every year of this reign, a contagious malady made its appearance, which they called the *plague.* During four or five successive years, 1602—1606, mad dogs bit the inhabitants, and caused their death. The pestilence and the madness were left to take their course. On the 12th of August, 1595, a wolf got admission into Paris by the river, and devoured a child on the *Place de Grève.**

The protestants, in going to their places of worship at some distance from Paris, were, at their departure and on their return, insulted and struck by the populace or by the scholars, stationed about the gate of St. Antoine. Repeated complaints on these frequent attacks at last determined the government to repress them. "During this month (October, 1606)," says a writer of the time, "popular rumours, insolence, and outrages, were great against those who went to, and came from, the protestant church at Charenton, so that there did not pass a Sunday nor festival, that there was not some new disturbance and folly; for which reason orders were issued by his majesty to prepare, at the Porte St. Antoine, a gibbet to hang the first, as well of one religion as of the other, who should be so daring as to attempt any thing against the public peace; whereupon a great quarrel arose between the lieutenants civil and criminal, as to the gibbet which they were to erect; to wit, to which of the two it belonged to

* Journal de Henri IV., par L'Estoile.

erect it: but, as they were entering thereupon into great argument and contest, the captain of the watch settled their difference very judiciously and pleasantly, telling them, to put them out of difficulty, that it would be necessary to erect two, that one of them would be for one, and the other for the other."*

Henry IV., whose memory is recommended by brilliant qualities, by a noble character, by the vivacity of his mind, by his courage, his sincerity, his good intentions, and above all by the peace which he restored to France, after so many years of civil dissension, acquired an immortal glory. But that glory was not without spot or blemish; he had faults and even vices which contributed to maintain the corruption of morals in France. His passion for mistresses has been justly said to have been the torment of his life, as well as attended with calamitous effects to the interests of his kingdom, though less so than it would have been under a different minister than Sully. It has been urged, indeed, in the defence, that illegitimate love never had a more flattering excuse; that having been compelled to espouse, when a boy, the abandoned sister of Charles IX., he sought consolation for the infidelities of his spouse, in the affections of his mistresses, among whom the most favoured and conspicuous was the celebrated Gabrielle d'Estrées (the fair Gabrielle), whose society he loved, and to whom, it is said, he was tenderly and faithfully attached. The influence of this favourite, however, was not so powerful as to confine the desires of the monarch, as the following narrative will prove; —

* Journal de Henri IV., en 14 Mars, 1604.

Henry married, in 1572, Marguerite de Valois, sister of the king of France; which did not prevent him from having for mistresses the Greek Dayelle, and Charlotte de Beaune de Samblançai, wife of Simon de Fizes, baron of Sauves, both maids of honour of Catherine de Medicis, whom that queen, in 1578, according to her usual line of policy, brought into Gascony to seduce the king of Navarre.

He had also many other mistresses of divers conditions; such were the demoiselles Tignonville, de Montaigu, and l'Arnaudine, Catherine de Luc, demoiselle d'Agen, Fleurette, daughter of the gardener of the château de Nérac*; the demoiselle Rebours and Françoise de Montmorency, maids of honour of the queen his wife: he had also, while he was in Gascony, another demoiselle called the Leclain.†

Bassompierre thus continues the list of mistresses of Henri IV.: — "After his marriage (with Marguerite de Valois) he fell in love with madame de Narmoustier. After that, being at Pau, he was smitten with the widow of the count de Grammont, named the countess de la Guiche; and the desire of seeing her again made him lose all the advantages which he might have drawn from gaining the battle of Coutras. During that passion he came to the crown; and having seen, in passing, the countess de la Roche-Guyon (marchioness of Guercheville) he fell in love with her; and, in order to go to see

* For an account of this love affair see an article, entitled "The First Love of Henri Quatre," in Knight's Quarterly Magazine. The story is well told.

† Anecdotes des Reines et Regentes de France, par Dreux du Radier, tom. v. et vi.

her, he made foolish and hazardous journeys, in which he was very near being taken by his enemies. This lady was one of those to whom this prince paid his addresses who had the honour to resist him; she said to him, 'I am too poor to be your wife, and of too good a family to be your mistress.'

"Having seen Gabrielle d'Estrées," continues Bassompierre, "he became so enamoured of her that he forgot the countess de la Roche-Guyon." Bassompierre places next on this list of honour the abbess of Montmartre (Claudine de Beauvilliers) a very handsome woman, to whom he gave the abbey of Pout-aux-Dames; and a nun of Longchamp, Catherine de Verdun, whom he made abbess, or rather prioress, of Saint Louis de Vernon.

Bassompierre then makes a digression on the subject of Gabrielle d'Estrées, which may serve as a picture of the morals of the court and noblesse of France at this period.

This woman has obtained more celebrity than she deserved. At the age of sixteen, by the influence of the duke d'Epernon, she was prostituted by her mother to king Henry III., who paid her six thousand crowns. Montigny, intrusted with the conveyance of this sum, kept two thousand of them. This knavery put Henry III. in a great rage.

The king soon tired of Gabrielle: her mother then disposed of her to Zamet, a rich financier, and to some other contractors; afterwards to the cardinal de Guise, who lived with her for a year.

La belle Gabrielle then passed to the duke de Longueville, to the duke de Bellegarde, and se-

veral other noblemen in the neighbourhood of Couvres, such as Brunet and Stenai; at last the duke de Bellegarde produced her to king Henry IV.

Those who determined the government to erect a statue to Gabrielle d'Estrées, and those who whined about her were, no doubt, ignorant of the details of her life, or only knew it by songs and plays.*

Soon after the death of Gabrielle, Henry took another mistress, Henriette de Balzac d'Entragues. The favours of this lady cost him, according to the *Œconomies Royales* of Sully, a hundred thousand crowns; she further extorted from him a promise of marriage, which Sully had the courage to tear to pieces in presence of the king himself.

In 1599, Henry succeeded in dissolving his marriage with Marguerite de Valois, who consented to the divorce; and in 1600 he espoused Mary de Medicis. Although provided with this new wife, he continued his old habits. He became enamoured, but without success, of the duchess de Nevers; he was more fortunate with the demoiselle la Bourdaisière, whom he quitted for an attachment to the wife of a counsellor named Quelin. He then loved, without success, the wife of the master of requests, Boinville. The countess de Limoux was less severe.

He contracted a more lasting liaison with Jacqueline du Breuil, whom he created countess de Moret. Presently, however, he sought to console himself

In 1820, the statue, raised to Gabrielle d'Estrées, was sent into one of the provinces, to figure there among the native worthies.

for her infidelities in the affections of the demoiselle des Essarts, whom he created countess de Romorantin, and by whom he had two daughters legitimated. This woman, after the example of the countess de Moret, was guilty of several infidelities towards the king, particularly with Louis de Lorraine, cardinal and archbishop of Rheims.

Henry IV. had also for his mistress a lady of honour of the queen his wife, called Foulebon.

At last he became desperately enamoured of the princess de Condé, and this was his last love.*

The manifold gallantries of Henry IV. would have had consequences less fatal to morality, if he had taken care to withdraw them from the notice of the public; but he seemed persuaded that his irregularities were a right of royalty; or perhaps he considered them as a just indemnification for what he had suffered in order to arrive at the throne, and re-establish peace in France. However that may be, he did not give himself the trouble to disguise his weaknesses. It is an important and lamentable fact that heroes in all ages with few, very few, exceptions have shown a strong disposition to break the tenth commandment; and by no means the least, that part of it which relates to their neighbours' wives. We call this fact important, because it exemplifies the tendency to disregard the rights and feelings of others which war is apt to generate. We could cite many, too many, illustrious examples, both in ancient and modern times, of the truth of this observation.

* History of France, Cab. Cyc. vol. i.

Henry was so taken with Gabrielle d'Estrées, that he never quitted her, not even in the most important state affairs; he carried her with him into the public assemblies, into the great solemnities; she was by his side in the councils; she figured in the assembly of the states held at Rouen in 1596. "*Il la baisait devant tout le monde,*" says L'Estoile, "*et elle lui dans tous les conseils.*" *

What an insult to the common decency and common sense of mankind!

Henry IV. was the slave of another passion more ruinous than the preceding, perhaps more fatal to morality: he hazarded and lost, in gaming, sums which would have been sufficient to relieve the poor of Paris, cruelly tormented by the frequent famines of his reign. It is stated in the journal of L'Estoile, that, on the 23d of February, 1607, Henry IV. lost seven hundred crowns at the fair of St. Germain, playing at three dice with M. de Villars; and in the *Œconomies Royales* of Sully is found the following passage: —

"You received....a letter from the king, which we have thought fit to insert here in order to show what excessive expenses his majesty incurred by gaming, for which we were constrained, without replying, to find funds.

"'My friend, — I have lost at play twenty-two thousand pistoles (more than six hundred thousand francs of the present day), which I pray you to have immediately placed in the hands of Feydeau, who will deliver this to you, in order that he may distribute them to the individuals to whom I owe

* Journal de Henri IV., Novembre, 1596.

them, as I have commanded him. Adieu, my friend. Paris, this Monday morning, 18th of January (1609). (Signed) *Henri.*'" *

This reign was marked by another vice, with which Henry IV. ought not to be reproached, since he laboured strenuously to destroy it; but which sprung from the habits of the ancient Franks: I speak of duels, which these foreigners introduced into Gaul along with feudalism and barbarism, which Louis IX. and his successors had constantly laboured to destroy, and which had begun to fall into disuse, when Henry II. had the detestable imprudence to revive them. Supported by the principles of a false honour, duelling made frightful progress among the French noblesse, under the reigns of Charles IX. and of Henry III., and soon degenerated into assassination. The inhabitants of Paris were daily witnesses of these bloody scenes. The nobles placed themselves above the laws, made an honour of inflicting terror, a duty of vengeance, and a glory of murder. The back of the walls of the Chartreux, the mill of Saint-Marceau, or the Pré-aux-Clercs, were the usual places of these meetings. They fought, they assassinated one another, even in the streets of Paris, in open day, under the very eyes of the king, and almost always with impunity. Louis Comboursier, the seigneur of the Terrail, on the 8th of August, 1605, assassinated before the Louvre, in sight of the king, who was placed at one of the windows of his gallery, a Gascon gentleman named

* Œconomies Royales de Sully, tom. vi. ch. 27.

Mazaussi, he then withdrew quickly without being arrested. This nobleman was esteemed a brave captain, very resolute and determined. Similar assassinations among nobles or gentlemen were committed almost daily at Paris. The author of the Journal of Henry IV. cites numerous examples of them. "During the last week," say he, "there took place four assassinations and three duels, without any punishment or investigation."

These disorders increased by the impunity which they enjoyed. Henry IV., alarmed at their ravages, demanded of Sully a *Mémoire* on the origin of duels. That minister presented one to him, which is found in his *Œconomies Royales;* and the Journal of L'Estoile informs us, that in March 1607, the king was informed, that since the accession of his majesty to the crown there were reckoned, at the least, 4000 nobles killed in these miserable duels. A decree of the parliament of the 16th of June, 1599, bears, — "By reason of murders and homicides committed and continued in duels, as well in this city as in other places, and to obviate the frequency of the said murders and homicides, it prohibits them, under the pain of high treason, confiscation of person and property, as well against the living as the dead." An edict of the king, of April 1602, renews this prohibition, and regulates the form of the procedure against the duellists. This decree and this edict produced little effect; but a new edict, of the month of June 1609, more menacing, and bearing penalties still more rigorous against the delinquents, restrained, for a time, this feudal custom, which, soon after the death of the

king, resumed its course, and manifested itself with more fury than ever.

The fair of St. Germain was, at that time, what the Palais Royal is at the present day, a place of commerce and of pleasure, and, still more, a place of fighting. This fair, very profitable to the monks and the abbot of St. Germain des Prés, became fatal to public morals. After having been shut up during the dominion of the League, it was reopened on the 7th of February, 1595. "They said that the king would go there," says L'Estoile, "but he did not go. The duke de Guise, at Vitry, ran about the streets committing ten thousand acts of insolence. On the 10th of February, 1597, the duke de Nemours and the count d'Auvergne went to the fair, where they committed ten thousand acts of insolence: an advocate lost his hat there, and was well beaten by the people of the count d'Auvergne."

"During the fair of St. Germain, this year (1605), again," says L'Estoile, "where the king usually went, there were committed at Paris murders and great excesses, arising from the debauches of the fair, in which the pages, lackeys, students, and soldiers of the guards were guilty of more than usual insolence, fighting, as in ranged battles, without any possibility of order being established. A lackey cut off both the ears of a student, and put them in his pocket; on which account the students, being furious and attacking all the lackeys whom they met, killed and wounded many of them. A soldier of the guards having been attacked by the said lackeys, at his departure from the fair, and

knocked down by them with blows of a stick on the *fossés* of St. Germain; he at last got up, killed two of them, and threw them, quite dead, into the *fossés*. He then went away and escaped."

The disorders which the pages and lackeys committed in this fair were authorised by the example of their masters, by the almost total absence of a police, and by the sort of immunity enjoyed by the greater number of the hotels of the lords or princes to whom those pages belonged; hotels which served both masters and valets as an asylum impenetrable to justice. These pages and lackeys were multiplied in the sequel in a fearful manner. During nearly a century the Parisians were harassed, insulted, beaten, pillaged, and sometimes killed by this multitude of valets, who only served for vain show. We shall have occasion to speak afterwards of their tumultuous habits, and of the want of power of the police and of the parliament to repress them.

The fair of St. Germain contained several gaming academies, whither the king, the princes, and the nobles came to risk their fortunes, and often that of others. In 1609 several gaming-houses were established at Paris. L'Estoile relates that, in the month of March of that year, a man named Jonas hired, in the time of the fair, and in its neighbourhood, a house, for which he paid one thousand four hundred francs, and which he was only to occupy fifteen days.

Peace having succeeded to long wars, brought back abundance to Paris, and increased its population. Several merchants, by lucky risks, or well-

calculated speculations, enriched themselves rapidly. Not knowing how to enjoy these riches, to which they were unaccustomed, or impelled by the desire of increasing them; they allowed themselves to be drawn in by the example of the court, and, above all, by that of the king, who, as has been shown, usually played high. The son of a merchant, adds L'Estoile, has been seen to lose at one sitting sixty thousand crowns, having inherited from his father only twenty thousand.

The luxury of the court of Henry IV. was excessive. Bassompierre says, that, for the ceremony of the baptism of his children, the king had a dress made which cost him fourteen thousand crowns; he paid six hundred for the fashion only: it was composed of cloth of gold, embroidered with pearls. In addition, he purchased a sword ornamented with diamonds, for which he paid five thousand crowns; he confessed that he incurred this extraordinary expense with money gained at play. At the baptism of the son of madame de Sourdis, which was celebrated the 6th of November, 1594, Gabrielle d'Estrées appeared dressed in a robe of black satin, so loaded with pearls and jewels, says L'Estoile, that she could scarcely support herself. The same writer adds, a little after, "On Saturday, the 12th of November, I was shown a pocket-handkerchief, which an embroiderer of Paris had just finished for madame de Liancourt (Gabrielle d'Estrées), who was to wear it the following day at a ballet, and had settled the price of it with him at nineteen hundred crowns, which she was to pay him in ready money."

Luxury of dress; a numerous suite of pages, of lackeys, gentlemen, squires, grooms, &c.; the luxury of the table; a menacing and swaggering tone; noisy debauchery; creditors whom they did not pay, and often maltreated; the affectation of appearing superior to decency and to the laws, were the characteristics of the noblesse — the honour and the glory, of which the princes and lords of that time were ambitious. D'Aubigné, in his *Baron de Fœneste*, has painted, with as much gaiety as cynicism, the ignorance, the stupid superstition, the meanness, and even the cowardice of certain nobles or courtiers of the reign of Henry IV., and of the commencement of that of his successor: all these vices were ill concealed by the continual parade of wealth and power. The pride of the catholic lords, the usual accompaniment of ignorance; the opinion of their superiority over all the human race; the affection which they had for rich and splendid dresses, and for titles of honour, on several occasions displayed themselves during this period. They treated as slaves the persons attached to their houses; they had them beaten with rods, and made them over to others like pieces of furniture. In the writings of this time, the following phrases are frequently met with: such a secretary, such a musician, such a surgeon, such a gentleman, belonged to such a prince, to such a lord, who gave him to such another lord. Henry IV. made a present of a deformed man, who had been taken from his work, in order to be shown as a curiosity. Marguerite de Valois ordered her musician to be beaten with a stick. The seigneurs

often whipped their pages. The following anecdote of the noble rage with which the duke de Mercœur was affected, when the parliament of Paris, which made a principle of not granting the title of Prince to any but members of the royal family, refused publicly to give him that qualification, is taken from the manuscript registers of the parliament:—

"On the 2d of July, 1599, the duke de Mercœur, accompanied by from twenty to thirty men, armed with swords, went, at night, to the house of M. Louis Servin, the king's advocate in the parliament. This magistrate, seeing the duke arrive, saluted him, saying, 'Bon soir, monsieur.' Then the duke said to him, 'I am not come to say *bon soir* to you, nor to recommend my cause to you, but to make my complaint against you; that you have lately said, in the edict chamber, that I was not a prince, and that there were only princes of the blood who were recognised as princes in France; in which you have lied.' Whereupon the said Servin, seeing the said sieur de Mercœur in a rage, also stood up for the dignity of his office, and gently, and without emotion, remonstrated with the said sieur de Mercœur, bidding him consider that he was speaking with an officer of the king. De Mercœur replied, swearing, and blaspheming the name of God, and laying his hand upon his sword, as if to draw it, and saying twice, 'Monsieur Louis Servin, I will cut your throat; and, were it not for that quality of king's officer, I would do it immediately; and there is no person who could hinder me!'"

Servin reproached the duke with the indecency of his proceeding, and the insult which he was

putting upon the king's advocate in his own house, upon his functions, and upon justice; and represented to him that he ought to carry his complaints to the king. At these words the duke de Mercœur commanded those who accompanied him to surround the magistrate, and said that the thing was not worth complaint, that he would do himself justice, and would give Servin a hundred lashes with the stirrup leather, and that no one could hinder him. Saying which, de Mercœur once more laid his hand upon his sword, swearing and blaspheming the name of God, and telling the said Servin that he would kill him, repeating that he would cut his throat; and a third time laying his hand upon his sword, he would have struck the king's advocate with it as he threatened him, but he was hindered by a person who placed himself before de Mercœur. The duke de Mercœur, after redoubling his insults, his oaths, and his menaces, retired.

The parliament was soon informed of the insolent aggression of this seigneur. It named a commission to take cognisance of it, and sent two of its members to lay a complaint before the king; but we are ignorant of the result of this affair.

The honour of the noblesse was then of a very robust constitution. They might commit the most vile, the most dishonourable, the most criminal actions, without their pride suffering any diminution, or their glory the least stain. Despite of these accidents, they transmitted to their posterity a pure nobility. The infamous occupation which some of them filled at the court, under kings inclined to debauchery, did not disgrace them. To betray their

party did not convey any blemish to their invulnerable honour. They were dishonoured by the exercise of commerce or of a useful profession; they were not dishonoured by robbing merchants on the highways. They borrowed and did not pay; and their nobility gave them the privilege of breaking their word without being disgraced; of beating, of mutilating, of killing, of throwing out of the windows into the ditches of their petty fortresses the unfortunate bailiffs who came, in the name of the king and on behalf of their creditors, to signify some sentence to them, or to execute a seizure. In the criminal registers of the parliament we find a great number of these noble tricks.

The count de Belin, the count de Brissac, betrayed their party and violated their oaths, in order to sell the city of Paris dearly to Henry IV. A great number of governors imitated their example; their nobility did not suffer in the least; and their descendants were proud of having them for ancestors. Nicholas de Harlay, baron de Lancy, having been sent by the king to levy troops in Switzerland, and being in want of money to pay them, learned, when at Bâle, that twenty-two travellers, each carrying four thousand crowns sewed in the saddles of their horses, were to pass near that town. He went well attended, and placed himself in ambuscade on their road, robbed them of their riches, bound them to trees, and retired loaded with their money, which served him to pay the Swiss. When the nobles robbed on their own account, the tribunals sometimes rendered justice; and, under the reign of Henry IV., the place de Grêve witnessed the exe-

cution of several high and mighty seigneurs of the *arrondissement* of the parliament of Paris, who were condemned for their exploits on the highways, and perished by the hands of the hangman. The journal of L'Estoile furnishes the following notice of some of these culprits:—

On the 19th of April, 1597, a nobleman was beheaded for robbery: L'Estoile does not give his name.

In 1602, Gui Eder de Beaumanoir de Lavardin, baron de Fontenelles, cousin-german of the marshal de Lavardin, belonging to one of the most illustrious houses of Britany, followed the profession of a robber by sea and land. Besides his robberies, the baron de Fontenelles was guilty of acts of horrible cruelty, and also conspired against the king. On Friday the 27th of September, 1602, he was broken alive in the place de Grêve, as well as some of his noble accomplices.

A young nobleman convicted of several robberies, assassinations, and other strange acts, was, on the 28th April, 1603, executed in the place de Grêve. The name of this gentleman-robber is not given; it is stated that he killed a poor man, his creditor, who came to demand money of him. At the same time, La Grange Santerre, a nobleman of high place, says L'Estoile, and a distinguished robber, was executed in the place de Grêve, 30th April, 1603. M. de Vitry begged his pardon of Henry IV., who replied, "Prove to me that he has never robbed on the highway, and I grant it to you." La Grange had all his life followed the trade of a robber. It

has been remarked of him and of his house, as a singular circumstance, adds L'Estoile, that his grandfather had been executed for robbery, and that his father was in prison for the same crime.*

The provinces were desolated by noble robbers, who, having been accustomed to the depredations of the civil wars, continued them during peace. The following anecdote characterises a great portion of the noblesse of Henry IV.'s reign:—

Three brothers, nobles of Britany, named Guilleris, assembled a troop of about four hundred gentlemen, who, during six consecutive years, desolated Britany, Poitou, &c. They had affixed to the trees of the high road these words: "Peace to nobles, death to provosts and archers (officers of justice), and their purse from merchants." An army of four thousand five hundred men was raised against these brigands, which, with some pieces of artillery, succeeded in gaining possession of their haunts. Several of them perished in the fight; eighty were taken and broken alive.†

If the vices of barbarism disgraced the noblesse of France, the clergy were by no means free from them. The priests made war, gave themselves up to debauchery; and the wisest among them were the slaves of absurd superstitions, of sacrilegious or ridiculous practices, which drew down upon them the contempt of all honest and reasonable persons. The higher clergy, under Henry IV., were as scandalous in their lives as in the times of the grossest barbarism. The cardinal of Austria fulfilled the functions of general, and, at the head of a small army,

* Journal de Henri IV. † Id.

came to make war on Henry IV., whilst that king besieged Amiens.

Several French bishops commanded troops. The cardinal de Guise had kept for a year Gabrielle d'Estrées before she fell to Henry IV. The cardinal de Rheims became also enamoured of another mistress of this king, Charlotte des Essarts, married her secretly, and had children by her. As to the cardinal de la Rochefaucauld, if his morals were without reproach, his judgment was not so. Whilst he was engaged with the siege of Clermont, he was, in concert with his brother, abbé de St. Martin-de-Randan, the support and even the instigator of the impostures of Martha Brossier, daughter of Jacques, a weaver of Romorantin. This man, being poor, thought to turn the public credulity to account, by making his daughter Martha pass for a demoniac. Having been exercised in making contortions, grimaces, in assuming extraordinary postures, in howling, she made her *debût* in the cities and towns adjoining the Loire; she then proceeded to Anjou, where her imposture was detected by Charles Miron, bishop of Angers. This prelate, after a severe reprimand, ordered her to retire into her own country, and no longer deceive the public.

Instead of following this advice, the pretended possessed, her devil, Jacques Brossier her father, and her two sisters, proceeded towards a theatre more favourable for their impostures. They came to Paris, and, at the end of March 1599, took up their lodging near the abbey of St. Genevieve.

At the news of the arrival of this troop, the capuchins first presented themselves to strive bravely with the devil of which Martha Brossier was possessed. In the excess of their zeal they neglected the ordinary formalities, and set themselves to exorcise Martha without the authority of their superiors.

The cardinal de Gondi, bishop of Paris, proceeded in this affair with more regularity, and employed the proper means to enlighten himself as to the truth of this possession. He assembled several doctors in theology and in medicine. On the 30th of March, 1599, this scene, impatiently looked for, was opened with solemnity, and presented to the spectator starts, contortions, and extraordinary tones of voice.

It was then a principle generally admitted, that the devil was perfect master of all the ancient and modern tongues; consequently, in order to convince themselves of the presence of this malignant spirit in the person of the young girl, the doctor Marius interrogated her in Greek, and the physician Marescot in Latin. The devil remained silly and dumb; and from that time it was decided, that the young girl was not possessed.

This decision did not please several priests, who were interested in proving the presence of the devil, and in demonstrating their power over that invisible and mischievous spirit. The following day a new scene took place, in a chapel of St. Geneviève. Martha Brossier, well taught, renewed her convulsions. Two physicians plunged, they say, a needle

between the thumb and fore-finger; she supported this operation without giving any sign of pain.

On the 1st of April, Martha Brossier was submitted to new trials. A capuchin opened the sitting, pronouncing the exorcism; and when he came to the words, "Et homo factus est," the girl thrust out her tongue, made horrible contortions, and rushed from the altar to the door of the chapel with a celerity which astonished the spectators. Then the capuchin exorcist, satisfied with his success, said, with a tone of assurance, "If any one doubts the presence of the devil in this girl, and is not afraid to expose his life, let him attempt to restrain this demon." Immediately the physician Marescot rose, advanced, seized Martha by the head, and restrained all her movements. The exorcist confounded, said, that the devil had retired. The physician replied, "I have, then, driven away the devil." After this scene, Marescot left the chapel for an instant; Martha, believing him far off, fell again into her usual convulsions; Marescot suddenly re-entered, seized her, and, without much trouble, succeeded in rendering her immoveable. Then the exorcist commanded the girl to rise. She could not; and the physician said, "This devil has no feet, and cannot stand."

The result of this experiment greatly disappointed the partisans of the devil, but did not discourage them; they made one more exhibition, but they would not allow the former physicians to be present. They called in new ones, who, more docile, or more credulous, made, before the bishop of Paris, a de-

claration, by which they acknowledged that Martha Brossier was possessed of a devil.

In conclusion, the parliament of Paris having taken cognisance of this affair, Martha Brossier, notwithstanding her devil, was put in prison, and a commission was appointed to examine her. In consequence of the report of this commission, the parliament ordered Martha Brossier to be conducted to her own place of abode, and to remain there under the guardianship of her father, who was ordered not to suffer her to leave that place without permission of the judge. Further attempts, however, were made by the priesthood to avail themselves of Martha's devil to promote their own influence over an ignorant and credulous people, but without success.

François de la Rochefoucauld, bishop of Clermont, since cardinal, in concert with his brother the abbé de St. Martin-de-Randan, formed a project of removing Martha Brossier from the place to which she had been consigned. The abbé de St. Martin undertook this expedition. He went to Romorantin; and, in spite of the judge of the place, he removed her, her sisters, and her father; conducted them to Auvergne; lodged them at Clermont, in the episcopal palace; and made them exhibit their disgusting farces in that province, as well as in all the places through which they passed.

The parliament, apprised by the judge of Romorantin, of the conduct of the two brothers La Rochefoucauld, and of the removal of Martha Brossier, commanded their personal attendance, by a decree of the 5th of December, 1599: they did not obey.

A second order having been issued with the like effect, the parliament condemned them to have Martha Brossier and her family taken home at their expense; ordered that all the temporalities and revenues of the bishop should be seized, and sent commissaries to execute this order.

After this decree, the two brothers La Rochefoucauld persisted in their rebellion. The abbé of St. Martin, instead of reconducting Martha Brossier into her own country, formed the resolution of conducting her to Rome; he arrived with Brossier the father, his daughters, and the pretended devil of Martha, in the city of Avignon, where that young woman displayed all the extent of her talents in diablerie.*

The practice of waxen images, which were fabricated to injure or destroy the life of an enemy, a practice which has been mentioned in the preceding chapters, still continued during this period. The priests of Paris, actuated by a blind fury, placed, with the intention of destroying Henry III., these magical images on the altars of almost all the parishes of that city. Mention is also made of similar images in the trial of the mareschal de Biron. In the opinion of credulous men, they had virtue only when they were baptized in form, and when they had received, with the ceremonies of the church, the name of the person whose death was desired.

L'Estoile relates, that a priest was condemned by decree of the parliament to be hanged, for having,

Journal de Henri IV. Histoire de De Thou, liv. cxxiii.

with a design of injuring some one, consecrated at mass a piece of paper, in place of the ordinary host. The same writer cites the scandalous fact of two priests who fought in the church of the Saint Esprit. Bodin, so expert in the arts of diablerie, attests the existence of the sacrilegious use of waxen images. The same writer says, that the greatest sorcerers have been priests.

An infinite number of abuses, introduced into the church since the ages of barbarism, continued to be kept up, and contributed to preserve false ideas and corruption of morals. Religion still consisted in forms, and remained distinct from morality. The bishops, the abbés, the curés even, did not reside in their bishoprics, their monasteries, their cures, and did not give any instructions to the people. The benefices were distributed in such a manner that a single incumbent possessed a great number of abbeys, and even of bishoprics. The revenues of these bishoprics were granted to laymen, to domestics, to women — even to protestants. Cosmo Ruggieri, an Italian perfumer, accused of atheism, of magic, and of having poisoned the queen of Navarre, mother of Henry IV., was rewarded by the gift of the abbey of St. Mahé, in Britany, which he kept till the reign of Louis XIII. M. de Bourdeilles, known by his Memoirs, possessed the abbey of Brantôme, and constantly bore the name of it. M. de Sully, who was a protestant, possessed the abbeys of Caulombs, of Jard, of Or, of Poitiers, and of Apsie. What is remarkable, the pope authorised this transgression of the canonical laws by bulls, which he granted gratis, in favour of Sully, who sold to different indi-

viduals these four abbeys, for which he received 230,000 livres.*

These abuses, so contrary to the principles of the gospel, were not the only ones: the ideas of the multitude were so perverted, that they gave the name of virtue, not to strict probity, to conduct generous and pure, to acts of disinterestedness, but to ridiculous and superstitious practices. A multitude of particular examples might be cited, in testimony of this truth. We shall confine ourselves to a general one.

Under the dominion of the League, the preachers had made the people of Paris believe that a procession was the act most agreeable to the Divinity, the means the most sure of calming his anger, and of rendering him favourable to them. They did not say to them, "Be just; renounce your vicious habits; do to others as you would wish them to do to you;" but they said to them, "Walk morning and evening in the streets of Paris, one after the other, in two lines; walk with your feet naked; walk in your shirts; walk during the winter quite naked." They were obeyed.

"On the 30th of January, 1589," says a contemporary writer, "there took place in the city several processions, in which there were a great number of children, as well boys as girls, as well men as women, who were all *en chemise*; so that so fine a spectacle, adds the writer, was never seen: Dieu merci! In some parishes were seen five hundred persons in a state of perfect nudity.

* Œconomies Royales de Sully.

"On the 14th February, 1589, a great number of processions were made by the churches of this city, in which there were more than one thousand persons, male and female, in a state of complete nudity; and all the monks of St. Martin des Champs, who were there with naked feet; and the priests of the church of St. Nicholas, also with naked feet, and some of them quite naked, as was the curé, called maître François Pigenat."

Such was the state of fanaticism to which the preachers of the league had carried the minds of the Parisian multitude: they believed that they were performing an act of the most sublime devotion in braving the cold of the severe season, and the decencies observed by all civilised nations.

During four or five months the Parisians continued to make every day one or more of these scandalous processions. "They were so mad," says L'Estoile, "after these processionary devotions, that they went during the night and raised their curés, and the priests of their parishes, to lead them in procession."

In the matter of religious opinions, the population of Paris presented several divisions: *les bons catholiques*, *les politiques*, the protestants, and the atheists. Under the name of "bon catholique" were designated the superstitious, the leaguers, the intolerant, the persecutors, who blindly believed the preachers, and made Christianity consist in forms and vain observances. The *politiques* were more enlightened, and consequently more reasonable. The protestants, who resembled the *politiques*, were persuaded that they possessed Chris-

tianity in its primitive purity. Those who were called atheists observed no religion. Of the latter was Nicholas, secretary and poet of king Charles IX., secretary of the duke de Mayenne, and of Henry IV. He died at the age of seventy, and made on himself the following epitaph :—

" J'ai vécu sans souci, je suis mort sans regret ;
Je ne suis plaint d'aucun, n'ayant pleuré personne :
De savoir où je vais, c'est un trop grand secret ;
J'en laisse le discours à messieurs de Sorbonne."

The sentiment contained in the second line of this epitaph has been expressed by Byron :—

" And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea :
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me? "

L'Estoile thus presents to us an abridged picture of the crimes committed in Paris during the month of January, 1606 :—" Many murders, assassinations, robberies, excesses, and all sorts of vices and impieties, prevailed at this extraordinary season: insolences of lackeys at Paris, even to murder, some of whom were hanged; coiners of false money taken and detected; two assassins, who wished to assassinate the baron d'Aubeterre, broken alive in the place de Grève ; a soldier of the guards hanged for having killed his landlord, in order to rob him of ten francs which he possessed ; a merchant going to the fair stabbed with a knife, which was left in his throat, found in that condition along the trenches of the fauxbourg Saint Germain ; not to mention nineteen others, who were discovered to

have been assassinated in that single month in the streets of Paris, the murderers of whom could not be discovered."

In the midst of this mass of corruption are discovered some actions worthy of praise: they are very rare, and opposed to the general rule, but feeble exceptions.

In the month of March, 1589, a protestant minister, named Damours, was discovered in Paris: he was led prisoner to the Bastile. He would have been, according to the custom, burned alive; but Bussi-le-Clerc, the famous leaguer, far from having him tortured, treated him with much consideration. He said, swearing before God as a good catholic, that Damours, huguenot as he was, was worth more than all these "politiques" of presidents and councillors, who were only hypocrites; and he managed so well that the minister escaped.

In the month of June, 1589, two good ladies of Paris, both protestants, who, since the barricades were erected, had always remained concealed, sometimes in one place, and sometimes in another, were at last discovered by the people, who, according to L'Estoile, without form of trial, wanted to plunder and throw them into the river. In order to be better authorised in this violent execution, the people dragged them to the house of the curé Wincestre, "one of the most seditious and violent preachers of Paris, who preached nothing but blood and murder, principally against such people. These two good ladies expected nothing better; considering the reputation and quality of the person, the time, and the religion of which they made profes-

sion. Nevertheless, as if all at once this man had been transformed from a wolf into a lamb, and had become quite another being, they found in him so much mildness and humanity, that, after having conferred with them in a kindly manner, remonstrated and disputed on the points of their religion, having found them firm and resolved to persist in it, and having even discovered on one of the said ladies a meditation of Theodore Beza on the 80th psalm; after having restored it to her, he not only conducted them himself to a place of safety, delivering them out of the hands of that enraged populace, whom he made believe that they were quite converted, and disposed to return to mass, although they had promised nothing of the sort, but he also gave them the means of escaping, and of leaving the city, and assisted them therein as far as he was able,—God thus drawing them out of the gulf of death by the hands of this man, their chief enemy, and making use of him in this work to preserve them and set them at liberty." *

We search in vain, in the actions of the most renowned men of this reign, for traits worthy of the eulogium of history. We find in several of them courage and some touches of strict probity, particularly among the protestants; but Henry IV. appears the only man of his time who is worthy of fixing the attention of posterity. This prince, by his vicious habits, by his contempt for the rules of decency, was on a level with his age; but he elevated himself far above it by his political views,

* Journal de Henri IV., tom. ii. pp. 195, 196.

by his magnanimous conduct towards his conquered enemies, by his wit, and by his loyalty.

The following anecdote will illustrate some of the causes that prolonged the siege of Paris:—

We read in the *Œconomies Royales* of Sully, that, notwithstanding the express orders which the king had given to all the governors of the places situated on the banks of the Seine not to allow any provisions to pass into the city of Paris, these governors, in order to enrich themselves by selling permissions and passports to the carriers by water, agreed among themselves to transgress this law. These haughty nobles, who considered commerce as a degrading profession, were not afraid, under these favourable circumstances, to exercise it, and that too in an unlawful manner. They sent up the river to Paris several boats loaded with salt-fish, estimated at about fifty thousand crowns: the price of this merchandise was to be brought back in a small boat, under the charge of a gentleman named De Fourges.

Sully, having been apprised of this manœuvre, waylaid the little boat, which was seized on its passage between Mantes and Meulan. The sieur de Fourges, being brought before Sully, was interrogated respecting the produce of the sale of the salt-fish. He exhibited two packages containing merchandise of little value, and thirty-six thousand crowns in letters of exchange. Sully, who expected to find a much more considerable sum, got in a passion, and threatened the sieur de Fourges to make him prisoner if he did not speak the truth. The gentleman protested the sincerity of his declaration: and, as he in great agitation walked up and

down the chamber of Sully, in order to appease and convince him, a fatal accident occurred which completely gave him the lie. His *haut-de-chausses*, or inexpressibles, being overcharged, burst in the rear: immediately a torrent of gold and silver pieces proceeded from them and covered the floor. The gentleman in confusion stopped dead short. "Go on," said Sully to him; "there will be more both of profit and of pleasure in making you walk about than in making you sit down." Without ceremony Sully made the sieur de Fourges be searched and stripped of his spoil: about seven thousand crowns in gold were found secured in his dress. Sully seized upon this sum, and kept it as a good prize.

This contraband transaction was denounced by the son of the sieur de Fourges, which son belonged to the suite of Sully. The brother of Sully was an accomplice in it, and had signed the passport of the little boat. When the king heard of this adventure he broke out into a fit of laughter.

During this period perspective glasses were first introduced at Paris, in April, 1609.

The use of watches, which they called "*montres horloges*," was established at Paris during this reign: they were somewhat bulky, and were worn on the breast, suspended from the neck.

Francis I. had established the fashion of wearing long beards. The parliaments and chapters of cathedrals resisted, for a long time, with courage the empire of this fashion: the canons refused to receive their bishop in their church if he presented himself with a bearded chin; the parliament of Paris did not allow the advocates to plead except with their

chins shaved. Under Henry IV. all men, without distinction, wore the beard long: they made use of wax to give the beard an elegant direction.

There was still a stiffness in the costume of the men and women of the court, which preserved the character of barbarism. The practice of wearing masks was still in fashion among the women of the court. To travel without a mask was, for a woman of quality, reckoned a shameful and extraordinary thing. These masks were usually of black velvet, bent easily, and were called *loups*.

CHAP. XII.

HENRY IV. CONTINUED.

THE lives of few princes have been more full of adventures, more encompassed with dangers, than that of Henry IV. The circumstances under which he was placed, as well as his natural disposition, frequently threw him into situations in which persons of his class are seldom seen.* It will be our object to give here such a sketch of his early youth, and such traits and anecdotes of his later years, as, without interfering with history, may still farther serve to illustrate the character of this, certainly, with all his faults, noble-minded prince, as well as that of the times in which he lived.

Henry de Bourbon, named afterwards Henry IV., was born at Paris in 1553. He was the third child

* Mr. Hallam remarks, that Great Britain has had since William III. no monarch of more than ordinary endowments. It is the want of motive to exertion that is very much the cause of this. If princes had to pass through a youth such as was that of Henry de Bourbon, we should still see them what they once were, — the master-spirits of their age, not merely the hereditary but the natural leaders of their kind. However a man may be born a king or a poet, he cannot be born a general or a statesman. In days when it required at least great energy even to keep what a man possessed, men were *educated* as well as *born* kings.

of Antoine de Bourbon and of Jeanne d'Albret but the two elder were already dead. The circumstances attending the birth of Henry have already been noticed, in the life of Antoine de Bourbon. After the death of the two former children, Henri d'Albret required of his daughter that he should have the care of the next child, in order to bring it up in his own way. "You see," added he, "how you have succeeded in bringing up the others effeminately, and after the French fashion."

Immediately after the child had quitted his nurse, he received for governess Susanne de Bourbon-Busset, wife of Jean d'Albret, baron de Miossens, who brought him up in the château de Coarase, which was situated in the midst of the rocks of the Pyrenees. It was in that wild and savage spot, amid that magnificent mountain scenery, that the infancy of Henry IV. was passed; and there was formed that robust constitution, which, in the sequel, was so necessary to enable him to support the inclemency of the seasons, hunger and thirst, continual marches, the most severe fatigue, and vexations of mind still more harassing. He seems an example of the superiority of such an education as he received, amid the simplicity and hardships of a mountain life, over one conducted amid the luxury and effeminacy of the plains.

Henry d'Albret knew well that if a vigorous constitution gives neither courage nor genius, it is generally in well organised bodies that the strongest minds are found. He knew that, unlike what happens generally in regard to the weak and the strong, where the strong commands and the weak

obey, the more feeble the body is, the more it commands, and that the mind is never worse served than in a weak and languishing body, in the preservation of which it is incessantly occupied. He wished, therefore, his grandson to be accustomed to walk, with feet and head uncovered, to run, to clamber up rocks, and to harden himself by sharing in the games and the exercises of the little mountaineers. He was fed like them; his ordinary fare was brown bread, beef, cheese, and garlic. He ate, with indifference, hot and cold. He would have considered the Spartan broth delicious. The exercise which he took gave him an appetite, and made him regard as excellent all sorts of food, provided he could have enough of them.

His clothes were not more delicate than his food; he was distinguished by nothing from his playfellows; there was nothing to apprise him that he should one day be a king, and to inspire him beforehand with that puerile vanity which announces a soul narrow and unworthy to command. There were no valets, no slaves, about him, none of those dangerous courtiers who, to attach him to themselves, flatter all the caprices, and serve all the passions, of an infant prince. This is the only way in which it is possible to educate, with any chance of success, a young person born to reign. We have heard of one instance,—and it is an instance that nearly concerns the happiness of our country,—where the parent of the future monarch adheres so strictly to the above-mentioned plan, as never, even for a moment, to leave her precious charge alone with a servant.

This sort of early education was attended with great success in the case of young Henry. By the time he was two years old he was already strong, and remarkable for his engaging manners and disposition. He displayed an infantine courage, which transported with joy his grandfather, and led him to hope that he would one day avenge him of the pride and injustice of the Spaniards; but Henry d'Albret did not live long enough to be a witness of the glory of his foster-child.

As soon as Henry de Bourbon had left the hands of his governess, Jeanne d'Albret undertook the charge of his education. But she soon felt that to form a king was a task above the powers of a woman alone; she therefore sought out in all France enlightened men with whom she might share the weight of her son's education. Birth and interest were not claims in her eyes. She would have considered herself culpable towards her people, if she had neglected to collect about her son the most virtuous men, and those most capable of inculcating all the great duties which would be one day imposed upon him.

Charles de Beaumanoir at first presided over the education of the prince, but his health did not permit him to continue his functions. He was succeeded by the seigneur de la Case, of the illustrious house of Pons en Saintange; and afterwards by the baron de Beauvoir. Whatever confidence the queen of Navarre had in them, she did not let her son out of her sight: she, above all things, avoided sending him too early to the court of France, where the courtiers would only have sought to amuse and corrupt him.

He appeared there, nevertheless, at the age of five; but he only remained a few months. His mother hastened to carry him back into Béarn, where the manners were at once more simple and more pure.

Henry II. saw him depart with regret: his graceful and engaging manners, and his happy physiognomy, had prepossessed him in his favour; he even asked him of Jeanne d'Albret, in order to educate him with the dauphin. She would never consent to it: her repugnance was very natural. The king did not insist upon it; but he destined him for the husband of his daughter Marguerite, who was nearly of the same age. He even spoke of it to the child: "Will you be my son?" said he to him, taking him on his knees. "No," replied the prince, and pointing out to the king Antoine de Bourbon; "that gentleman there is my father." "You are right," replied the monarch; "but, at least, will you be my son-in-law?" "Yes," replied the child. From that time, and without further preliminaries, his marriage with the princess was resolved upon.

Antoine de Bourbon, having been declared lieutenant-general of the kingdom, sent for Jeanne d'Albret and the prince of Navarre, then seven years old, that they might be near him. When he was killed, his widow made haste to return into her own territories. Catherine de Medicis, who feared the masculine courage of that heroine, devoted to the protestant sect, did not permit her to carry away the little Henry. She was anxious to retain him at Paris, as a hostage for the conduct of his mother. He was placed in the college of Navarre, where he had for the companions of his studies the duke

d'Anjou, who afterwards became his king, under the name of Henry III., and Henry duke de Guise, who did every thing to become so. It was observed that those three Henries were very close friends as long as they remained in this college: there was no altercation amongst them. The queen of Navarre had given her son an able preceptor, named La Gaucherie, who endeavoured to initiate him in the sanctuary of literature, not by the rules of grammar, but by discourses and conversations. He made him learn by heart the most striking and instructive passages of the poets; he read with him the Greek and Latin historians; and he sometimes joined to these the finest passages of modern history. Of all the works of the ancients, the "illustrious men" of Plutarch was that which possessed most attraction for the prince of Navarre. He made it his delight. It is related that on the first reading of the life of Camillus, the virtue of that Roman who saved his country, after having been unjustly banished from it, drew from him tears of admiration and tenderness. But when he came to that of Coriolanus, who visited Rome with fire and sword, he was struck with horror. La Gaucherie then informed him, that France had also had her Coriolanus,—and that he was the last constable de Bourbon. Indignation, grief, and shame, were depicted in the eyes and gestures of the child. He rose from his seat, walked about hastily, twisted his arms, and only discontinued his violent agitation to seize upon a genealogical table of his house, from which he effaced the name of the constable de Bourbon, and substituted in its place that of the chevalier Bayard.

La Gaucherie did not live long. He was succeeded by the Orléanois Florent Chrétien, a distinguished *savant*, and of gentle manners, who professed the reformed religion, and educated the prince in it.

Henry profited by the lessons of his masters. He is said to have acquired sufficient knowledge of the Latin tongue to translate the best writers of it. Casaubon speaks with admiration of a translation which the young prince had made of the Commentaries of Cæsar.

Of all the maxims of the ancients, those which recommend contempt of danger and of death pleased him most. Catherine de Medicis had introduced at court lotteries which were then called *Blanques*. The holders wrote upon their tickets a sentence of their selection. The prince gained several prizes; upon his *billet* was inscribed the famous device of the Spartans—H NIKAN H ΑΠΟΘΑΝΕΙΝ, "to conquer or die." Catherine de Medicis wished to know of him what these Greek words signified in French; he always refused to satisfy her: the queen learned elsewhere, and forbade them to inculcate in him such principles, more calculated, she said, to render a child obstinate than to enlighten him.

He had also some talent for design. It is mentioned, in the Mémoires de Nevers, that he had traced with the pen an antique vase which a master would not have disowned. On the foot of the vase were written by himself these three words, "Opus Principis otiosi," the work of an idle prince. He knew then, as the inscription shows, that there

are talents and occupations to which a prince ought not to devote himself but when he has nothing better to do. Henri de Bourbon was taken from college in 1564, by Catherine de Medicis. He accompanied that princess in the great journey which she undertook to the south of France, with the king her son, and all the court. It was then that the foundation was laid of that taste for pleasure, which was the besetting weakness of this prince through life. Fortunately the early education which he had received among the rocks of the Pyrenees, and the lessons of his virtuous mother, prevented him from abandoning himself to it entirely; but how much more fortunate it would have been for Henry, if he had passed his youth, as he had done his boyhood, more in the society of that mother, and less in that of the profligate Florentine, Catherine de Medicis.

Medicis, not content with admitting him to join in her amusements and her promenades, included him also in her parties of devotion, and permitted him to accompany her into the privy council, where the king was only with his principal ministers. It is said that he was present at the secret conference which was held at Bayonne between the duke of Alba and the queen mother; he heard the plans which were in agitation against those of the new religion. Struck with the expression of the Spaniard, "That a salmon's head is worth more than those of a hundred frogs;" he had sufficient presence of mind to conceal his emotion. On the breaking up of the council, he communicated to the sage Calignon, afterwards chancellor of Navarre, what he had just

heard, and charged him to make it known to Jeanne d'Albret. This discovery was the principal cause of the second civil war.

There is another anecdote related of the prince of Navarre, which belongs to this place. The court, after having quitted Bayonne, proceeded from Condom to Nérac, and remained there several days. The prince was shooting with the bow with Charles IX. and young Henri de Guise. The two last, being older and stronger, won each several games. Every time that fortune favoured the duke de Guise, he gave up to the king the advantage of shooting first. The prince of Navarre also won, but he was not so complaisant as Guise. Charles IX. wished to draw his bow; the prince placed himself before him, in order to prevent him. Charles thrust him out of the way; the prince obstinately persevered; at last the king bent his bow, and took aim. Henry did the same. Charles IX., indignant, quitted the game; but, making use of his royal authority, he ordered the prince's governor to take him away, and inflict upon him the punishment of children. This order was executed without pity.

The prince did not remain long at the court of Medicis; his mother knew well the danger which his religion and his morals there incurred; she hastened to rejoin him, and obtained permission of Charles IX. to take him away into Bearn, "in order to educate him," said she, "in the sentiments of respect and fidelity which he owes to his lord the king."

Henry remained several years in Bearn and

Guyenne. Jeanne d'Albret suffered him to go into all the towns of those two provinces where he might find the amusements of his age. It was remarked that everywhere he attached persons to him; his address was kind, his manners affable, his deportment easy; he had, in a word, all the graces of the most amiable courtier, but he had equally all their tastes; he delighted in good cheer, gaming, and balls. The poet has truly said that

"Monarchs seldom woo in vain;"

and assuredly there have been few of these royal wooers gifted with such advantages of person and character as young Henry of Navarre.

"Not his the form, not his the eye,
That youthful maidens wont to fly."

"Les dames," says his French historian, and it is in relating such matters that the language of his country is most happy, "en étoient folles, elles ne négligoient rien pour lui plaire, et entretenoient par leurs complaisances et leurs cajoleries le penchant qu'il avoit déjà pour le plaisir."*

Such a life was necessarily expensive: he often wanted money, but he imagined a good method of procuring it; he sent to the men, and even to the women, of his acquaintance, *billets* written and signed with his own hand, begging that they would either send him back those *billets*, or the sum for which he therein acknowledged himself the debtor. It may be supposed that there was not a house where he was

* Desormeaux, vol. iv. p. 367. Paris, 1786. 4to.

refused; it was considered an honour to have a *billet* of the prince of Navarre, so much the more as astrologers had predicted that he would be one of the greatest kings in the world.

But these little journeys did not prevent him from continuing his studies. The austere Jeanne d'Albret would not have suffered him to lead always a dissipated life. He even studied more than he had done before his journey to Bayonne; but it was rather from a sense of duty than from taste. He had observed in history how princes are despised, who are elevated to thrones which their incapacity prevents them from filling in a becoming manner; and he wished not to resemble them.

His mother, at the same time, was anxious to enlighten him with respect to the ideas and prejudices against the huguenots, with which they had attempted to inspire him at the court of Medicis. She taught him to distinguish in all parties, in all religions, the attachment to his God and his king, from that inhuman zeal which burns and massacres in the name of a God of mercy, and from that hypocritical ambition which, by turns, invokes religion without believing in it, and authority without obeying it. She particularly laboured to destroy the unfavourable impressions which had been left in her son's mind by the spectacle of churches and monasteries burned by the huguenots.

It was against the catholics of Lower Navarre that Henri de Bourbon appeared for the first time in arms: he was then entering his fifteenth year. At his approach the rebels gained the mountains, their usual asylum. Before pursuing them, he exhorted them to

return to their duty; he assured them that the queen his mother was very far from wishing to constrain them in their belief; that she only required of them the submission which was due to her in quality of sovereign. The reasonable language was listened to by the people; they threw the blame of their revolt upon the noblesse of the country, who dared to impute to Jeanne d'Albret the odious project of getting rid of all the catholics of her dominions.

On the arrival of Jeanne d'Albret at Rochelle, she was received by the inhabitants with the greatest honours. The mayor harangued her in the name of the town. He paid the same honour to the prince, who replied in a tone of confidence, "I have not studied speaking so much as you; but I assure you that, if I do not speak so well, I will act better; I can act much better than I can speak." But he was near being released from his promise. As he was walking by the sea, on the side of the pier, he fell into the water and disappeared; a sailor immediately plunged in after him, reached him under the water, and brought him up on his shoulders. The prince had then reason to regret that swimming had not formed a part of his education; an art not much less useful than that of fencing and riding.

In 1572, Henry's mother, the queen of Navarre, died. She was generally regretted, not only by her own party, but by every person of worth and friend of peace in France. Her mind was well cultivated; she spoke most of the modern languages; was mistress of Latin, and knew something of Greek. She wrote French, in verse and prose, both with facility

and energy. To these talents she joined a sound judgment, a rare intrepidity, and a sincere attachment to her duties. "Reine," says D'Aubigné, "n'ayant de femme que le sexe, l'âme entière aux choses viriles, l'esprit puissant aux grandes affaires, et le cœur invincible aux adversités." This high eulogium, traced by a huguenot hand, is confirmed by the most estimable catholic authors. She seized with ardour upon all occasions to instruct the proselytes of reform; she sent into Biscay, to instruct the people, ministers who knew the Biscayan language; she caused to be translated for the use of that province the catechism, the prayers, and the New Testament of Geneva. When the progress of religion was in question, she neither feared difficulties nor dangers, she neither spared trouble nor money. But she was not content with watching over the instruction of her subjects, she taught them by example; she never missed the preachings of her pastors. A curious anecdote on this subject is found in P. Mathieu. The preachers had permitted her, during the sermon, to work in embroidery or in tapestry, in order to hinder her from sleeping; but, in the middle of this occupation, her attention was so strong, and her memory so faithful, that, at the end of the sermon, she could repeat, word for word, the whole discourse of the orator.

The following story shows how attentive she was to repress any evil passions in her son. Having observed, one day, that he was supplied with more money than usual, she wished to know whence that money came. The prince confessed, blushing, that he had won it at dice, a game which was absolutely

forbidden him, as well as all other games of chance. Jeanne d'Albret ordered that her son, although he was then fifteen years old, and had just been declared head of his party, should be severely punished. Bourbon represented to his mother, in a tone half serious and half jesting, that "it would bring little glory to her, and would be too much of a jest, for a general who commanded so many men to be treated like a child." This observation procured him his pardon.

CHAP. XIII.

HENRY IV. CONTINUED.

HAVING given a brief sketch of the early youth of Henry IV., we shall select a few anecdotes of his riper years; and as those were chiefly occupied with love and war, the anecdotes will naturally be of that description.

The following is an example of the manner in which Henry IV. sometimes lost some of his stanchest friends. Among the maids of honour who accompanied Catherine de Medicis was remarked Mademoiselle d'Ayelles, a young person who united in a high degree the fascinations of beauty, grace, and wit. There were few who were able to escape the snares of the enchantress; and even one of those austere huguenots, who were called *fronts d'airain*, on account of their inviolable attachment to their sect, acknowledged the influence of her charms. He was named Ussac, was of an advanced age, and of a countenance terrible as much by the hardness of his features as by the scars of the wounds which he had received in battle. He had rendered great services to his party; and the king of Navarre, by way of rewarding him, had confided to him the government of La Réole. The homage of the old warrior delighted the coquette D'Ayelles, who did not fail to amuse herself at it with her companions. Ussac became

the laughing-stock of the waggish young persons of both courts; Bourbon was among the foremost to amuse himself at the expense of the poor gentleman. Ussac had despised all the sarcasms of his companions; but he was so sensible to those of the prince, that, in order to avenge himself, he delivered up La Réole to Catherine de Medicis, and turned catholic.*

The king of Navarre was at a ball with the two

* It was thus that Mary of Scotland, Henry's connection by marriage, disgusted the uncourtly and austere Lindesay. "The queen turned to him with inexpressible sweetness of tone and manner, and that engaging look which Heaven had assigned her, as if to show that the choicest arts to win men's affections may be given in vain. 'Lindesay,' she said, 'you spoke not to me in this stern tone, and with such scurril taunt, yon fair summer evening, when you and I shot at the butts against the earl of Mar and Mary Livingstone, and won of them the evening's collation, in the privy garden of St. Andrew's. The master of Lindesay was then my friend, and vowed to be my soldier. How I have offended the lord of Lindesay I know not, unless honours have changed manners.'

"Hard-hearted as he was, Lindesay seemed struck with this unexpected appeal, but almost instantly replied, 'Madam, it is well known that your grace would in those days make fools of whomsoever approached you. I pretend not to have been wiser than others. But gayer men and better courtiers soon jostled aside my rude homage; and I think your grace cannot but remember times when my awkward attempts to take the manners that pleased you were the sport of the court popinjays, the Maries, and the Frenchwomen.'

"'My lord, I grieve if I have offended you through idle gaiety,' said the queen, 'and can but say it was most unwittingly done. You are fully revenged; for through gaiety,' she said, with a sigh, 'will I never offend any one more.'"— *The Abbot*, vol. ii. p. 223, 224.

queens when he learned this disagreeable news. Upon the spot he made a sign to Turenne, to Rhoni, to Batz, and to some other seigneurs, to leave the saloon. He soon after made his escape himself, mounted on horseback, and, followed by some troops, went to take Fleuranges. Medicis would have sworn that her son-in-law had slept at Auche. When she knew the following day the nocturnal exploit of the prince, she only laughed. "I see very well," said she, "that the king of Navarre wished to have cabbage for cabbage, but mine is better-headed."

Bourbon, in order to render the advantage more equal, surprised, some days after, Saint Emilion, by means of a mine which he dug under the great tower of the town. The tower was blown into the air; and such was the explosion, that Medicis, who was then at Coutras, heard it. She was displeased at it, and demanded that the place should be restored to her, pretending that it was contained in the circle marked out by the truce; but the king of Navarre, having proved the contrary, remained master of his conquest.

However, hostilities were sometimes carried so far, that the two courts removed from one another with much bitterness; but *le besoin du plaisir* always brought them together again. Separated from the ladies, the courtiers languished a prey to *ennui;* joining them again, they gave themselves up to dissipation, and thought they enjoyed every pleasure.

The king of Navarre conducted the two courts into his county of Foix, in order to afford them, on the Pyrenees, the spectacle of a bear-hunt. The

queens and the other ladies, frightened at the description which was given them of it, declined making their appearance; and they were right. There was one bear which tore in pieces several horses, and forced his way through ten Swiss or musqueteers. There was found another, which, pressed up upon a rock, and pierced with twenty wounds, sprang upon seven or eight hunters, and precipitated them along with him into an abyss, where they perished.

The cardinal de Bourbon joined them, and pressed his nephew to re-enter the bosom of the church. Henry, wearied with his exhortations, and knowing the connection of the cardinal with the league, said to him, without answering his proposal, "Uncle, I am assured that there are some who wish to make you king; beg them to make you pope; that will be more in your way, and you will be greater than they and all the kings together."

Medicis soon perceived that the king of Navarre was far from being willing to abjure Calvinism; she confined herself then to asking of him the restitution of the strongholds; she met with a new refusal. In the letters which she wrote to the king her son, she complained that she no longer found in her son-in-law that easy and mild character which had formerly rendered him the delight of the court of France.

Dissatisfied with the chief of the huguenots, the queen mother attempted at least to gain over the grandees, and the deputies of the churches of France, whom the king of Navarre had just convoked at Montauban; she repaired to that town

with Pibrac, upon the assistance of whose policy she counted, as well as that of the beauty and artifices of her *maids of honour*. In the close intercourse which this princess had kept up, for nearly a year, with the protestants, she had accustomed herself to make use, after their example, of passages of scripture. Her maids of honour, on their part, invented among themselves an amusement, which was, they said, to speak the language of Canaan. D'Ayelles gave lessons in it to her companions, which greatly amused old Medicis, who had no other way of revenging herself on the reformed.

Having arrived at Montauban, the queen-mother never ceased to boast of the great advantages of peace. This "most pernicious woman" announced herself every where as the mother not only of the king but also of the people, [perhaps she meant in the same sense in which Charles II. of England announced himself as the father of his people,] as the tutelary angel of France. She gave to the monarch the titles of *anointed of the Lord*, of *living image of God upon earth*, and begged the most zealous of the reformed to take God as their judge between them and their sovereign; she herself called the Eternal to witness her sincerity and the sensibility of her soul. The better to please the protestants, she quoted on every occasion texts of the Old and New Testament, which she little understood and still less observed. It may be proper to remark, that the above sketch is taken from a catholic writer, and consequently the features which it exhibits of the portrait of Catherine de Medicis are not likely to be overcharged. As she is pleased to term her royal

son the anointed of the Lord, the living image of God upon earth, perhaps the reader may be curious to know what sort of an image that was in those days. The following is a picture of one of the royal sons of Catherine de Medicis (the same as is here alluded to) drawn by the hand of Sully:—

"I shall ever remember the attitude and whimsical attire in which I found this prince (Henry III.) in his cabinet. He had a sword at his side, a hood hung down upon his shoulders, a little cap upon his head, *and a basket full of little dogs suspended from his neck by a large riband;* and he kept himself so inflexible, that, in speaking to us, he neither moved his head, nor his feet, nor his hands."

"Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis amici?"

Catherine de Medicis did not quit Guyenne till she had done all the evil she could. Though she was enraged at the prudence with which her son-in-law had escaped her snares, she debauched his best catholic officers. Among those whom she could not seduce, she scattered envy, hatred, and discord, by means of her maids of honour, to whom cunning, falsehood, and calumnies cost nothing, and who were ready to go to all extremes to meet the views of their mistress. The court of Navarre was soon the scene of quarrels and duels, like that of France.

The rage for duels, as has been remarked in a previous chapter, was then very general in France. The most grave personages, whilst they reprobated this practice, fought like others upon occasions, accustomed as they were to respect opinion. De Thou relates, that, in a journey which he made into Languedoc, he found the prince de Condé at Mont-

pellier, who invited him to a great dinner with several persons of quality. During the repast, the conversation turned upon duels. Isaac de Vaudrai-Mouy, a brave huguenot, maintained that a gentleman was obliged to defend his honour, and to prefer it to life. Condé replied, that a noble * who possessed valour and probity, frankness and disinterestedness, had no occasion to fight in order to merit public esteem; that a vicious and corrupt nobleman was not a bit better for having sustained well a single combat; that even victory did not restore honour to him who had lost it; and that, in short, duels were proscribed by the divine law, which commands us to refer all our actions to God, and not to ourselves: he added, that a man is not allowed to draw the sword but for the defence of his country or that of his own life. The minister, who stood behind the prince's chair, being asked if it was permitted to fight in a private quarrel, replied, that one could not do so without violating the Christian charity and hazarding his eternal salvation. "You see," replied Condé, addressing himself to Vaudrai and the other guests, "you see that it is time to undeceive yourselves; I will answer for your honour as long as you are faithful to the law of God, and to the duties which you have to fulfil towards your country and mankind." These arguments of the prince, although founded on reason, did not make any converts. Yet it must be confessed that duels were in proportion much less

* It is to be remarked that, before the revolution, noblemen and gentlemen in France were synonymous terms; strictly speaking, nobleman is the proper translation of *gentilhomme.*

frequent among the reformed than among the catholics.

We now give a sketch of another kind. In 1580 took place the storm of Cahors. Vezins threw himself into the town with a hundred gentlemen and a number of old soldiers. He armed and disciplined the inhabitants, and provided so well for the defence of Cahors that, after his death, there was found in his strong-box a *billet* on which there were only these words: "A fig for the king of Navarre!" The strength of the place added still more to the confidence of the commandant. Cahors is situated on the river Lot, by which it is almost entirely surrounded. It can only be approached by a tongue of land which leads to the porte de la Barre. The place communicates with the country by three bridges, which were defended by good bastions.

The king of Navarre knew the intrepidity, the vigilance, and all the resources of Vezins. He did not think of forming a regular siege; that would have been a rash enterprise; he could scarcely bring into the field as many soldiers as there were in the town: he therefore thought only of surprising it. He had recourse to an instrument of destruction at that time little known, but of which frequent use was afterwards made in all the wars in France and in the Low Countries. This instrument consists of a vase filled with gunpowder, the mouth of which is secured by two strong bars of iron crossed in the form of a saltier or St. Andrew's cross. It is applied to a gate, a bastion, or a wall, and set fire to by means of a lighted match: the noise which it

makes in bursting has obtained for it the name of pétard.

Bourbon having prepared two of these infernal machines, in order to break the only two gates which were accessible, set out from Montauban, which is ten leagues distant from Cahors, with sixteen hundred men. He managed his march so well that he arrived at midnight in a plantation of walnut-trees, five hundred paces distant from the town; there, after having made his troops take some repose, he thus drew up the order of attack: —

First marched the pétardiers in the middle of some soldiers armed with hatchets for the purpose of enlarging the breaches which they meant to open: they were protected by Gontaud de Salignac with his company. Then came St. Martin, captain of the gardes du corps of the king of Navarre, at the head of a troop d'élite; he was supported by Roquelaure, who commanded the volunteer noblesse, among whom Bourbon had taken his post. Lastly, at some distance, advanced the viscount de Gourdon with twelve hundred arquebusiers.

The pétard applied to the first gate of the bridge blew it into the air; but the opening was so narrow that Salignac and his companions could only enter by creeping on their bellies. They rushed upon the corps de gardes of the two bastions, and despatched them; at the same time they hastened to make use of the other pétard, which burst the second gate with a strong explosion. The noise, together with that of a storm which raged in the air, suddenly awoke the inhabitants. Some flew to arms; others, half naked, gained the roofs of their houses,

from which they poured down upon the assailants a shower of stones, tiles, and pieces of wood.

Salignac had already gained the great square; St. Martin and Roquelaure arrived in line. They encountered Vezins, who, without having allowed himself time to assume his helmet and cuirass, had rushed to repulse the enemy with four hundred of his most resolute soldiers. After firing on both sides a few shots, they engaged in close combat with their swords and pikes. Vezins fell dead; his troops gave way, but, continually reinforced by the inhabitants who came up, they returned to the charge. St. Martin was killed, Salignac and Roquelaure dangerously wounded, and obliged to leave the combat; the huguenots fell back in their turn, as far as the gate of the bridge by which they had entered. At that moment the king of Navarre, reinforced by the viscount de Gourdon and his twelve hundred arquebusiers, returned to the charge, and regained the lost ground, but not without experiencing the most courageous resistance. Night still obscured the sky, and they slaughtered one another by the light of lightning and the fire of the musketry. If to the horror of the darkness we join the repeated peals of thunder, the shrill sound of all the bells of the town, which sounded the tocsin, the continual cries of "Charge!" "Kill!" the lamentations of the women and children, the groans of the wounded and the dying, we shall have a just idea of the scene of horror which agitated Cahors. But, at last,

> "Day glimmer'd on the dying and the dead,
> The cloven cuirass and the helmless head"

The day at last appeared, and the storm ceased. The king of Navarre renewed the attack, but it was always received with the same intrepidity. Whilst a part of the inhabitants fought, the rest constructed barricades in the streets: at every cross-way there was a combat to sustain; at every house there was an assault to be made. Bourbon had broken two partisans; his arms were all drilled with shot. In that frightful situation he did not allow himself or any of his men to quit the arquebuse for a moment; they took no nourishment but with arms in their hands, and they only reposed by supporting themselves in a standing posture against the shops. The weight of their arms, the fatigue, the wounds, the excessive heat, had exhausted the strength of the assailants. The prince himself, his feet scorched and bleeding, could scarcely support himself; his courage was all that remained to him.

It was the third day of the attack, when a rumour spread that a body of troops was advancing to the succour of the town. The huguenot noblesse surrounded the king of Navarre, and entreated him to open for himself, sword in hand, a retreat into the country, in order to save his life. "Speak no more to me of that," replied he, with a serene air; "my retreat out of this town will be that of my soul out of my body." At the same time he returned to the charge of the enemy, made new efforts, and gained some advantages, which were not decisive. He was indebted for his safety and for victory only to his foresight. Before attacking Cahors, he had commanded Choupes to bring him all the troops which he could collect in the viscounty of Turenne.

Choupes set out on his march with four hundred men of approved valour. On approaching Cahors, he was informed of the danger in which the king of Navarre was placed. He precipitated his march into the town by the Pont Neuf, and encountered six hundred arquebusiers, who formed barricades in the street by which Bourbon had entered, and from which they meant to preclude his departure. To fall upon these and put them to flight was only the work of a moment. Choupes pursued them as far as the Hôtel de Ville, of which he took possession, as well as of three pieces of cannon and a culverin. Thence he pushed on to the college, and joined Bourbon, whom he found alone, issuing his orders in the midst of the thickest fire: almost all his officers had been killed or wounded. By the aid of Choupes the prince succeeded in setting fire to the college.

At daybreak the following day, Bourbon detached Choupes with his companions to fight the auxiliary troops who were approaching the town. Choupes set out, attacked the enemy, dispersed them, and re-entered Cahors victorious.

In the mean time the king of Navarre had put in to a serviceable condition the three pieces of cannon and the culverin taken at the Hôtel de Ville. He pointed them against the college, where the greatest number of the inhabitants had taken refuge, and had succeeded in extinguishing the fire. Having made a breach, Henry assaulted and carried it. But the other citizens still stood out intrenched in fourteen streets. He at last succeeded in surrounding them, and obliging them to lay down their arms. Thus

ended this terrible combat, which lasted three days and four nights.

The huguenots, who had suffered so much, breathed nothing but carnage and plunder; all that the king of Navarre could obtain from them was, that they should shed no more blood. He gave up to them the town, which was entirely sacked; the soldiers pillaged all the churches, and even burned them. "My good fortune," says Sully, in his Memoirs*, "caused to fall into my hands a little iron box, where I found four thousand crowns in gold," probably the hard-won earnings of years of the labour of some industrious *bourgeois*.

"But some must watch, whilst some must sleep;
So runs the world away."

At least so it was in that *bon vieux temps* when the *gentilshommes* played and fought, and all the rest of mankind sweated and endured.†

The king of Navarre, who never sufficiently believed in the wickedness of the men of his age, could not subject himself to precautions which were too much at variance with his vivacity and his taste for a free and dissipated life. He, therefore, continued to go to the chace, and to enter the châteaus of the noblesse with few attendants. Often, tired and hungry, he entered the houses of the peasants, ate with them, and testified towards them the cordiality of a father and a friend. His servants remonstrated with him on it; but, always firm and intrepid, he answered them, laughing, "Well, well,

* Mémoires de Sully, livre i. p. 95.

† Though no terms could be more opposed to each other than *gentilhomme* and *bourgeois*, yet the *gentilhomme* of those days was not unlike the *boroughmonger* of the present.

I do not remember to have heard of a king ever having been assassinated or poisoned in a thatched cottage." He considered himself, with reason, more secure in the open country with these good and honest people, than in towns, where it is so easy for assassins to conceal themselves. "Au reste," says a catholic writer, "it is a justice which cannot be refused to the huguenots, their having protected their prince from all the plots formed against his life, as long as he remained among them."

The king of Navarre was indignant that, contrary to the last treaty, several towns of his domain should be retained from him, and among others the Mont-de-Marsan. The monarch, wearied with his complaints, wrote to the maréchal de Matignon, who commanded in Guyenne, to put him in possession of that place, and he ordered the inhabitants to receive him as their lord. But whether Matignon received in secret contrary orders, or whether he thought that he should do good service to the king by preserving to him a town which commanded a great extent of country, he eluded for three years the most pressing solicitations of the king of Navarre.

That prince, tired of the subterfuges of the maréchal, resolved to repossess himself of his property by force and address. Condé had come to see him at Nérac, accompanied by his guards; for in those stormy times a great huguenot lord dared not travel without an escort. On the day after his arrival, Bourbon communicated to him the plan which he had formed to surprise le Mont-de-Marsan. Condé wished to participate in the glory and

the peril of the enterprise. Immediately after having sent to reconnoitre the place, the two cousins commenced their march across the heaths, having no other troops but their companies of guards, and several gentlemen of the neighbourhood, whom they had invited as to a hunting party. They arrived at the close of day on the banks of the Douze, one of the rivers which served for a fosse to the Mont-de-Marsan. That town passed at that time for a very strong one, as much by reason of its situation upon a mountain and between two deep rivers, as because it was fortified with walls, towers, bastions, and a castle, and, besides, defended by a garrison of some thousands of inhabitants, zealous catholics.

The king of Navarre had secured a boat of hollow wood, such as is found upon the Douze; he put into it about sixty soldiers, who lay pêle-mêle, one upon another. When they were disembarked, they found their way impeded by briars so high and so thick that it was impossible for them to penetrate to the gate of the castle which they had orders to scale. The boat returned to the bank to take in new soldiers; but some of those of the first detachment having repassed the Douze by swimming, informed their comrades of the obstacles which presented themselves, and deterred them from embarking. The enterprise was on the point of failing, but for the courage of one of the first assailants. This man desperately entered among the briars, and opened himself a passage with his sword, of which he made use to cut them; he had his hands and his arms covered with blood; nevertheless, he called to his comrades to follow him, and to die rather than go

away without having seen the enemy. His example and his words reanimated those who were present: the guards of the princes who were at last passed, finished the cutting down of the briars with their sabres, and opened to themselves a way with much labour and time. The day began to dawn; they apprehended being discovered and cut in pieces by the enemy: a violent and tempestuous rain came to their assistance; they gained the wall of the castle, and mounted that by the aid of two ladders. Having arrived in a garden, they found themselves shut up in it; they took advantage of some hatchets with which they had provided themselves, to break open the doors, and at last penetrated into the town. Some remained in the *place*, and in the middle of the streets, with their pistols in their hands, in order to keep down the inhabitants; others ran to the gates of the town, and opened them to the king of Navarre and the prince de Condé, who had also passed the Douze in a boat. What is wonderful, the garrison, the citizens, even the sentinels, gave no sign of life, so profoundly were they sunk in sleep. They were only awakened by the explosion of some fire-arms: this brought together the citizens almost naked. A disarmed multitude was easily dispersed, and the town was reduced without costing the life of more than one man. The king of Navarre gave so good orders, that by eight o'clock in the morning the shops were opened, and the workmen at their work. To see the calm which reigned in this town, carried by a *coup de main*, one would have said that the seigneur had only come to receive the homage of his vassals.

Every thing, however, authorised the king of Navarre to punish them as seditious; but clemency and the forgetfulness of injuries were so natural to him, that he had no less pleasure in pardoning, than the inhabitants in not being punished. They were affected to such a degree by his magnanimity, that, in all the wars which he had to sustain in the sequel, they assisted him with all their means, huguenot as he was.

Marguerite, Henry's wife, appeared before Villeneuve, a place divided by the river Lot into unequal parts. She seized upon the weaker, hoping soon to obtain possession of the other, which was only defended by the inhabitants. But Villeneuve had then for consul an old man who would have been worthy to be so at Rome, in the best times of the republic; his name was Cieutat. When he saw part of the town in the power of the enemy, he assembled the citizens, and inspired them with the most courageous resistance. Marguerite, who did not look for so much energy on the part of a few citizens, had recourse to one of those atrocities which barbarians have often made use of to conquer. She invited Cieutat to a conference in her camp, with the promise of sending him back free immediately after, if they should not come to terms. The consul distrusted the artful character of Marguerite; he had a presentiment of treachery; nevertheless, wishing to spare his country the miseries of a siege, he consented to the interview. Before departing, he exacted of the inhabitants an oath to defend themselves to their last breath; he then confided to his

son the guard of the bridge which joined the two parts of the town: "I forbid you," said he, "under pain of my curse, to surrender to the enemy the post with which I intrust you, even should I order you so to do with my own mouth." He then embraced him, and went alone into the camp of the catholics. He was received and presented to the queen, who, in an imperious tone, demanded of him the surrender of the place. Upon his refusal, he was handed over to the council of war, and condemned to death, if he did not oblige upon the spot his son to lay down his arms. He was conducted to the bridge, surrounded by soldiers with drawn swords, two of whom held poniards to his breast. In this deplorable condition he presented himself to the view of the besieged; they exhorted him to save his life, by commanding his son to open the gates; he only replied by a disdainful silence. The young warrior was then given to understand that his father was a dead man if he did not surrender. Reduced to betray his father or his country, the son affected not to understand the meaning of these confused cries and menaces. He made a sign to the enemy to approach: they approached. He then advanced with his men, as if to submit; but, all at once, he sprang, sword in hand, upon the executioners who surrounded the victim, put them to flight, and led back his father amid the acclamations of all the town.

At daybreak the following day, Cieutat returned to the enemy stratagem for stratagem; but his came within the limit of those permitted by the laws of war. He ordered the trumpets to sound a

flourish; it was to persuade the besiegers that the king of Navarre was at hand, although he was then far off. At the very name of this prince, Marguerite, struck with terror, precipitately raised the siege.

The prince de Condé had taken refuge at Saint Jean d'Angély, his usual asylum. He heard almost at the same time of the triumphs of the league, the weakness and defection of Henry III., and the success of the duke de Mercœur. He then thought only of marching to the aid of his oppressed brethren with his guards and some companies of arquebusiers. He was scarcely in the field when the noblesse of the neighbourhood came to join him, under the command of the viscount de Rohan and other nobles. He marched straight to the duke de Mercœur; the latter, wishing to avoid a decisive action, threw himself into one of the fauxbourgs of Fontenay, called Les Loges. Condé, who followed him, harassed him by frequent skirmishes, and made a show of besieging him. Mercœur, although reinforced by the garrison of the place, being afraid of having his position forced, decamped in the night, and marched as far as the fauxbourgs of Nantes, without stopping even to give time to his troops to eat. He abandoned his baggage and a part of his infantry, which, not having been able to follow him in so fatiguing a retreat, fell into the power of the huguenots. Among the prisoners was a gentleman ill of the quartan fever. Condé treated him with all the generosity which characterised him; but, naturally gay and lively, he imagined a pleasant mode of amusing

himself at the expense of the duke de Mercœur, whose name was pronounced like that of *Mercure.* He persuaded the poor prisoner that he had an admirable specific against quartan fevers, and that it would cure him if he would only carry for nine days a box containing the remedy which possessed so much virtue. The gentleman agreed to it; Condé himself attached it to his neck and sent him away free. The Duke de Mercœur, curious to see what there was in the box, opened it and only found these verses, written with the hand of Condé:—

" Fièvre chaude, je te conjure,
Par la rétraite de Mercure,
Que de ce corps-ci tu déloges,
Comme *Mercure* a fait des *Loges,*
Dont il a fait prompte rétraite,
Ayant la barbe à demi-faite."

A short time after this, Condé espoused Charlotte Cathérine de la Trémoille, daughter of Louis de la Trémoille and of Jeanne de Montmorency. This young lady, aged eighteen, united to high birth rare beauty and great wealth: she lived with her mother, in the château de Taillebourg, one of the strongest places of La Saintonge, situated on the Charente. The prince, on setting out for his unfortunate expedition of Angers, had stopped two days at Taillebourg, where he became enamoured of Mademoiselle de la Trémoille.

After the prince's departure, Jeanne de Montmorency, whether to prevent the important place of Taillebourg from falling into the hands of the Huguenots, or to oppose the marriage of her daughter, which she disapproved of, from her aversion to heresy, secretly asked for a catholic garrison from the

maréchal de Matignon, who sent her troops under the command of captain Beaumont. The latter at first established himself in the town, whence he besieged the castle, which they had not dared to deliver up to him. Mademoiselle de la Trémoille apprehended that the loss of this fortress would disgust her lover, and be the means of breaking off her marriage. Love suggested to her a happy stratagem; she wrote, without the knowledge of her mother, to her cousin the count de Laval, who, since the rout of Angers, had taken refuge at St. Jean d'Angély, to entreat him to come to her assistance. She intrusted with the message a page of the prince, whom she caused to be dismissed from the château under pretext that she could not endure him on account of his licentiousness; she obtained a passport for him from captain Beaumont. Laval was no sooner informed of the peril of Mademoiselle de la Trémoille, than he set out with five hundred cavalry, and appeared the same day in sight of Taillebourg. On his arrival, he attacked the intrenchment of the town, which Beaumont defended with the greatest vigour. Mademoiselle de la Trémoille, profiting by the terror in which her mother was, ordered the cannon to be fired, and thus placed the catholics between two fires. They soon gave way; some sought safety through the neighbouring marshes; the rest were taken, with the commandant. Mademoiselle de la Trémoille immediately opened the gates of the castle to her deliverer. Laval, making a generous use of his victory, set free all his prisoners without a ransom, out of consideration for the duchess de la Trémoille,

who declared that their leader had only acted in obedience to her orders. Before retiring, he left in the place, in order to secure it to his party, the company of guards of the prince de Condé. The duchess, ashamed of having failed in her manœuvres, retired to Poitiers. Her daughter, instead of accompanying her thither, followed her brother, one of the prince's companions in arms, to Rochelle, where she was married to the prince de Condé.

In 1586 Henry was surrounded by the greatest perils he ever encountered; he had need of all his resources to extricate himself from them. Mayenne had not been long in Guyenne, when Navarre thought fit to leave his flying camp at Sainte Foix, in order to make an excursion to Pau. Some say, that circumstances rendered this journey indispensable; others affirm, that, carried away by his passion for Corysande d'Andouins, he only wished to pass some days with her by way of indemnifying himself for his pains and labours. However that may be, the duke de Mayenne being informed of his journey, formed a plan of taking him. He gave orders to Matignon to join him with his army, which he distributed on both banks of the Garonne, in order to cut off from the king of Navarre all communication with his flying camp, and to surround him. At the same time, he himself marched into Bearn with the *élite* of his cavalry, following the track of his enemy, who was only accompanied by two hundred gentlemen. He had arranged his plan so well that it was almost impossible for his prey to escape him. Certain of his triumph, he wrote to the pope and to the

king, to inform them of the desperate situation of the *Béarnois*, and to claim the gift which they had granted him of the property of this prince, whom he was soon going to bring prisoner. In proportion as Mayenne advanced, the inclosure in which Bourbon was shut up was narrowed. Already he saw the foremost of the catholic troops appear; he then dismissed his two hundred gentlemen and his guards, to whom he appointed a rendezvous at Nérac. He immediately mounted his horse, and, with only two attendants, traversed Bearn and Armagnac, in the midst of parties of the enemy following his steps or crossing his path, and arrived at Nérac, after a course of twenty-three hours, without having taken any refreshment.

This first peril was nothing, compared to those that awaited him in the rest of the route. Shut up in a town covered by catholic troops, he thought to deceive them by tying together, and letting down by ropes, horses, by the stairs of two towers of the castle which faced the enemy. This laborious work was scarcely finished when the catholics appeared in force on the neighbouring heights. Bourbon drew up the citizens on the ramparts, and affected to show himself by flambeaux: it was about midnight. The marquis de Poyanne, who commanded the body of troops posted before Nérac, sent word to the prince not to persevere in a useless defence, and to surrender himself to him, assuring him that he would treat him with all the consideration and respect that were due to him. The prince answered the summons only by repeated discharges of all the artillery of the place, the noise of which, as he had

foreseen, drew to the spot all the detachments who were scouring the country. He then threw himself into the fields, with some officers and sixty of his guards, and rode full speed, as if to gain Lectoure; but he soon changed his road, and directed his course upon the Garonne, himself performing the functions of guide to his companions in the obscurity of the night. Every instant he met troops who were defiling towards Nérac; sometimes he stopped, and let them pass; sometimes he avoided them by making a circuit. Twice he was upon the point of falling in among large detachments; he then retraced his steps, serving as a vanguard to the enemy, till he got among some hospitable forests, into the depths of which he plunged. Through these perils he arrived on the banks of the Garonne, which he found deserted; but having perceived, by the light of the fires, part of the catholic army in motion, he fell back upon Caumont across the heaths, with every pathway of which he was acquainted. He at last entered the castle of that town, where he refreshed himself with his followers.

Exhausted by fatigue, he yielded to the want of sleep; but he had scarcely tasted the first sweets of it when he was suddenly awakened, and informed that the enemy was at the gates. He hastily mounted on horseback, after having ordered a part of his guards to go out on the side where they might be perceived, in order to turn upon them the attention of the catholics. He himself took the opposite road towards Damazan, and at daybreak again found himself on the banks of the Garonne, between

the two lines of the army of Mayenne. He had foreseen that the royalists, complete masters of the country, and having nothing to fear, would keep a negligent guard over the boats, which served them to keep up a communication between different quarters, and that it would be easy for him to surprise some of them. The event answered to his hopes. But scarcely had he reached the other bank, when he noticed the movements of a troop which was preparing to pursue him. He sank the boats which had carried him over, and saluted the enemy on the other side. He then rode rapidly off, and traversed the other quarters of the army, he and his followers replying to all the *qui-vive* by songs. He thus rode along the walls of the towns of Marmande and of La Sauvetat, covered with enemies, who came out to attack him: he escaped them in the turnings of the country. At last, towards evening, he entered Sainte Foix, where his flying camp was cantoned: his guards and the volunteers, from whom he had separated in Bearn, joined him; and he did not lose a single man, in a passage so long and difficult, where it seemed impossible for him and all his troops to escape being taken or killed.

However, notwithstanding all the courage and resources of the king of Navarre, it is probable that he would not have escaped the hands of Mayenne but for the count d'Aubeterre, who had been his page. That seigneur served in the army of the league as a general officer, and pretended to equal the most violent in animosity against the huguenots. As soon as he knew that Bourbon was shut up and surrounded in Bearn by two armies, he testified

much joy at it, and earnestly begged to be intrusted to guard the town of Sauvetat, under the walls of which his old master would be obliged to pass in order to join his troops at Sainte-Foix. The king of Navarre took possession of the boats already mentioned under the eyes of this officer, who did not pursue him till he knew that he was in safety.

Catherine de Medicis took the road to St. Bris, accompanied by the duke de Montpensier, the duke de Nevers, the maréchals de Biron, de Retz, de Lansac, de Rambouillet, the secretary of state Pinard, and a number of other seigneurs, so much the more agreeable to Bourbon as they had never mingled in the plots of the league. She did not forget her brilliant troop of beauties, themselves very eager to be seen by a prince as renowned for his gallantry as for his wit and valour. However, she counted less on the charms and allurements of her *filles d'honneur* than on the beauty and grace of the princess Christine de Lorraine, her grand-daughter, whose rare qualities were perfectly matched to the exterior gifts which she had received from nature. She intended to offer her to him for a wife, as more worthy than the abandoned and contemptible Marguerite of being the companion of a hero.

The king of Navarre repaired to the château de St. Bris at the same time as Medicis. He had for a retinue his most illustrious warriors, like himself covered with iron. At their head appeared the prince de Condé, the viscount de Turenne, La Rochefoucauld, Monguyon, La Force, and Favas. It was at first agreed that Bourbon should bring an

escort equal to that of the queen mother, which was fixed at fifty cavaliers; that that princess should lodge in the château, but that the king of Navarre should keep the keys of it. These precautions still did not satisfy either Bourbon, or his cousin, or the viscount de Turenne. They had such a distrust in the queen, that when one of them conferred in private with her, the two others mounted guard in her antichamber, to watch over the safety of their companion.

The first interview was public. Medicis was surrounded by her ladies, whose attractions were still further heightened by dress, and by the desire to fix the attention of the prince. At this spectacle, so dangerous for him, Bourbon was moved, and he had occasion for all his courage to avoid the snare. Medicis, prodigal of caresses, embracing him, said, "Come, my son, let us do some good."

"It will not be my fault, madam, if we do not; for that is what I desire."

"Well, speak — make some overture."

"There is no overture here for me," replied the prince, casting a look over all the company, who began to laugh.

"But what!" added the queen-mother, "will you be the cause of the destruction of this poor kingdom? and do you not consider that no person, after the king, has more interest in its safety than you?"

"You do not think so, any more than he, madame; since, during the last year, you have thrown eight armies upon my hands for the purpose of overwhelming me."

The rest of the conversation passed in complaints

and mutual reproaches. Medicis continued to insist upon the inevitable ruin of France, if the king of Navarre persisted in supporting the huguenots.

"Be not afraid of that, madame; I know that it will never be ruined to such a degree that there will not be some little corner in it for me."

"But will you not obey the king?" said Medicis. "Are you not afraid of exciting his anger against you."

"Madame, if I must tell you the truth, I have not obeyed him for the last eighteen months: for the king, instead of acting towards me the part of a father, has made war upon me like a wolf; and, as for you, you have done it like a lioness."

"My son," continued Medicis, "let us say no more about that; and let us act in such a manner that the trouble which I have given myself be not lost."

"What, madame! am I the cause of your troubles? have I ever hindered you from sleeping in your bed? It is you, on the contrary, who, for eighteen months, have hindered me from sleeping in mine; such trouble pleases and fattens you."

The queen, confounded at seeing herself so little regarded by her son-in-law, whom she had formerly beheld so pliant and so docile, was induced to ask for the prolongation of the truce. Bourbon granted it, but only for a few days. The old queen then began again to caress him, and even tickled him, no doubt for the purpose of discovering if he was armed under his dress. "Tenez, Madame," said the prince, tearing open his doublet, and showing his bare throat; "voyez, je ne sers personne à plat couvert."

CHAP. XIV.

HENRY IV. CONTINUED.

WHEN he was established on the throne of France, Henry sought a means of becoming the centre of all favours, without compromising justice and the state, by referring to the duke de Sully, who was called the *negative*, those who made him requests to which he ought not to attend. When those who had met with a refusal from Sully came to complain of it to the king, he himself joined in their complaints, and got himself out of the difficulty with a complaisance which made all the favours be ascribed to the king, and all the refusals to the minister. This policy proves how much he was persuaded that goodness or grace constitutes the first quality of kings. Having been told that in some countries no person was executed without the warrant being signed by the sovereign, he replied, "I would rather lose a hundred kingdoms than adopt a custom so unworthy of a sovereign." The French kings, in making the tribunals the depositary of the laws, reserved to themselves only the conferring of favours.

The following reply of Sully to one of the king's mistresses, who was dunning him for money to supply her extravagance, or that of her friends or relations, is just and characteristic of *monsieur Négatif*:—

"What you say, madame, would be reasonable enough, if his majesty took the money all out of his

own purse; but to make a new levy upon the merchants, artists, labourers, and countrymen, it will never do: it is by them that the king and all of us are supported; and it is enough that they provide for a master, without having so many cousins, friends, and mistresses to maintain." *

La Force and D'Aubigné were lying near the king's bed. The latter, believing the king asleep, began to complain, accusing him of ingratitude, and saying repeatedly to M. de la Force, who was half asleep, "Our master is the most villainous and ungrateful man upon the face of the earth;" to which the other, overcome with sleep, only answered these words: "What do you say, D'Aubigné?" The king, who was not asleep, and was listening to this dialogue, cried out, quite loud, "La Force, listen, if you please; do you not hear what D'Aubigné says, that I am the most ungrateful scoundrel in the world?"

D'Aubigné relates, under the year 1593, a nearly similar story, on the subject of madame Catherine, the king's sister, whom that prince did not wish to marry in a hurry; because he was glad to attach to himself different princes by the hope of this marriage. That gentleman, being at La Garnache in Poitou, slept in the king's chamber along with M. de Frontenac. The latter, to whom he was speaking very low of this marriage, not hearing well, said to him, by way of making him repeat what he had been saying, "What do you say?" The king, who had an extremely quick ear, called out to him from his bed, "You are surely deaf; don't you hear that

* Mémoires de Sully, liv. 16.

he says that I wish to have several husbands for my sister?" To which they replied, "Sleep, sire; we have many other good things to say at your expense." And this prince never troubled himself about the freedoms of his courtiers, nor testified towards any of them the slightest resentment.

From the same feeling arose in him that affability which scarcely discovered a glimpse of the majesty of kingship, which weak and little minds, in such positions, are always thrusting into the faces of all that approach them. Educated in camps, he had acquired those popular manners which rendered him the idol of the soldiers. During all the time the war lasted, finding himself frequently reduced to the greatest extremity and privations, without a train of attendants, without a table, without money, without a fixed abode, he had contracted a taste for a wandering life. He dined at the house of one, supped and slept at that of another, and insisted on the dismissal of every species of ceremonial, that he might enjoy the charms of familiar intercourse. When he became the peaceable possessor of the crown, he pursued, as far as a more rigorous etiquette permitted him, that kind of life. He loved to divest himself in some sort of his quality of king, to become simply a *man*. He sought to appear unknown, in order to hear truths that were useful to him. There often happened to him on these occasions very pleasant adventures, of which we shall transcribe a few from the authors who narrate them.

One day, being very hungry after the labour of the chase, he entered an inn on the high road, and placed himself at table with some merchants. After

dinner the conversation turned upon his conversion. He was not known, for he was always very simply dressed. After this conversation had continued some time, probably quite as much to the amusement as annoyance of Henry, a dealer in pigs settled the matter to his own satisfaction, and that of most of the company, by observing, "There's no use talking any more about that; what is bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh." (*La caque sent toujours le hareng*). A short time after, the king, having placed himself at the window, saw several lords coming in search of him, who, having perceived him at the window, immediately went up to the room where he was. The man of pigs observing that they called him "Sire," and "Your majesty," was extremely surprised, and would fain have recalled his indiscreet words. The king, on going away, tapped him on the shoulder, and said to him, "My good man, what is bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh; but it is in your case, and not in mine. I am, thank God! a good catholic; but you still retain the old leaven of the League."

In a hunting-party which he made towards the month of December, 1609, he followed the chase with so much ardour that he lost his way, and only arrived very late at Meudon. He sent his attendants into the taverns or eating-houses that could be found in the place, and went himself to claim the hospitality of a citizen of Paris, who had a house at Meudon. He found the master of the house at supper with his family. He forbade them to make any addition to their repast, sat down to table without allowing any one to change his place, ate

and drank with much appetite, and then went to bed. He did not awake next day till very late; and he said to the lords of his suite, "that he had never slept so soundly, or been so well refreshed."

On another occasion, being at the chase in the neighbourhood of Grosbois, he withdrew himself from his attendants, and went alone to Creteil, a league above Charenton. He arrived about the hour of dinner, and riding up to the door of the hôtellerie (hostelrie or inn), dismounted, and enquired of the hostess "if there was nothing there which could be served up to him." She replied that there was not, that he had come too late. But perceiving a well-garnished spit at the fire, he asked, "For whom, then, is this roast?" The hostess replied, that it was for some gentlemen who were above, and whom she believed to be attorneys. The king, whom she only took for a simple officer, begged her to tell them that a gentleman had just arrived, very weary and very hungry; that he entreated them to give up to him a small piece of their roast meat, or accommodate him with a corner of their table, and that he would willingly pay his reckoning. "*Etre poli et procureur*," wisely and truly observes the French Cid Hamet Benengeli, to whom posterity is indebted for the faithful transmission of this interesting and instructive story, "*n'est pas toujours même chose.*" The gentlemen in the room above, mine hostess's honoured guests of the "Dolphin-chamber," flatly refused the courteous offer of the weary and hungry stranger. As to their dinner, they said, there was not a morsel too much for them; and as for a place at their table, they wished

to be alone. Henry IV., having heard this reply, asked the hostess for a boy whom he could send in search of some of his companions. He sent to M. de Vitry, whom he designated under another name, and described by a great wide red riding-coat, which he wore. "You will tell him," added he, "to come, and find the master of the great horn." Vitry came, accompanied by eight or ten other lords; to whom the king related the rude behaviour of the attorneys towards him, charging them, at the same time, to seize and convey them to Grosbois, and not to fail to give them a sound flogging, in order to teach them better manners (*à être courtois*); all which Vitry executed to the letter. Perhaps, says the author who supplies this anecdote, it would have been more befitting a great king to have taken less notice of the unbecoming conduct of those individuals; but, according to the old proverb, it is ill thwarting a hungry man.

A short time after the peace of Vervins, Henry IV., returning from the chase plainly dressed, and having with him only two or three gentlemen, passed the Seine at the quai Malaquais, at the spot where it is still passed. Seeing that the boatman did not know him, he asked him what people said of the peace. "Faith," replied the ferryman, "I don't know what this fine peace is; there are imposts on every thing, and even upon this miserable boat, with which I have hard work to live."

"And the king," continued Henry, "does not he reckon on setting to rights all these imposts?"

"The king is a good man enough," replied the boatman; "but he has a mistress who must have

so many fine robes, and so much trumpery; and it is we who pay for all that. But still it would not be so bad if she belonged only to him; but they say that she allows others to partake of her caresses." Henry who had been greatly amused by this conversation, on the following day sent for the boatman, and made him repeat before the duchess de Beaufort (his mistress Gabrielle, whom the man had maligned) all that he had said the preceding evening. The duchess was very wroth, and wished to have the poor man hanged.

"You are mad," said the king; "this is a poor devil whom misery puts in a bad humour. I wish for no more but this, that he pay nothing for his boat; and I am sure that he will sing every day, "Vive Henri! Vive Gabrielle!"

The same prince, being at the chase in the Vendômois, and having wandered from his attendants, met with a peasant seated at the foot of a tree:

"What are you doing there?" said Henry to him.

"Ma finte, monsieur," replied the clown, "j'étions là pour voir passer le roi."

"If you like to get up on the croupe of my horse," resumed the prince, "I will conduct you to a place where you will see him quite at your ease."

The peasant mounted, and, as they rode along, asked how he should be able to recognise the king. "You will only have to look at him who wears his hat, while all the others have their heads bare." After some time they came up with the king's party, and all the lords saluted the peasant's companion.

"Well," said he to the peasant, "which is the king?"

"Ma finte, monsieur!" replied the rustic, "it must be either you or I; for there are but we two that have our hats on our heads."

The last time, says the author of the *Mercure Français*, that I saw the king cross, *sans autre garde que lui sixième*, in the ferry-boat of Neuilly, in which there was a quantity of peasants, he immediately pushed himself quite into the midst of them, and asked one one thing, and another another. He remarked one of them who had white hair and a black beard, and asked him the reason of that difference. The cunning peasant professed ignorance; but, on his majesty's pressing him to make some answer, he said: "Sire, it is because my hair is twenty years older than my beard." At this reply the king fell a laughing, and thought it so happy that he related it several times afterwards.

He himself was very fond of uttering bons mots, with which his natural gaiety supplied him. It is true that he did not always succeed in them. We shall cite a few of what have been esteemed his best.

It was said in his presence that the maréchale de Retz, remarkable for her learning and wit, had left a considerable legacy to her physician and her avocat at her death, which happened the 5th of February, 1603. "For a woman of so much wit," said he, "she has shown a great want of it at the end of her days, in having enriched her physician who killed her, and her avocat who will ruin her house."

A famous physician having quitted Calvinism to embrace the catholic religion, Henry said to Sully, "Sully, mon ami, ta religion est bien malade; les médecins l'abandonnent."

On the occasion of a provençal's coming to pay his court, who had purchased a president's office very dear with borrowed money, he said quite low to a lord who was near him, "Voilà un bon magistrat; je crois qu'il s'acquittera bien de sa charge, et en peu de tems."

One day having won four hundred crowns at tennis, he caused them to be collected and placed in his hat by the servants of the tennis-court, who were at that time called naquets; he then said, "I shall not be robbed of them; for they will not pass through the hands of my treasurers."

In a ballet performed at the Louvre, one day of the carnival, there appeared nine ladies led by the queen, and among them the wife of the superintendant of finances. They all had their head-dresses rather loaded than ornamented with jewels, but particularly the superintendant's wife. A drunk Swiss fell from his seat above near the door of the saloon. The king, who saw him fall, demanded the cause of it. "Sire," they answered, "il ne faut pas s'en étonner; il avoit un pot de vin sur la tête." "Oh! ce n'est pas là une bonne raison," said the king: "voyez comme madame la surintendante est droite et ferme sur ses pieds; cependant elle a plus d'un pot de vin seur sa tête." *Pot de vin* signifies, in matters of traffic, a present made into the bargain; and in treaties of finance its signification is of course the same.

The orator of the town of Amiens, having come to make him an harangue, commenced by the titles of *très-grand, très-bon, très-clément, très-magnanime.* "Add likewise," said Henry IV., "et *très-las.*" He had just made a treaty to succour a besieged town. Some time before, another speechifier having presented himself at his dinner-hour, and having commenced his discourse by these words: "Agesilaus, king of Lacedæmon, sire." The king, who was hungry, and feared the harangue would be somewhat long, interrupted him by saying, "Ventre-Saint-Gris, j'ai bien entendu dire quelque chose de cet Agésilaus: mais il avoit diné, et je suis à jeun, moi." A deputy of Britany likewise continuing a long harangue, although the king had told him to abridge it, his majesty losing patience, rose, and as he left the orator, said to him: "Vous direz le reste à maître Guillaume." This *maître* Guillaume was a buffoon of the time. When any thing was superfluous, ridiculous, or false, they used at that time to say, proverbially, "*Dites cela à maître Guillaume.*"

Being at Fontainebleau, he was walking one day in the gardens, accompanied by the duke d'Epernon. He amused himself by putting questions to the gardener. "Ah! sire," said the latter, "this is a most ungrateful soil; I work and manure it in vain, I lose my labour—I derive no advantage from it." "Good! good!" observed the king, "it is because you do not know how to choose your seed. Sow Gascons in it; they take every where."

L'Etoile relates that, in 1609, the king, on his way to the Lanore, having met a poor woman who was leading a cow, stopped and asked her the price of

her cow. The woman having named the price: "Ventre-Saint-Gris," said the king, she is not worth so much."—"I see," replied the woman, "that you are not a cattle-merchant."

"And why not, gossip?" rejoined the king, who was accompanied by a crowd of noblesse, "don't you see all these calves who follow me?"

The following reply bears some resemblance to Cæsar's, and probably is but an imitation of it. He was going to pass from the quai des Augustins to the Louvre, across the Pont-Neuf, which was not yet too secure, and where few persons risked passing. Some, in making the attempt, had even broken their necks and fallen into the river: this was represented to his majesty. "I grant it," was his reply; "but not one of these persons was a king."

A captain came one day to ask his discharge, with the liberty which the circumstances of the times seemed to authorise, and in these terms: "Sire, three words: money or discharge." Henry instantly replied in a style equally laconic: "Captain, four: neither one nor the other." The king, who esteemed him, some days after, however, gave him more than he had asked.

The provost of the merchants and the sheriffs, having come to ask his permission to put some slight duty on the water-pipes of Paris, in order to assist them to support the expense of the entertainments which it was necessary to give to forty Swiss deputies that had come to Paris in the month of October, 1602, for the purpose of renewing the alliance with France, he made them this answer: "Find some

other expedient than this: it belongs only to Jesus Christ to change water into wine."

He replied to the duke de Mayenne, who dunned him for the payment of the sums that had been promised by the treaty which he had made with him: "Monsieur, I cannot pay you; and it would be far easier for me to give you another battle of Ivry than money."

The following injustice cost a faithful servant his life, and shows how guarded princes and men of power and influence ought to be in giving expression to their feelings and opinions, since so much weight is attached to them. The duke de Nevers, in spite of all his efforts, had not been able to succeed in saving Cambrai, which was taken by the Spaniards in 1595. The king had advanced to the succour of that important place; but when at Beauvais, he learned that it had surrendered. He persisted, however, in continuing his march; and on the duke de Nevers representing to him the inutility of the journey, he angrily replied: "It is well for you to counsel me thereupon, you who never approached the place nearer than seven leagues." These words were a dagger-stroke for the duke de Nevers. He fell ill, and died at the end of a few days, at Nesle in Picardie. It is true, says an historian, that the king, having heard of his illness and the cause of it, regretted extremely the harshness with which he had spoken to him. Having sent word to the duke during his illness that he was coming to see him, the duke begged him not to take the trouble, saying, that he was not in a fit state to be seen by his majesty; and that he only

recommended to him his son, the duke de Rhételois.

Henry IV. was dining one day with the duke de Mayenne, the duke de Joyeuse, and Lesdiguières: there were only they at table. "On trouve," said he to them, "au monde des gens de toutes conditions et de toute espèce; mais on seroit bien embarrassé d'assembler quatre personnes différentes. On trouve en nous quatre, *un pécheur converti* (it was of himself he spoke); *un ligeur repenti* (the duke de Mayenne); *un capucin diverti* (the duke de Joyeuse, who had been a capuchin); *et un Huguenot perverti* (Lesdiguières, whom ambition had thrown into calvinism, which he also, in the end, quitted through ambition, to be constable of France). It is said that this *bon mot* contributed to make the duke de Joyeuse re-enter the order of the capuchins.

Henry met one day in the apartments of the Louvre a man who was unknown to him, and whose exterior announced no very great distinction. He asked him "to whom he belonged," thinking him an attendant of some seigneur. "I belong to myself," said this personage, in a haughty and not very respectful tone. "My friend," replied the king, turning his back upon him, "you belong to a foolish master."

The following anecdote is characteristic of the aristocratic spirit which always distinguished Henry. There was a certain merchant celebrated for the greatness and success of his commercial enterprises, who was distinguished by particular marks of the royal favour. This merchant took it into his head to purchase letters of nobility. The king no longer

treated him with consideration. He had the courage to ask the monarch the reason of this change in his behaviour towards him. Henry replied, "It is because I considered you as the first merchant of my kingdom; and I now regard you only as the last of my nobles (*gentilshommes*)."

One of his maxims was, that "if war is a remedy, it is a remedy as dangerous as the disease." "Great men," he sometimes said, "are always the last to counsel war, and the first to put it in execution when counselled."

Some may, perhaps, desire to know on what occasion he contracted the habit of employing the expression *Ventre-Saint-Gris* as a sort of oath. When he was a child, his governors, fearing that he might acquire the habit of swearing, as so many others did, had permitted him to say "Ventre-Saint-Gris," which was a term of derision they had given to the monks, and particularly to the Franciscans, usually naming Saint-Francis "Saint-Gris," apparently from the colour of their dress.

The principal ministers in whom Henry IV. placed confidence were, Sully, *l'homme du roi;* the president Jeannin, without ancestors or descendants, justly styled *l'enfant de ses vertus;* and Nicolas Neuville, sieur de Villeroy, of whom Henry said, "The affairs of the kingdom are the affairs of M. de Villeroy." This prince knew perfectly their characters; and wishing one day to give a specimen of them to his courtiers, he called these three ministers, one after the other, and said to them, "Here is a beam which threatens to give way." Villeroy replied, without looking at it, "We must put up another." Jeannin, after having examined it, said,

"I do not see where the fault lies; but we must consult the professional people, and decide." Sully merely cast a glance up and said, "Who has put that notion into your head? It will last longer than you and I."

Of all these ministers, he who enjoyed most of his esteem and confidence was Sully. It is impossible to read the memoirs of that celebrated man without being convinced of it; but there is no better proof of it than the plot laid against him in 1605. Sully could not enjoy so much credit with his master without becoming the object of the malignity of those who were envious of his favour. They formed a sort of league to destroy him. There entered into it, as he expresses himself, *grandees, fools* (des marjolets), *court gamesters, des bigots Espagnolisés, bastards, mistresses, and financiers.* They had all their parts assigned them. The grandees and the ministers scarcely ever spoke to the king without representing to him the danger of suffering so much power in the hands of one man. Sully had the artillery, the finances, and the greatest influence over the details of the kingdom. Besides, added the devotees, his attachment to Calvinism is well known; and what must the Catholic princes, and particularly the pope, think on seeing your majesty give all your confidence to a minister imbued with such principles? The mistresses and their creatures, enraged at the economy of Sully, said they could not conceive how the king could make use of a man who professed an open aversion towards all the persons whom his majesty loved, and who refused them every thing, or only gave them with marks of the greatest

repugnance. Finally, the financiers cried out that the king's credit was at an end; that by means of reductions and retrenchments upon their profits, *the clerks would refuse to work;* and that part of the administration was on the eve of falling into inextricable confusion.

But the most dangerous of his enemies were those who, instead of blaming Sully, loaded him with praises, and extolled to the skies his zeal, his talents, and, above all, his success. By this means they inspired the monarch with a jealousy of his minister; and the united effect of the two together, the praises and the blame, was such, that Henry began to treat him with a coolness which was very unusual. Sully, who perceived it, aware of his innocence, acted as if he had no reason to be on his guard. The king, piqued at his serenity, which he attributed to indifference, redoubled his coolness.

Fortunately for Sully, the king, whose frank character could not endure dissimulation, resolved to break the ice and come to an explanation. He was setting out for the chase, agitated by the doubts which all these insinuations raised upon his mind. Sully, who had come to pay his court, was quitting him. "Where are you going?" said the king, who only sought to begin the conversation. "To Paris, sire," he replied, "on the business respecting which your majesty spoke to me two days ago." "Eh bien, allez," said the king; "c'est bien fait; je vous recommande toujours mes affaires, et que vous m'aimiez bien." He then embraced him, and suffered him to go. But scarcely had Sully made a few steps, when Henry recalled him. "Have you nothing to say to me?" asked he. "Not at present,"

replied Sully. "Aussi ai-je bien moi à vous," added the king; at the same time he took him by the hand, and led him, in the view of all his court, into an alley of the garden.

From the first moment of the conversation there was an end to suspicion and reserve. The monarch named to the minister those who had been working against him, and discovered to him the manœuvres which they had employed. He showed him the *memoires* by which they had attempted to poison his mind, and read to him the most striking passages of them, less for the purpose of hearing the justification of Sully, than of justifying himself for having given any credit to them. In a word, the king intermingled his conversation with so many regrets for the past, and so many promises of unalterable confidence and friendship for the future, that the duke, carried away by his gratitude, wished to throw himself at his feet to thank him. Henry caught him in his arms: "Ne le faites pas," said he; "ceux qui nous regardent croiront que vous me demandez grace." Re-entering the circle of courtiers, who examined them with curiosity, he said, "J'aime Rhony plus que jamais, et entre lui et moi c'est à la vie et à la mort."

The duchess de Beaufort was extremely piqued, in 1599, against Sully, who refused to pay the expenses of the ceremony of the baptism of César Monsieur, afterwards duke de Vendôme, which was celebrated with the greatest pomp. Gabrielle, who knew the foible of her lover for his children, thought she had now found the most favourable occasion for procuring the dismissal of the minister. She broke out into bitter complaints. The minister remained

firm. The king, as usual, wished to reconcile them. For that purpose he took Sully to the house of the duchess, whom he had previously desired to receive him well. But he found a furious woman, who wept, threw herself on the ground, tore her hair, and said plainly, " that she would rather die, than live in the shame of seeing a *valet* supported against her who bore the title of *mistress*." The idea of the victory which Henry at that moment gained over his passion for his mistress would be weakened by clothing his answer in words more becoming the dignity of history. " By G—, madame," said he, " this is too much; and I see very well that you have been set on to this foolery, to attempt to make me dismiss a servant whom I cannot do without: but, by G—, I will do no such thing; and that you may set your heart at ease, and not play the spoiled child with me any more, I declare to you that, were I reduced to the necessity of losing the one or other, I would sooner give up ten mistresses such as you than one servant such as he." At the same time the king turned his back, and was going out. Gabrielle threw herself at his feet. Henry was melted, and forgave her. From that time she became more circumspect in her behaviour, and took care not to expose herself to a similar rebuff.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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